POEMS OF PEP AND POINT FOR PUBLIC SPEAKERS

WILL. H. BROWN

Central BAPTIST
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
presented by

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Poems of Pep and Point for Public Speakers

BY

WILL H. BROWN

Author of "The Call of Service," "The Legacy of the Golden Key," "The Sex Life of Boys and Young Men," "Illustrative Incidents for Public Speakers," "Wit and Humor for Public Speakers," Etc.

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DEDICATION

TO all lovers of the helpful, the practical, the inspiring in poetry, is this volume cordially dedicated, with the hope that its contents may encourage many to press on in the overcoming of obstacles, the conquering of discouragement, the inspiring to greater service in behalf of our great, throbbing, common humanity.

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INTRODUCTION

A THREEFOLD PLAN

In giving a public address there are three features which, if rightly applied, will aid in making a speaker interesting and helpful to his hearers: (1) Illustrative incidents; (2) wit and humor; (3) poetry.

"Illustrative Incidents for Public Speakers," issued in 1915, and "Wit and Humor for Public Speakers," 1917, have been heartily received by the speaking and reading public. Completing the threefold idea, this volume of "Poems of Pep and Point for Public Speakers" is published.

An address may be long or short, yet the triple plan will be found an advantage. Whatever the subject, impressive incidents bearing on the same, with bits of wit and humor for seasoning, and a verse or a few verses of poetry, may carry the message to the heart of the hearer in a way that is almost irresistible.

The Practical.

Poetry may be used in any part of an address, but usually with special force at or near the close. While poems of sentiment still have their place, the greater demand to-day is for the practical, pointed, peppy presentation of whatever idea the speaker may wish to emphasize.

Marion Lawrance, in telling of the qualifications of teachers, once said that what they most need is "ginger and glue." It is true in every line of public activity. The public speaker who does not recognize and act with this in mind will soon find himself out of the race. He must be enthusiastic—or, expressing it a little differently, he must be full of "pep," 'jazz," "ginger."

It is this that will help to make his points "stick"—the "glue," if you please.

Do not for one moment mistake noise for enthusiasm. The possession of genuine enthusiasm is made manifest by being *dead in earnest,* and may be indicated by a quiet, *intense* earnestness often lacking in a noisy demonstration. So, the poetical products of one writer may be along an intense, undemonstrative line, while those of another may be of the staccato type. Both, however, have their place and power.

Poetry as a Conductor.

Some may ask, Why use poetry at all? Various answers could be given, but one is sufficient for the present purpose: A thought clothed in rhyme many times possesses penetrative power for some hearts that can not be unlocked by ever so skillful a presentation of the same thought in prose. It has often been said of music, that in many revival meetings the songs of the singer convert as many persons as the sermons of the preacher; so a pointed, well-timed rhyme, with its even ebb and flow of words and rhythmic motion, seems to strike and set in vibration heart-chords long silent. With this come the quickened interest and appreciation of the hearer, who may otherwise have remained unmoved.

Macaulay, in his "Essays," says: "The merit of poetry consists in its truth—truth conveyed to the understanding, *not directly by the words,* but circuitously by means of imaginative associations, which serve as *conductors.*"

Present Popularity of Poetry.

Charles E. Butler said, in 1917, that literary taste had leaped forward half a century in the three years preceding; that the long-prevailing passion for light and unimportant fiction was becoming confined to a comparatively small part of the reading public. In this connection he declared: "There never was a

period in this country when so much drama and *poetry* was being read; when books on history, philosophy, biography and religion were more eagerly devoured than now."

This volume has been prepared with the up-to-date public speaker first in mind, although any one who likes poetry will enjoy it, as well. The carefully selected, classified poems here given number about six hundred, and cover a wide range of subjects, as will be seen by the table of contents and cross-references. Most of the selections are from the pens of poets who have caught the spirit of present world conditions.

Authorship of Poems.

The writer in arranging this volume has been unable to ascertain the authorship of some of the very best poems here included. They have been going the rounds of the press with such credits as "Selected," "Anonymous," "Unknown," "Exchange." How the names of the poets have been omitted in so many instances is a mystery. Whatever the cause, it is regrettable, and an injustice to the authors. If a poem is worth using, it is worth properly crediting, if the name of the author is known. A writer in the Chicago *Tribune* puts it thus:

> "I shot a poem into the air,
> And it was reprinted everywhere
> From Bangor to the Rocky range,
> And always credited to—Exchange."

We are, however, able and glad to give credit to over 190 authors, including nearly 250 poems, and about 120 publications, including over 200 poems.

Six of the poems are by that popular author, Edgar A. Guest, and are used by his permission as well as by that of his publishers, the Reilly & Britton Company.

The editor of *Tit-Bits,* London (which publishes many poems of the class desired, some original and some from other sources, with bits of paraphrasing), has been very cordial in granting permission to use anything from its columns without specific credit.

Amos R. Wells, of the *Christian Endeavor World,* aside from granting permission to use some of his poems, has been especially helpful in aiding the writer to secure permission of the authors to use some of the splendid productions that have appeared in the columns of that paper.

To the above, and all others who have aided in any way, we in this public manner gladly express grateful appreciation for their kindly assistance.

Innocent Imitations.

In all lines of literary effort the question of originality frequently arises. In quite a number of instances two or more authors have expressed the same idea in almost the same language. The conclusion of many is that some one is guilty of plagiarism. Others explain the coincidence by saying that it is possible, years after reading something which has passed into the subconsciousness, for a writer to produce a literary work very similar, entirely innocent of any desire or intention to plagiarize.

Therefore, if, in reading this volume, you find some poem very similar to another you have read, credited to a different author, it will be well to be liberal in your conclusions. We believe the men and women who would willfully plagiarize are very few, compared with the great army of honorable writers. Much of the joy of writing, to one really possessed of literary talent, is in the ability to express an idea in an original manner.

Oakland, Cal. Will H. Brown.

CLASSIFIED POEMS

ACHIEVEMENT.

BLOODLESS VICTORIES.

At midnight of the last day of the great Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco, in 1915, President Charles C. Moore closed his final Exposition address with the following verse, written especially for the occasion, by George Sterling, then pressed the button extinguishing the lights, and the Exposition passed into history:

"The hour has struck, the mighty work is done.
Praise God for all the bloodless victories won,
And for these courts of beauty's pure increase
Go forth in joy and brotherhood and peace."

THE TEST OF LIFE.

What is a failure? It's only a spur
To a man who receives it right,
And it makes the spirit within him stir
To go in once more to fight.
If you never have failed, it's an easy guess
You never have known a high success.

What is a miss? It's a practice shot
Which we often must make to enter
The list of those who can hit the spot
Of the bull's-eye in the center.
If you never have sent your bullet wide,
You never have put a mark inside.

—Edmund Vance Cooke.

BRINGING THE INVISIBLE TO VIEW.

Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him;
And his face lit up with a smile of joy
As an angel dream passed o'er him.
He carved that dream on the yielding stone
With many a sharp incision;
In heaven's own beauty the sculptor shone.
He had caught that angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we, as we stand
With our lives uncarved before us;
Waiting the hour when at God's command
Our life dream passes o'er us.
Let us carve that dream on the yielding stone
With many a sharp incision.
Its heavenly beauty will be our own;
Our own that angel vision.

WHY NOT MAKE IT?

Many times in life we are confronted by a situation that makes a change of plans necessary. Here is where many stop and surrender. Others want things that require but little brain and effort, but they likewise give up. The average boy wants somethat that will *"go,"* but he doesn't stop with the wishing. We should be like him:

"Now Sammy took a piece of string,
Six empty spools, a broken spring,
A board, three sticks, one wire nail,
A hoop from off a broken pail,
And mixes them with brains and zeal—
First thing you know, a *Pushmobile!*"

ACTIVITY.

WORK—A SONG OF TRIUMPH.

Work! Thank God for the might of it,
The ardor, the urge, the delight of it—
Work that springs from the heart's desire,
Setting the soul and the brain on fire.
Oh, what is so good as the heat of it,
And what is so glad as the beat of it,
And what is so kind as the stern command
Challenging brain and heart and hand?

Work! Thank God for the pride of it,
For the beautiful, conquering tide of it,
Sweeping the life in its furious flood,
Thrilling the arteries, cleansing the blood,
Mastering stupor and dull despair,
Moving the dreamer to do and dare.
Oh, what is so good as the urge of it,
And what is so glad as the surge of it,
And what is so strong as the summons deep
Rousing the torpid soul from sleep?

Work! Thank God for the pace of it,
For the terrible, keen, swift race of it;
Fiery steeds in full control,
Nostrils a-quiver to greet the goal;
Work, the power that drives behind,
Guiding the purpose, taming the mind.
Oh, what is so good as the pain of it,
And what is so great as the gain of it,
And what is so kind as the cruel goad,
Forcing us on through the rugged road?

—Angela Morgan, in the Outlook.

THE MAN WHO WINS.

The man who wins is the man who does.
The man who makes things hum and buzz;
The man who works and the man who *acts*,
Who builds on a basis of solid facts;
Who doesn't sit down to mope and dream,
But humps ahead with the force of steam;
Who hasn't the time to fuss and fret,
But gets there every time, you bet!

The man who wins is the man who climbs
The ladder of life to cheery chimes
Of the bells of labor, the bells of toil,
And isn't afraid his skin will spoil
If he faces the shine of the glaring sun
And works in the light till his task is done—
A human engine with triple beam,
And a hundred and fifty pounds of steam.

—*Brush and Pail.*

GET BUSY.

There's a saying oft you've heard—Get busy.
'Tis a good and timely word—Get busy.
Don't sit 'round and knock and pine,
'Cause you fear you're not in line;
You can get there, jes' by tryin'—Get busy.

If in business, ply your trade—Get busy.
Fortunes are not won, but made—Get busy.
Let the trade know you're in town,
Always up, and never down;
Why get sore and wear a frown?—Get busy.

PLAYING THE GAME.

Are you playing the game on the field of life?
Are you keeping within the rules?
Do you play with a jump and a joy in the strife,
Nor whimper for better tools?

There is always a chap who lags behind,
And wails that the world is gray;
That his ax is dull, and his wheel won't grind,
And it's late to begin to-day.

But if you should ask the other chap,
The one who has gone ahead,
You'll find that his tools were worse, mayhap;
And he's made new ones instead.

For playing the game means not to grin,
When the field is smooth and clear;
But to fight from the first for the joy therein,
Nor to heed the haunt of fear.

And though in the strife no prize you earn,
That marks the victor's fame;
Know still, if you've tried at every turn,
You have won, for you've played the game!

—*Raymond Comstock, in Boys' World.*

COURAGE COMES WITH ACTION.

What you can do, or dream you can, begin it;
Boldness has genius, power and magic in it;
Only engage, and then the mind grows heated;
Begin, and then the work will be completed.

—*Goethe.*

THERE IS ONLY TO-DAY.

Yesterday's sun went down last night,
And the sun of to-morrow is yet to rise;
Only the sky of to-day is bright,
Over the path where our journey lies.

We that would come to the goal at last
Must wait not to dream beside the way;
There is hope for the future and help from the past,
But for work there is only to-day.

Yesterday's thread was used at eve,
And the thread of to-morrow is not yet spun.
Only to-day may our shuttle weave
Strands of gold in the web begun.

Heed the lesson, and hold it fast,
Hold it, and heed it along life's way:
There is hope in the future and help from the past,
But for work there is only to-day.

—*Normal Instructor and Primary Plans.*

'TIS HOW WE LIVE.

Not what seems fair, but what is true;
Not what we dream, but good we do—
These are the things that shine like a gem,
Like stars in fortune's diadem.

Not as we take, but as we give;
Not as we pray, but as we live—
These are the things that make for peace,
Both now and after time shall cease.

—*The Outlook.*

THE THRILL OF DOING.

Better to sink with tempests raging o'er
Masts all dismantled and hull gaping wide,
Than rest and rot on some unclouded shore,
The idle plaything of the listless tide.

Better the grime of battle on thy brow,
With grim defeat to crush thy dying hand,
Than through long years of peace to tyrants bow,
Or dwell a captive in a stranger' land.

Better resolve to win thy heart's desire,
And, striving bravely, die in the endeavor,
Than have the embers of some smothered fire
Lie smould'ring in thy saddened soul forever.

—Sam Davis, in San Francisco Examiner.

AT THE DOOR OF SUCCESS.

The pushing is what really counts
To help us on, my friend,
While no amount of knocking here
Will help us gain our end.

—Philadelphia Ledger.

WILLING WORKERS.

Do thy little, do it well;
Do what right and reason tell.
They whom Christ apostles made
Gathered fragments when he bade.

COWPER, IN "RETIREMENT."

"Absence of occupation is not rest;
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed."

AMBITION.

THE BOY'S REGRET.

My teacher says that I'm the best
And smartest boy in school.
I'm never careless, like the rest;
I never break a rule.
But Willie Brown's a cleverer lad
Than I can hope to be.
Why, I'd give anything I had
To be as smart as he.

He can't recite, "Hark, hark, the lark;"
He's not the teacher's pet;
He never gets a perfect mark
In 'rithmetic—and yet,
Could I be he, I'd waste no tears
On foolish things like sums;
For Willie Brown can wag his ears
And dislocate his thumbs!

—Deems Taylor, in Youth's Companion.

THE USE OF TALENTS.

I hold the duty of one who is gifted,
And royally dowered in all men's sight,
To know no rest till his life is lifted
Fully up to his great gift's height.

—Morris.

THE CALL OF THE WEST.

Give us men to match our mountains;
Give us men to match our plains;
Men with eras in their purpose,
Men with empires in their brains.

GO AHEAD!

When you feel like going down, go ahead!
When you've got to swim or drown, go ahead!
When things are looking blue,
When the world seems all askew,
When there seems no getting through, go ahead!

When you're on a thorny track, go ahead!
Square the shoulders, brace the back, go ahead!
When the clouds put out the sun,
When of hope there's simply none,
Get busy; get things done, go ahead!

When you've failed don't sit and squeal; go ahead!
Put your shoulder to the wheel, go ahead!
When your hardest task you con.
Courage, like an armor, don;
Just keep busy keeping on—go ahead!

A DOOR YOU MAY OPEN.

Wait not for Luck to draw the bolt,
  Nor Chance give up her key.
The door that opened for the great
  Is open yet for thee.

Luck is a sleepy sentinel,
  And Chance a fickle light.
Many a man hath passed them both
  And entered in the night.

Have little care if neither heed
  Thy clamor, call or din.
Take up the magic torch and key,
  And let thine own self in.

APPRECIATION.

MY FATHER.

I took for granted all his kindly ways;
I only knew I liked him best of all,
And that the days with him were golden days—
But he was big, and I so very small.
I never guessed why he should care to be
The chum of mine he was—so long ago;
The picture that he saw I could not see,
The future dreams he dreamed I could not know.

But he is gone, and I am older grown,
As old as he was then; and oh, I know
Just what he dreamed of when we were alone,
And why he seemed always to love me so.
To-day—ah, could I only call him there,
I fain would tell him that I tried to be
The man he dreamed of when his boy stood there—
Am I, I wonder, what he longed to see?

—*Edgar A. Guest.*

SAY IT NOW.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend till he is dead?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's weeping eyes,
Share them. And by kindly sharing
Own our kinship in the skies.
Why should any one be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness
All enriching as you go—
Leave them. Trust the Harvest Giver;
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until the happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

JUST TELL THEM SO.

There's much to do the whole day through
And little use complaining,
For the darkest night will change to light,
And the blackest cloud quit raining.
If worth you find in weak mankind,
'Twill do all good to know
That some one thought they nobly wrought,
And frankly told them so.

If on the road you see a load
Some pilgrim downward pressing,
A willing hand to help him stand
Will bring you back a blessing.
So in the fight 'twixt wrong and right
That's raging here below,
Should praise be said, don't wait till dead,
Before you tell them so.

—*John T. Hinds, in Woman's Home Companion.*

THE DOG.

I've never known a dog to wag
His tail in glee he did not feel,
Nor quit his old-time friend to tag
At some more influential heel.
The yellowest cur I ever knew
Was to the boy who loved him true.

I've never known a dog to show
Half-way devotion to his friend;
To seek a kinder man to know,
Or richer; but unto the end
The humblest dog I ever knew
Was to the man that loved him true.

I've never known a dog to fake
Affection for a present gain,
A false display of love to make
Some little favor to attain.
I've never known a Prince or Spot
That seemed to be what he was not.

And I have known a dog to bear
Starvation's pangs from day to day,
With him who had been glad to share
His bread and meat along the way.
No dog, however mean or rude,
Is guilty of ingratitude.

—Detroit Free Press.

BRAVE AND TENDER.

The hearts that dare are quick to feel;
The hands that wound are soft to heal.

—Bayard Taylor.

ATTITUDE.

SUCCESS AND DEFEAT.

Success is the high endeavor,
It dwells in the heart that dares;
Success is the will that never
Gives up and never despairs;
Success is the noble action
That lifts us up from the clod,
The joy and the satisfaction
That come to the child of God.

Defeat is the aim unsteady,
Defeat is the low ideal;
It strikes on the hand unready,
It drags on the laggard heel.
Defeat is the undone duty,
It festers the heart that quails,
It robs all truth of its beauty—
Alas for the man who fails!

—*Antony E. Anderson, in Boys' World.*

AS YOU VIEW IT.

Robert Loveman's "April Rain" forcibly and clearly presents the thought that many circumstances of life are good or ill in our sight, according to how we receive them:

"It's not raining rain for me, it's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop I see wild flowers on the hills.
Clouds of gray engulf the day and overwhelm the town;
It is not raining rain to me, it's raining roses down.

"It's not raining rain to me, but fields of clover bloom,
Where any buccaneering bee can find a bed and room.
A health unto the happy, a fig for him who frets!
It is not raining rain to me, it's raining violets!"

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

It's all in the way you look at the world,
  It's all in the way that you do things;
With laughter or sorrow your lips may be curled,
  But it's all in the way that you view things.
Yes, it's all in the way that you journey along
  That makes life a plague or a pleasure.
The mind is the fountain of wailing or song,
  A man is the judge of the measure.

It's all in the way that you look at your woe
  And not in the woe that is sent you;
You may bear it with courage and smile as you go,
  Or frown and let it discontent you.
For care is a creature that's born of the mind,
  And gloom is a cloud we can scatter;
The thorn of the rose if we seek we can find,
  But the thorn of the rose doesn't matter.

We can make our own sunshine and make our own mirth,
  We can add to our trouble by moping;
We can make a grim graveyard of this glad old earth
  By giving up loving and hoping.
For it's all in the way that we look at the world,
  Yes, it's all in the way that we view things;
With sorrow or laughter our lips may be curled,
  For it's all in the way that we do things.

BYRON'S DEFINITION.

"Society is now one polished horde,
  Formed of two mighty tribes, the Bores and Bored."

BABYHOOD.

OUR BABY QUEEN.

Two round eyes in the trundle-bed,
Those orbs so bright and blue,
Twinkle and gleam and seem to say,
"Daddy, how are you?"
Two little eyes aren't all; there are
Two cheeks with a rosy hue,
And a little pug nose and a dimpled chin,
And a bald head thrown in too.

She doesn't talk a single bit,
But she makes us understand;
She doesn't even pretend to work,
Yet is busiest in the land.
She's queen of the home and boss of the place;
She can neither walk nor crawl;
She sits on her throne in a dignified way,
And all obey her call.

The throne of our queen is her mother's knee,
And her kingdom's the house, I'm told;
Her power's a magnet charged with love,
Which draws the young and old.
Now, how can one, so few in pounds,
Be loved by "tons and tons"?
The God of the universe willed it, so
We'd care for his little ones.

—*Frank Crum, in Christian Standard.*

THE LITTLE CHARMER.

Sweet babe, in thy face, soft desires I can trace,
Secret joys, secret smiles, little pretty infant wiles.

—*William Blake.*

WHEN THE LITTLE FELLOW GRINS.

They ain't much to a baby
  Till it gets to know yer face,
An' pesters till you take it
  An' lug it round the place,
An' grapples at yer whiskers
  With pudgy-wudgy hands,
An' sez a lot o' gurgles
  Its mother understands.
An' the time a gran'dad's gladness
  An' tickledness begins
Is when the little feller
  Looks up at him an' grins.

They ain't much to a baby,
  But in its grin you know
You're seein' lots o' sunshine
  You lost long, long ago;
It makes you feel religious—
  A baby's heart is clean,
An' when it gives its favor
  Its purpose isn't mean.
You think the Lord's forgiven
  A hull lot of yer sins
When that fat little feller
  Looks up at you an' grins.

—Wilbur D. Nesbit, in "Home Life for Children."

CHRISTENING THE BABY.

Brown has a lovely baby girl,
  The stork left her with a flutter;
Brown named her "Oleomargarine,"
  For he hadn't any but her.

—Penn State Froth.

THE NEW BABY.

World, set out an extra plate at your board of cheer;
Put your finest manners on—company is here.
World, make up an extra bed, downy, warm and soft;
Cease quarrels and all strife, plan his pleasures oft.

All your sordid little shifts cover from his eyes.
Give him just the finest time underneath the skies.
As we treat the passing guest, hold his comfort dear;
We invited him for life! Company is here!

—*Harper's Magazine.*

THE SMILE OF A LITTLE CHILD.

There is nothing more pure in heaven,
And nothing on earth more mild,
More full of the light that is divine
Than the smile of a little child.

The sinless lips, half-parted,
With breath as sweet as the air,
And the light that seems so glad to shine
In the gold of the sunny hair.

Oh, little one, smile and bless me!
For somehow—I know not why—
I feel in my soul, when children smile,
That angels are passing by.

I feel that the gates of heaven
Are nearer than I knew,
That the light of the hope of that brighter world,
Like the dawn, is breaking through.

—*New York News.*

BOYHOOD.

THE BOY THAT LAUGHS.

I saw him tumble on his nose,
And waited for a groan;
But how he laughed! Do you suppose
He struck his funny bone?
There's sunshine in each word he speaks;
His laugh is something grand;
Its ripples overrun his cheeks
Like waves on snowy sand.

He laughs the moment he awakes,
And till the day is done;
The schoolroom for a joke he takes;
His lessons are but fun.
No matter how the day may go,
You can not make him cry;
He's worth a dozen boys I know
Who pout and mope and sigh.

A BOY'S PROMISE.

The school was out, and down the street
A noisy crowd came thronging;
The hue of health, a gladness sweet,
To every face belonging.

Among them strode a little lad,
Who listened to another,
And mildly said, half grave, half sad,
"I can't—I promised mother."

A shout went up, a ringing shout,
Of boisterous derision;
But not one moment left in doubt
That manly, brave decision.

"Go where you please—do what you will,"
He calmly told the other;
"But I shall keep my word, boys, still;
I can't—I promised mother."

Ah, who can doubt the future course
Of one who thus had spoken?
Through manhood's struggle, gain and loss,
Could faith like this be broken?

God's blessings on that steadfast will,
Unyielding to another,
That bears all jeers and laughter still,
Because he promised mother.

—*George Cooper.*

THE GLADDEST WAY.

What's the way to school, you say?
A boy's way, do you mean?
It's out of the yard and far away
Where the grass is fresh and green.
It's up a tree and out on a limb,
And down with a leap and cry,
And that's the way to school for him,
When I see him passing by.

What's the way to school, you say?
It's a scurrying rabbit's trail;
It's past a field, where the lambs are at play,
And a seat on the topmost rail.
It's over a meadow and through the flowers,
It's a splash through the wayside pool;
It's the gladdest way in this world of ours,
And that's the way to school.

—*J. W. Foley, in Youth's Companion.*

A FELLOW FEELING.

I never liked young Tommy Brown,
For Tommy Brown, you see,
Is just the kind my people think
As good as good can be.

They say to me, "Now, Tommy Brown
Would never muss his hair,
Nor stamp his feet when things go wrong,
Nor strew things everywhere."

How tired I grew of Tommy Brown,
He seemed so very good!
The things he should not, never did,
But did the things he should.

Then once I went to Tommy's house
And heard his mother say:
"Now, Tommy, stop! Why, Teddy White
Would never act that way!"

So when I now meet Tommy Brown
I try to be polite;
I like him better than I did,
For I am Teddy White!

—*Harper's Monthly.*

MY BOY'S QUESTION.

I love him more than I can say,
But, oh, the questions day by day
He pops at me,
While sitting wide-eyed on my knee,
Of things he seeks to know the why of,
Like, "Pa, what did the Dead Sea die of?"

And t'other night
With all eyes bright
He heard it said, "The clock's run down;"
Then turned from out a study brown,
And with a truly puzzled air,
Asked, "Down where?"

—John Kendrick Bangs, in St. Nicholas.

WHAT A BOY CAN DO.

These are some of the things that a boy can do:
He can whistle so loud that the air turns blue;
He can make all sounds of beast and bird,
And a thousand voices never heard.

He can crow and cackle, or he can cluck
As well as a rooster, hen or duck;
He can bark like a dog, he can low like a cow,
And a cat itself can't beat his "me-ow."

He has sounds that are ruffled, striped and plain;
He can thunder by as a railway train,
Stop at the station a breath, and then
Apply the steam and be off again.

He has all his powers in such command
He can turn right into a full brass band,
With all the instruments ever played,
As he makes of himself a street parade.

You can tell that a boy is very ill,
If he's wide awake and keeping still;
But earth would be—God bless their noise!—
A dull old place if there were no boys.

A FRIEND AT COURT.

"What can I do with that boy?" she cried;
"He plays and forgets to study.
Five years old—but he tears his clothes,
And gets his shoes all muddy."

The culprit drooped a curly head,
But the little sister, bolder,
Laid a soft, defensive arm
Caressingly 'round his shoulder.

"You don't know what to do wif him?" she said,
With love that could never doubt him.
"But, oh, supposin' we hadn't got Ted?
What—would—you do—*wifout* him?"

—*Kate M. Cleaver.*

THE BOYLESS TOWN.

A cross old woman of long ago
Declared that she hated noise;
"The town would be so pleasant, you know,
If only there were no boys."
She scolded and fretted about it till
Her eyes grew heavy as lead,
And then of a sudden the town grew still—
For all the boys had fled.

And all through the long and dusty street,
There wasn't a boy in view;
The baseball lot where they used to meet
Was a sight to make one blue.
The cherries rotted and went to waste,
There was no one to climb the trees;
And nobody had a single taste,
Save only the birds and bees.

There was little, I ween, of frolic and noise;
There was less of cheer and mirth;
The sad old town, since it lacked its boys,
Was the dreariest place on earth.
The poor old woman began to weep,
Then she awoke with a sudden scream;
"Dear me!" she cried, "I have been asleep,
And, oh, what a horrid dream!"

IF NO ROOM AT HOME.

A writer, name unknown, once wrote some verses of the boy who is always told to "get out of the way"; who must not go into the parlor, nor sit on the fine cushions:

"But boys must go somewhere, and what if their feet,
Sent out of our houses and into the street,
Should turn round the corner and pause at the door
Where other boys' feet have paused often before?

"Should cross o'er the threshold of glittering light,
Where jokes that are merry and songs that are bright
Ring out a warm welcome with flattering voice,
And temptingly say, 'There's a place for the boys'?

"Ah, what if they should! What if your boy and mine
Should pass o'er the threshold that marks out the line
'Twixt virtue and vice, 'twixt pureness and sin,
And leave all his innocent boyhood within?

"Ah, what if he should, because you and I,
While the days and the weeks and months hurry by,
Are too busy with cares and with life's fleeting joys
To make round our hearthstones a place for the boys?"

HIS UNLUCKY DAY.

Wunst I got mad at maw,
I don't remember why,
But I 'ist walked right off to school
'Thout tellin' her good-by.

A big ol' lump came in my throat
An' purt near made me cry,
For me an' maw is awful pals
An' allus kiss good-by.

An' might' near everything I did
Went wrong, looked like to me;
I stubbed my toe, an' tore my waist,
An' fell an' skinned my knee.

I missed in 'rithmetic, an' lost
A chanst to go up head,
An' in the spellin' class I left
A letter out of "dead."

An' that ol' lump growed, an' I says:
"S'pose if my maw should die
Right now, an' me a-leavin' her
'Thout kissin' her good-by?"

Now, never mind what happened
When I seen my maw, but I
'Ist bet I won't go 'way no more
'Thout kissin' her good-by.

—*Chicago News.*

A BOY'S CONSCIENCE.

Something brave within you, boys, bids you manly be
When Sir Tempter's army comes to make you bend the knee.

CHARACTER.

COME CLEAN.

When the game is on and your friends about,
And you could put your rival out
By a trick that's mean, but wouldn't be seen,
Come clean, my lad, come clean!

When exams are called and you want to pass,
And you know how you could lead your class,
But the plan's not square—you know it's mean—
Come clean, my lad, come clean!

With the boss away you've a chance to shirk,
Not lose your pay—not have to work;
He'll neither fire you nor vent his spleen;
Come clean, my lad, come clean!

When you're all alone with none about,
And not a soul would find it out,
You're tempted to do a thing that's mean,
Come clean, my lad, come clean!

For a home awaits, and a girl that's true,
And Church and State have need of you;
They must have your best, on you they lean;
Come clean, my lad, come clean!

—*M. D. Crackel.*

THE WAY TO WIN.

If you're goin' in a race, stick right there;
If you kin, why, set the pace, but do it fair;
If to win you have to cheat,
Let the other fellow beat;
Dishonest victory's defeat—run with care!

—*Darius Earl Matson.*

"I'M SORRY; I WAS WRONG."

There may be virtue in the man
  Who's always sure he's right,
Who'll never hear another's plan
  And seek for further light;
But I like more the chap who sings
  A somewhat different song;
Who says when he has mussed up things,
  "I'm sorry; I was wrong."

It's hard for any one to say
  That failure's due to him;
That he has lost the fight or way
  Because his lights burned dim.
It takes a man aside to throw
  The vanity that's wrong,
Confessing, "'Twas my fault, I know;
  I'm sorry; I was wrong."

And so, I figure, those who use
  This honest, manly phrase,
Hate it too much their way to lose
  On many future days.
They'll keep the path and make the fight,
  Because they do not long
To have to say, when they're not right,
  "I'm sorry; I was wrong."

—*Chicago Evening Post.*

SARAH J. HALE ON "NATURE'S PLAN."

"Rugged strength and radiant beauty—
  These were one in Nature's plan;
Humble toil and heavenward duty—
  These will form the perfect man."

CHARITY.

IF YOU WERE.

If you were busy being kind,
Before you knew it, you would find
You'd soon forget to think 'twas true
That some one was unkind to you.
If you were busy being glad,
And cheering people who are sad,
Although your heart might ache a bit,
You'd soon forget to notice it.

If you were busy being good,
And doing just the best you could,
You'd not have time to blame some man
Who's doing just the best he can.
If you were busy being right,
You'd find yourself too busy quite
To criticise your neighbor long
Because he's busy being wrong.

—*The Continent.*

THINGS TO FORGET.

If you see a tall fellow ahead of the crowd,
A leader of men, marching fearless and proud,
And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud
Would cause his proud head to in anguish be bowed,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a skeleton hidden away
In a closet, and guarded, and kept from the day
In the dark, and whose showing, whose sudden display,
Would cause grief and sorrow and lifelong dismay,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

—*Ohio State Journal.*

IF WE KNEW

Could we judge all deeds by motives,
  See the good and bad within,
Often we would love the sinner
  All the while we loathed the sin.
Could we know the powers working
  To o'erthrow integrity,
We would judge each other's errors
  With more patient charity.

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

JUDGING OTHERS.

In men whom men condemn as ill
I find so much of goodness still.
In men whom men pronounce divine
  I find so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw a line
  Between the two, where God has not.

THE BETTER WAY.

Don't look for the flaws
  As you go through life,
And, even when you find them,
  It's wise and kind
  To be somewhat blind,
And search for the light behind them.

LLION'S GOOD ADVICE.

"Forgive and forget—it is better
  To fling every feeling aside,
Than allow the deep cankering fetter
  Of revenge in thy breast to abide."

CHEERFULNESS.

"SEND ME AWAY WITH A SMILE."

Many times in life, when the good-bys are said, the parting ones are each brave for the sake of the other. It is better so. If it should be that the separation is for only a little while, the good-by will have been an incident of short memory. If for a long time, or if the meeting-time is not to be again this side of the grave, the pleasant and cheerful good-by will be recalled times innumerable, bringing uplift and courage to better bear the remaining burdens of life.

There's a sermon in the song composed by Louis Weslyn, in 1917, as a parting sentiment for the tens of thousands of American boys leaving home, to enlist in the various branches of service for our country. The second verse and chorus are here given:

"When I leave you, dear, give me words of cheer
To recall in time of pain;
They will comfort me, and will seem to be
Like the sunshine after the rain.
And 'mid shot and shell I'll remember well,
You've the heart of a soldier, too,
And that through this war I am fighting for
My country and my home and you.

"Send me away with a smile, little girl,
Brush the tears from your eyes of brown;
It's all for the best, and I'm off with the rest
Of the boys from my own home town.
It may be forever we part, little girl,
And it may be for only awhile,
But if fight, dear, we must, in our Maker we trust,
So send me away with a smile."

THE OPTIMIST.

Here's a bit of homely guidance
  That is worth a pile of gold,
If you use it in your going for awhile.
It's the wisdom of the ages
  Given alike for young and old—
Your work will be more welcome if you smile.

You may be old and trembling,
  Or you may be young and strong,
And folks may praise your efforts or revile;
But you quickly learn the lesson
  As you win your way along
That your work will be more welcome if you smile.

I know the cynics sneer at this
  And call it silly stuff,
And seek, with "deeper wisdom," to beguile;
But you'll find it serves the purpose
When the way is dark or rough,
And you make your work more welcome with a smile.

—Leigh M. Hodges, in Ford Times.

SCATTERING SUNSHINE.

To make a sunrise in a place
  Where darkness reigned alone;
To light new gladness in a face
  That joy has never known;
To plant a little happiness
  In plots where weeds run riot—
Takes very, very little time, and oh,
  It isn't hard—just try it!

—Mary Carolyn Davis, Woman's Magazine.

THE MARINERS.

How cheery are the mariners,
Those lovers of the sea!
Their hearts are like the yeasty waves,
As bounding and as free.

They whistle when the storm-bird wheels
In circles round the mast;
And sing when deep in foam the ship
Ploughs onward to the blast.

God keep those cheery mariners!
And temper all the gales
That sweep against the rocky coast
To their storm-shattered sails.

And men on shore will bless the ship
That could so guided be,
Safe in the hollow of His hand,
To brave the mighty sea!

—*Park Benjamin.*

TRY SMILING.

When the weather suits you not, try smiling;
When your coffee isn't hot, try smiling.
When your neighbors don't do right,
Or your relatives all fight,
Sure 'tis hard, but then you might
Try smiling.

Doesn't change the things, of course, just smiling,
But it can not make them worse, just smiling;
And it seems to help your case,
Brightens up a gloomy place;
Then, it sort o' rests your face—
Just smiling.

KEEP THE GLAD FLAG FLYING.

When you get hard knocks and buffets—
  As in life you're bound to do—
Don't give in, nor whine and murmur,
  But determine to win through.

Strip your coat off, roll your sleeves up,
  Set to work and be sincere!
You'll win through a heap of trouble
  If you *smile* and *persevere.*

'Tis the one who's full of sunshine,
  And who genuinely tries,
Who will clear the clouds of trouble
  From his own and others' skies.

Deeds of honest loving-kindness
  Give a fallen fellow heart,
And upon his uphill journey,
  Help him play a manly part.

PASS THEM ON.

You may keep your grouches and worries
  Set away in a cool, dark room,
And when you are hankering for such things,
  Just leave them alone in the gloom.
But sunshine and laughter and singing,
  The fruits of your honest good cheer,
Just pass them on fresh to your neighbor
  At any old time of the year.
The old world is never too busy
  To tender a welcome worth while
To one who is thoughtful of others,
  Who brightens the day with a smile.

NEVER OUT OF STYLE.

The thing that goes the farthest
Toward making life worth while,
That costs the least and does the most,
Is just a pleasant smile;
The smile that bubbles from the heart
That loves its fellow-men,
Will drive away the cloud of gloom
And coax the sun again.
It's full of worth and goodness, too,
With manly kindness bent;
It's worth a million dollars
And it doesn't cost a cent.

There is no room for sadness
When we see a cheery smile;
It always has the same good look—
It's never out of style.
It nerves us on to try again
When failure makes us blue;
Such dimples of encouragement
Are good for me and you.
So smile away; folks understand
What by a smile is meant—
It's worth a million dollars
And it doesn't cost a cent.

—*Golden Age.*

SING AND SMILE.

It's the song ye sing
And the smile ye wear
That's a-making the sun shine everywhere.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

THE LILT OF A LAUGH.

I've toiled with the men the world has blessed,
As I've toiled with the men who failed;
I've toiled with the men who strove with zest,
And I've toiled with the men who wailed.
And this is the tale that my soul would tell,
As it drifts o'er the harbor-bar:
The sound of a sigh doesn't carry well,
But the lilt of a laugh rings far.

The men who were near the grumbler's side,
Oh, they heard not a word he said;
The sound of a song rang far and wide,
And they hearkened to that instead.
Keep hold of the cord of laughter's bell,
Keep aloof from the moans that mar;
The sound of a sigh doesn't carry well,
But the lilt of a laugh rings far.

THE BETTER WAY.

Laugh a little, chaff a little, jolly as you go.
Cheer one brother, help another, make hope's lantern glow.
Don't be croaking, do some joking in a friendly way.
Fun's a winner good as dinner for some men, they say.
Scorn self-pity, just be gritty, never once cry quits.
Your example may be ample to brace other wits.

—*Lurana Sheldon, Cooking School Magazine.*

CHEER UP.

I'll sing you a lay ere I wing my way—
Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!
Whenever you're blue, find something to do
For somebody else who is sadder than you—
Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!

CHILDHOOD.

THE QUARREL.

Wilbur D. Nesbit, in *Harper's Magazine,* gives a little girl's version of her quarrel with Willie Johnson, leading to her tearing his hat and slapping his face, whereupon he cries and runs for home:

"So pretty soon his mamma, she
Comed to our home and looked at me,
Nen goed right in where mamma is.
She took 'at tored-up hat o' his,
And Missus Johnson she just told
My mamma lots o' things, an' scold.

"Nen Willie comed out wif his pup,
An' say 'Hullo!' So we maked up,
Nen get to playin' an'mal show—
His pup is a wild lion, an' so,
Wy, he's a-training it, an' I'm
The aujunce mos' near all th' time.

"And nen our mammas bofe comed out;
His mamma she still scold about
Me slappin' him; an' they bofe say,
'Hereafter keep your child away!'
An' nen they see us playin' there,
An' they bofe say, 'Well, I declare!'"

THE PURE WILL ENDURE.

If there is anything that will endure
The eye of God, because it still is pure,
It is the spirit of a little child,
Fresh from his hand, and therefore undefiled.

—*R. H. Stoddard.*

THE TOY-STREWN HOUSE.

Give me the house where the toys are seen,
The house where the children romp,
And I'll happier be than man has been
'Neath the gilded dome of pomp.
Let me see the litter of bright-eyed play,
Strewn over the parlor floor,
And the joys I knew in a far-off day
Will gladden my heart once more.

Whoever has lived in a toy-strewn home,
Though feeble he be and gray,
Will yearn, no matter how far he roam,
For the glorious disarray
Of the little home with its littered floor
That was his in the by-gone days,
And his heart will throb as it throbbed before
When he rests where a baby plays.

AS THE TRAIN GOES BY.

The children stand by the side of the way
As the train goes dashing through—
At the cottage door, at the farmyard gate,
At the country crossing, too.

In the squalid court of a tenement row,
In the mansion, fair and high—
And they give us a smile and a wave of the hand
As the great train rushes by.

Oh, some are rosy and plump and fair,
With clean and shining face;
And some are dirty and wan and weak,
But all have a winsome grace.

And with eager eyes they are looking out
An answering nod to spy.
Let us give them a smile and a wave of the hand
As the great train rushes by!

Oh, the train of life goes thundering on
With a roar, like a beast in pain,
And childish faces are raised to ours
That we never shall see again.

Yet with wistful smile they are watching still
For the light of a loving eye.
Let us give them a smile and a wave of the hand
As the train of life goes by!

—*Mrs. M. G. Van Voorhis, Missionary Tidings.*

WHEN MY LITTLE ONE SINGS.

When evening comes over and gray shadows fall,
Softly my Little One sings;
Cuddles and coos to a little rag doll,
And babbles of wonderful things.
I want to get down by the side of her, too,
And rock-a-bye back through the years,
Voyaging the Slumberland River of blue,
Untroubled by doubtings or fears.

Softly gray shadows come deepening down,
Little One journeys away,
Mother and Dolly to Slumberland Town,
Drowsy-eyed dreamers astray,
Leaving me here where a mist of her song
Falls on my heart like a dew,
And Heaven, I thank you, though age is so long,
Many the dreams that come true.

—*Jay B. Iden, in Kansas City Star.*

A RIDDLE TO WILLIE.

I asked my Pa a simple thing:
"Where holes in doughnuts go?"
Pa read his paper, then he said:
"Oh, you're too young to know."

I asked my Ma about the wind:
"Why can't you see it blow?"
Ma thought a moment, then she said:
"Oh, you're too young to know."

Now, why on earth do you suppose
They went and licked me so?
Ma asked: "Where is that jam?" I said:
"Oh, you're too young to know."

PAPA'S MISTAKE

Papa distinctly said the other day,
That in the night, when I'm asleep so sound,
The earth keeps turning over all the time,
And every morning it's been half-way round.

I thought how grand to see the big, round world
Go turning past this window in the hall,
And here I'm up at four o'clock to watch,
And there is nothing going by at all!

I thought that deserts, palm-trees and giraffes
Might just be passing by the time I came;
And now, instead of all those lovely things,
Here's the old yellow rosebush just the same!

—*Century Magazine.*

CHOOSING.

THE TWO ROADS.

The right road is a long road,
And at times it may be rough;
But don't leave it for the wrong road,
That is paved with sham and bluff.

And don't mistake the smiling
Of the men who travel there;
Or the gold that they are piling,
As a sign that all is fair.

For beneath the jewels shining,
And the pleasures they possess,
And behind their hours of wining,
There's a fearful loneliness.

Though the road that they are taking
Seems a splendid thoroughfare,
Hearts for honest joys are aching,
And the lives they live are bare.

There are rough spots in the right road,
There are dangers grim to face;
And it's often not a bright road,
But it's free from all disgrace.

And it's lined with friends to love you,
And its joys are of the best;
And when stars come out above you,
With a conscience clear you rest.

"LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP."

Read these lines by Dr. Young and learn why:

"The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away."

CHRISTMAS.

THE KID AROUND THE CORNER.

A homeless boy is pictured by the *Christian Philanthropist* as wishing that Santa Claus would remember him, and says to a more fortunate boy:

"Of course, I ain't got no address,"
He says to me last night,
"But I have wrote a letter,
Askin', pleasant an' polite,
If he won't leave my presents
In a corner of the park,
Where I can come an' get 'em
While the morning still is dark."

Then the story is taken up in the language of the boy who has a home, thus:

"If I was rich like lots o' men,
That has work every day,
I'd write to Mr. Santa Claus
Myself, an' I would say:
'That kid around the corner
Is a hopin' you will come
To bring him maybe roller skates,
Or else perhaps a drum,
But I'm afraid you can't afford
To buy so many toys—
I've noticed that you never do—
For ragged little boys;
But you just bring him what he wants
An' send the bill to me;
It won't cost you a single cent—
An' he'll be happy—see?'"

COMPANIONSHIP.

YOUR BOY AND YOU.

You have figured a lot on his young career,
You have dreamed and planned and thought;
You have pictured him manly and full of cheer,
With a will for the fight you've fought.

But he'll never come up to the dreams you dream,
And he never will do his part,
Till you get right down in his heart with him
And take him right into your heart.

You can not one minute believe he will care
What hopes you have formed of his life,
If you haven't meant anything to him yet,
As far as he's gone in his strife.

You can not look forward to having him rise
To positions of honor and trust,
If you've never been comrades, with light in your eyes,
And with bare toes kicking the dust.

Why, maybe you never have known that he
Was a member at home with you
Of the little group of the tender and free,
As a man with a family should do.

You can't expect him, whatever may come,
To fulfill every promise your heart
Has made for him there in life's busy hum,
Unless you have made him a part.

—*Baltimore Sun.*

A WISH.

As you journey onward may you always find
Life more bright and sunny, friends more true and kind.

UNTIL GOD'S DAY.

A little while to walk with you, my own,
Only a little way;
Then one of us must weep, and walk alone
Until God's day.

A little while! It is so sweet to live
Together, that I know
Life would not have one withered rose to give
If one of us should go.

And if these lips should ever learn to smile
With your heart far from mine,
'Twould be for joy that in a little while
They should be kissed by thine.

—*Frank L. Stanton.*

WE ALL HAVE THEM.

If times are hard, and you feel blue,
Think of the others worrying, too;
Just because your trials are many,
Don't think the rest of us haven't any.

Life is made up of smiles and tears,
Joys and sorrows, mixed with fears;
And though to us it seems one-sided,
Trouble is pretty well divided.

If we could look in every heart,
We'd find that each one has its part,
And those who travel fortune's road
Sometimes carry the biggest load.

CONSCIENCE.

THE BETTER WAY.

It is better to lose with a conscience clean
Than to win with a trick unfair;
It is better to fail and to know you've been
Whatever the prize was, square,
Than to claim the joy of a far-off goal
And the cheers of the standers-by,
And to know down deep in your inmost soul
A cheat you must live and die.

Who wins by a trick may take the prize,
And at first he may think it sweet,
But many a day in the future lies
When he'll wish he had met defeat.
For the man who lost shall be glad at heart,
And walk with his head up high,
While his conqueror knows he must play the part
Of a cheat and a living lie.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

THAT BOY OF MINE.

I would not teach that boy of mine
That only victory is fine,
Nor preach material success
To him as glorious, unless
He gains it with his head erect,
His honor and his self-respect.

I first would have him learn that he
Of self must always victor be;
That failure's not a thing to fear,
If he retains a conscience clear;
That there's more joy in grim defeat,
Than victory that marks a cheat.

CONTENTMENT.

A PRETTY GOOD WORLD.

This world's a pretty good sort of a world,
  Taking it altogether,
In spite of the grief and sorrow we meet,
  In spite of the gloomy weather.
There are friends to love, and hopes to cheer,
  And plenty of compensation
For every ache, for those who make
  The best of the situation.

There are quiet nooks for lovers of books,
  With nature in happy union;
There are cool retreats from the noontide heats,
  Where souls may have sweet communion;
And if there's a spot where the sun shines not,
  There's always a lamp to light it;
And if there's a wrong, we know ere long
  That Heaven above will right it.

So it's not for us to make a fuss
  Because of life's sad mischances,
Nor to wear ourselves out to bring about
  A change in our circumstances;
For the world's a pretty good sort of a world,
  And He to whom we are debtor
Appoints our place and supplies the grace
  To help to make it better.

IT DOESN'T PAY.

Why worry about the future?
  The present is all thou hast;
The future will soon be present,
  And the present will soon be past.

IF HE KNOWS THAT HE KNOWS.

Not to the man who thinks he knows,
But to him who knows he knows;
Not to the man who thinks he grows,
But to the man who knows he grows;
And knowing and growing he labors on,
And laboring on, he knows
That reward will come for working on,
And working on, he grows.
For growth and knowledge are gifts of God—
The pay of the man who grows;
And no other pay will he ask of God—
It is pay enough that he knows.

THE GREATEST OF TREASURES.

We may travel over mountain and meadow,
We may journey through valley and dell;
We may ride on the waves of the ocean,
And hear the sweet story they tell;
But unless we bear burdens for others,
And lift up the heads that are bent,
We can never hope to discover
That greatest of treasures, Content.

We may dwell in a palace of splendor,
We may juggle with nuggets of gold,
But unless we are loving and tender,
Our hearts will be heavy and cold.
Help others. The way will grow brighter,
The way that the Nazarene went,
And lo, our own load will be lighter,
And we'll find that great treasure, Content.

—Christian Advocate.

DON'T RUN IN DEBT.

Don't run in debt! Never mind, never mind,
If the clothes are faded and torn;
Fix them up—make them do—it is better by far
Than to have the heart weary and worn.

Who'll love you the more for the set of your hat,
Or your ruff, or the tie of your shoe,
The shape of your vest, or your boots or cravat,
If they know you're in debt for the new?

Good friends, let me beg of you, don't run in debt,
Though the chairs and sofa are old;
They will fit your back better than any new set,
Unless they are paid for with gold.

Oh, take my advice—it is good, it is true,
But—lest you some of you doubt it—
I'll whisper a secret now, seeing 'tis you:
I've tried it and know all about it.

—Frances D. Page.

THE KETTLE.

They say I am black. I admit it is true;
A respectable tint, and I love it.
I never, no, never, set out to be blue,
As for yellow or red, I'm above it.
Bubble, I say! And bubble, I say!
I'm ready to talk any time of the day.
Heap on the coals, and my song I will double—
Bub bub bub bubble, bub bubble, bub bubble!

—Laura E. Richards, in St. Nicholas.

CONTRAST.

AS YOU VIEW IT.

When I am tired and weary,
And nothing goes my way,
I thank the heavenly Father
For two nights to every day.

But when, once more, I'm rested
And all the world looks right,
I thank Him and He sends me
Two days to every night.

There's the pause before the battle,
There's the respite from the fray;
And that is how I reckon
Two nights to every day.

When the sunset glow has faded,
In a little while 'tis light!
And that is how I reckon
Two days to every night!

And so 'tis due, believe me,
To the way we look at things,
Whether we sigh and falter,
Or whether we soar on wings!

THE DIFFERENCE.

Some murmur when their sky is clear,
And all is bright to view,
If but one speck of cloud appear
In their great heaven of blue;
While some with thankful love are filled,
If but one ray of light,
One beam of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of their night.

A DOG AND A MAN.

He was a dog, but he stayed at home—
  And guarded the family night and day.
He was a dog that didn't roam.
  He lay on the porch or chased the stray—
  The tramp, the burglar, the hen—away;
For a dog's true heart for that household beat
At morning and evening, in cold and heat.
      He was a dog.

He was a man, and didn't stay
  To cherish his wife and his children fair.
He was a man, and every day
  His heart grew callous, its love-beats rare.
He thought of himself at the close of the day,
And, cigar in his fingers, hurried away
  To the club, the lodge, the store and show;
  But—he had a right to go, you know!
      He was a man.

TWO SONGS.

A singer sang a song of tears,
  And the great world heard and wept;
For he sang of the sorrows of the fleeting years,
  And the hopes which the dead past kept;
And souls in anguish their burdens bore,
And the world was sadder than before.

A singer sang a song of cheer,
  And the great world listened and smiled;
For he sang of the love of a Father dear
  And the trust of a little child;
And the souls that before had forgotten to pray
Looked up and went singing along the way.

WHAT YOU MAKE IT.

This old, old world is a dreary place
For the man whose pass is a frowning face;
Who looks for the shadows instead of the light,
For the sordid and dull instead of the bright;
Who sees but the worry and labor and strife
Instead of the glory and sunshine of life.

But for him who possesses the saving grace
Of a laughing heart and a smiling face,
Who sings at his work and laughs at defeat,
And looks for the good and the bright and the sweet,
Who cheers on his fellows by word and by deed,
This world is a pleasant place indeed.

—*Emil Carl Auvin.*

THE PESSIMIST AND OPTIMIST.

On the bough of the rose is the prickling briar;
The delicate lily must live in the mire;
The hues of the butterfly go at a breath;
At the end of the road is the house of death.

Nay, nay; on the briar is the lovely rose;
In the mire of the river the lily glows;
The moth it is fair as the flower of the sod;
At the end of the road is a door to God.

—*Edwin Markham.*

MAN AND WOMAN.

Man's words to man are often flat,
Man's words to woman flatter;
Two men may often stand and chat,
Two women stand and chatter.

CO-OPERATION.

IF WE KNEW EACH OTHER.

The following from the *Pennsylvania Herald* may be recited for a number of purposes by making a slight change. The teacher of a Y. M. C. A. Bible class of high-school fellows used it by omitting the third stanza and changing the last line of the others to read: "At the Y. M. C. A. next Thursday:"

"How little trouble there would be
If I knew you and you knew me.
We pass each other on the street,
But just come out and let us meet
At Sunday school next Sunday.

"Each one intends to do what's fair,
And treat his neighbor on the square,
But he may not quite understand
Why you don't take him by the hand
At Sunday school next Sunday.

"This world is sure a busy place,
And we must hustle in the race;
For social hours some are not free
The six week-days, but all should be
At Sunday school next Sunday.

"We have an interest in our town,
The dear old place must not go down.
We want to push good things along,
And we can help some if we're strong
At Sunday school next Sunday.

"Don't knock and kick and slam and slap
At everybody on the map,
But push and pull and boost and boom,
And use up all the standing-room
At Sunday school next Sunday."

ANSWERING THE CALL.

Some come by sea and some by land,
Who know the worst and best,
And some take train to North or South,
And some to East and West.
But when they meet and where they meet,
There's things they've understood,
And some they've taught and some they've learned,
And this is Brotherhood!

They meet and chum and pass the word,
And then take train or boat,
And some to places near and sweet,
And some to vales remote.
But with one will of thought and dream
They've done the best they could
For all mankind, for yours and mine—
And this is Brotherhood!

—Folger McKinsey, in Baltimore Sun.

OUT WEST.

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,
Out where the smile dwells a little longer—
Out where the sun is a little brighter,
Where the bonds of home are a little tighter—
That's where the West begins.

Out where the world is in the making,
Where fewer hearts with despair are aching—
Where there's more of giving and less of buying,
And a man makes friends without half trying—
That's where the West begins.

—American Home Missionary.

COURAGE.

SAND IS ESSENTIAL.

A wise engineer with a loaded train of cars to pull will not think of starting out on a long journey until the sand-box has been filled. Without this the effort to climb the heavy, slippery grades along the way would be useless:

It's about this way with travel
Along life's climbing grade,
If the forces that surround you
Have the rails quite slippery made.
If you ever reach the summit
Of the upper tableland,
You'll find you'll have to do it
With a good supply of *sand.*

You can get to any station
That is on life's schedule seen,
If there's *fire* beneath the boiler
Of ambition's strong machine;
And you'll reach a place called Vict'ry
At a rate of speed that's grand,
If for all the slippery places
You've a good supply of *sand.*

KEEP STEADY.

Keep steady, young man, keep steady,
Nor waver when put to the test.
When Satan assails be ready,
Defeat him by doing your best.
Give battle to vices that tempt you.
Your virtues can never exempt you.
Temptations will come, but be strong;
Give battle to all that is wrong.

—*John M. Morse.*

IT DEPENDS ON YOU.

Did you tackle the trouble that came your way,
With a resolute heart and cheerful?
Or hide your face from the light of day,
With a craven soul and fearful?
Oh, trouble's a ton, or trouble's an ounce,
Or trouble is what you make it.
It's not the fact that you're hurt that counts,
But only, how did you take it?

You are beaten to earth. Well, what of that?
Get up with a smiling face.
It's nothing against you to fall down flat.
To lie there, that's the disgrace.
The harder you fall, the higher you bounce,
Be proud of a blackened eye.
It's not the fact that you're licked that counts,
But how did you fight, and why?

You are done to the death? Well, what then?
If you've battled the best you could,
If you've played your part in the world of men,
The Critic will call it good.
For death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce,
And whether he's slow or spry,
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,
But only, how did you die?

—*Edmund Vance Cooke.*

A TIME FOR FIRMNESS.

Tender-hearted stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.

EVERY-DAY HEROES.

We give unstinted praise to the man
  Who is brave enough to die;
But the man who struggles unflinchingly
And bears the storm of adversity,
  We pass unnoticed by.

There's courage, I grant, required to face
  Grim death on the gory field;
There's also courage required to meet
Life's burden and sorrow; to brave defeat;
  To suffer and not to yield.

Some moments are there in every life
  When the spirit longs for rest;
When the weight of trouble, remorse and care
Seems really greater than we can bear,
  And death were a welcome guest.

But we crush it down and we go our way
  To the duties that lie in wait,
From day to day we renew the fight
To resist the wrong and to seek the right,
  And to climb o'er time and fate.

And thus—for my heart goes out to them—
  My meed of praise I would give
To those who struggle life's path along,
The unrewarded, unnumbered throng
  Who are *brave enough to live.*

THE COWARD.

There are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

HERE COMES A MAN.

When round you raves the storm
  And winds run cold, then do not quail;
  But spread your breast, drink in the gale,
And it will make you warm.

Fear not the goriest giant;
  A straight-shot shaft his heart will find.
  The elements themselves are kind
To those who prove defiant.

Offense is best defense;
  If you're besieged, come out and fight.
  If foiled by day, come back at night.
Let grit make you immense.

Dare all. Do what you can.
  Let fate itself find you no slave.
  Make Death salute you at the grave,
And say, *"Here comes a man!"*

—*Ford Times.*

NEVER SAY FAIL.

Keep pushing—'tis wiser than sitting aside,
And dreaming and sighing, and waiting the tide.
In life's earnest battle they only prevail
Who daily march onward and never say fail!

With an eye ever open, a tongue that's not dumb,
And a heart that will never to sorrow succumb—
You'll battle and conquer, though thousands assail;
How strong and how mighty who never say fail!

THE EASY AND HARD.

It takes great strength to bring your life up square
With your accepted thought and hold it there,
Resisting the inertia that drags back
From new attempts to the old habit's track.
It is so easy to drift back, to sink;
So hard to live abreast of what you think.

It takes great strength to live where you belong
When other people think that you are wrong;
People you love, and who love you, and whose
Approval is a pleasure you would choose.
To bear this pressure and succeed at length
In living your belief—well, it takes strength—
And courage too.

—*Charlotte Perkins Stetson.*

KEEP UP YOUR CHIN.

You're sick of the game? Well, now that's a shame;
You're young and you're brave and you're bright.
You've had a new deal, I know—but don't squeal;
Back up, do your best—and fight.
It's the plugging away that will win you the day.
Don't be a piker, old pard!
Just draw on your grit—'tis so easy to quit—
'Tis keeping your chin up that's hard.

—*R. W. Service.*

THE FAITH THAT TRUSTS.

I like a man who faces what he must,
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust
That God is God; that somehow, true and just,
His plans work out for all who trust Him here.

—*Sarah K. Bolton.*

AN EXHORTATION.

Be strong!
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle—face it; 'tis God's gift.

Be strong!
Say not the days are evil—who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce—Oh, shame!
Stand up, speak out—and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!
It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long;
Faint not, fight on. To-morrow comes the song.

—*Maltbie D. Babcock.*

KEEP HEART.

Keep up your heart; the Christ doth own
The hidden seed your life hath sown.
His promise stands; do not despair;
Your soul shall reap, some day, somewhere.
'Tis yours to trust though fields lie bare;
God holds the seed love scattered there.
Then keep up heart, sow on, and pray,
For you shall reap with God some day.

—*I. Mench Chambers.*

WHEN FEAR IS CRUSHED.

Let any man show the world that he feels
Afraid of its bark, and 'twill fly at his heels.
Let him fearlessly face it, 'twill leave him alone,
But 'twill fawn at his feet if he flings it a bone.

—*E. R. Bulwer-Lytton.*

COURTESY.

A BUNCH OF KEYS.

A bunch of golden keys is mine,
To make each day with gladness shine.
"Good morning," that's the golden key
That unlocks each day to me.
When evening comes, "Good night," I say,
And close the door of each glad day.
When at the table, "If you please"
I take from off my bunch of keys.

When friends give anything to me
I use the little "Thank you" key;
"Excuse me," "Beg your pardon," too,
If by mistake some harm I do.
If unkindly word I've given,
With the "Forgive me" key, I'll be forgiven.
On a golden ring these keys I bind;
This is its motto, "Be ye kind."

A GENTLE HINT.

The trolley-car was crowded,
She couldn't find a seat.
A man in front of her snapped, "Miss,
You're standing on my feet!"
Then sweetly she looked down at him,
The darling little elf,
And said, "Beg pardon, but why don't
You stand on them yourself?"

—*Christian Herald.*

THE REAL GENTLEMAN.

A moral, sensible and well-bred man
Will not affront me, and no other can.

COURTSHIP.

CUPID IS POPULAR.

There is nothing in creation
  That will interest us so,
Or throughout the human system
  Radiate so warm a glow,
Or to which so much attention
  By the world at large is paid,
Or that has such approbation,
  As the courting of a maid.

Father Adam first began it
  Back in Eden, it is said,
And as fast as countries peopled
  The contagion to them spread;
And to-day there is no region
  Found beneath the shining sun
Where a maiden is not courted
  And a maiden is not won.

—*J. H. Harrison, in Springfield Republican.*

A TIME HE'LL NEVER FORGET.

Of all the balmy places that a boy was ever in,
The one with most surprises and features new to him;
When a startling panorama to his youthful gaze unfurls—
Is when he first commences to shine around the girls.

—*Samwell Wilkins.*

THE WOMAN IN THE CASE.

He who inside his watch-lid wears
  His sweetheart's pretty face,
Is sure to have a time, for there's
  A woman in the case.

CRITICISM.

WHEN TO CRITICISE.

When your heart is warm with love
  Even for your enemies;
When your words come from above,
  Not from where the venom is;
When you see the man entire,
  Not alone the fault he has,
Find a somewhat to admire
  Underneath the paltry mass—
Not till then, if you are wise,
Will you dare to criticise.

When you see the thing that's wrong,
  And—a way to better it—
Push a noble cause along,
  Not with censure fetter it;
When your purpose is to build,
  Not to tear the building down,
Use the sunshine that will gild,
  Not the dark and dismal frown—
Not till then, if you are wise,
Will you dare to criticise.

A SELF-INFLICTED WOUND.

In a moment, all unthinking,
  Once a dear friend wounded me;
I, in angry pain, quick turning,
  Struck a harder blow than he.
Now the hurt my brother gave me
  Tender mem'ries cover o'er,
But the wound I made him suffer
  In my own breast still is sore.

—*Sophia Stansfield.*

REFORMING OTHERS.

Much of the faultfinding in life is because we think ourselves superior to others in our ability and attitude toward things in general. Here we have it as presented by Antoinette DeCoursey Patterson in the *Youth's Companion:*

"A stream laughed merrily the livelong day—
It laughed, too, in its sleep—
While on the bank a willow, silver-gray,
Did nothing else but weep.

"'Do serious moments never come, oh, stream!'
I asked impatiently.
It answered, 'I am doing what I deem
My best to cheer that tree!'

"I asked the willow if it never smiled;
It only shed fresh tears.
'To change the flippant nature of that child
I've wept, alas, for years!'"

THE WICKED WORLD.

It's a wicked old world, I've heard you say,
A wicked old world, and I'll agree
That trouble and sorrow block the way,
And the sunshine is often hard to see.
It's a wicked old world, but tell me, son,
Are you trying to make it a better one?

—*Louis E. Thayer, Youth's Companion.*

FROM POPE'S ESSAY ON "CRITICISM."

"Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
They best can bear reproof who merit praise."

THE MAIDEN AND THE LILY.

James Small wrote to the *Christian Standard* suggesting that the following poem be dedicated to all "destructive critics," and that all higher critics might also read it with profit:

"A lily in my garden grew,
Amid the thyme and clover;
No fairer lily ever blew,
Search all the wide world over.
Its beauty passed into my heart;
I knew 'twas very silly,
But I was then a foolish maid,
And it—a perfect lily.

"One day a learned man came by,
With years of knowledge laden,
And him I questioned with a sigh,
Like any foolish maiden:
'Wise sir, please tell me wherein lies—
I know the question's silly—
The something that my art defies,
And makes a perfect lily.'

"He smiled, then, bending, plucked the flower,
Then tore it leaf and petal,
And talked to me for half an hour,
And thought the point to settle;
'Therein it lies,' at length he cries,
And I—I know 'twas silly—
Could only weep and say: 'But where—
Oh, Doctor, where's my lily?'"

—*John Frazer* (1750-1811).

DELAY.

HE INTENDED TO!

He intended to, but the time flew fast,
And his thoughts, with its vision, quickly passed;
And a soul that yearned for a loving friend
Went its way embittered, unto the end.
But the man who failed when his conscience spoke,
Went on, nor knew of the heart he broke.
Shall the Lord of souls, at setting sun,
Not hold him guilty, for deeds undone?

She intended to, but duties pressed,
And she sped away to her tasks with zest,
And the soul she thought to have comforted
Went on her way, with spirit dead;
For the heart that starved for a word of cheer
Was crushed. Was that not a price too dear
To pay for a moment's small neglect?
Only thoughtlessness, but a life was wrecked.

—Thomas Curtis Clark, Front Rank.

THE CITY OF NOT AT ALL.

"To-morrow I'll do it," says Bennie;
"I will, by and by," says Seth;
"Not now—pretty soon," says Jennie;
"In a minute," says little Beth.
Oh, dear little people, remember
That true as the stars in the sky,
The little streets of To-morrow,
Pretty Soon and By-and-by
Lead one and all
As straight, they say, as the king's highway,
To the City of Not at All.

THE BOY WHO MEANT TO.

He meant to get up early
When the air was crisp and cool,
And mow the lawn and clip the hedge
Before he went to school;
But he was tired and sleepy
When he awoke at break of day,
So said another time would do
And slipped in dream away.

At school he meant to lead his class
Before the term was done;
But lessons are such stupid things,
And boys must have some fun.
In manhood feats he likewise meant
To earn some laurels, too;
But fame is such a fickle dame
And picks her favorites few.

He meant to reach a wise old age,
Esteemed by great and low;
But wisdom's path is hard and steep,
And pleasure lured below.
But since he never really tried
The things he meant to do,
That nothing ever came of them,
I'm not surprised—are you?

NO ADVANCE PAYMENTS.

You'll never make a single sou
By any deed you're going to do.
On what you've done lies fortune's chance,
Life never pays us in advance.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE DAY THAT'S ALWAYS THE SAME.

Oh, day to all our hearts so dear!
Thou art so far that seem'st so near,
So close at hand, yet never here—
To-morrow.

When painful duties gall and irk,
In that fair word doth pleasure lurk;
'Tis sweet to think of doing work—
To-morrow.

And still, until the judgment day,
At that same distance thou wilt stay,
Thou visionary, far-away—
To-morrow.

—*Samwell Wilkins.*

"PRETTY SOON."

I know a land where the streets are paved
With the things which we meant to achieve.
It is walled with the money we meant to have saved
And the pleasures for which we grieve.

The road that leads to that mystic land
Is strewn with pitiful wrecks,
And the ships that have sailed for its shining strand
Bear skeletons on their decks.

It is further at noon than it was at dawn,
And further at night than noon.
Oh, let us beware of that land down there—
The land of "Pretty Soon."

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

PUT-OFF TOWN.

Did you ever go to Put-off Town,
Where the houses are old and tumbledown,
And everything tarries and everything drags,
With dirty streets and people in rags?

On the street of "Slow" lives Old Man Wait,
And his two little boys named Linger and Late,
With unclean hands and tousled hair,
And a naughty sister named Don't Care.

To play all day in Tarry Street,
Leaving your errands for other feet;
To stop or shirk or linger or frown,
Is the nearest way to this old town.

ACT TO-DAY!

To-morrow, ah, to-morrow,
The good we think to do,
The hearts we'll rob of sorrow,
The roses we shall strew.
And while we wait and contemplate
Our brood of golden plans,
The swift day dies, and darkened skies
Reprove our idle hands.

To-morrow, ah, to-morrow!
Oh, friend, be wise, I pray.
This world, so full of sorrow,
Needs all your lips can say
Of comforts sweet and actions meet
To help it on its way.
Oh, speak, before a fast-closed door
Shall mock you. Act to-day!

—Thomas Curtis Clark, Front Rank.

DETERMINATION.

NEVER DESPAIR.

Never despair, though all your hopes are shattered;
Never despair, though all your dreams are o'er;
Though all the plans you thought so good are scattered,
Do not despair, but think them out once more.
What use are tears, of what avail is sorrow,
If idle by their ruins you remain?
Come, take new heart, and with the dawn to-morrow
Make a fresh start, and build them up again.

Though you have failed, you have not been the loser,
And, having failed, yet something you will gain;
Though of such luck you would not be the chooser,
Yet you will find it has not been in vain.
For all you lost, for all your pain and weeping,
An equal good has added to your store,
Has cleansed your soul, and to your wiser keeping
Has given experience, to start once more.

Never despair, but start again rebuilding,
With your old tools, and greater artifice;
Start, ere the morrow's sun the sky is gilding,
With all your skill, a finer edifice.
Rebuild, renew, dream dreams and realize them,
The world awaits you, with riches yet to give.
If at your tasks you work, and not despise them,
You yet will find that life is good to live.

IF NOT ONE WAY, ANOTHER.

Some men break into a bank
By violence and with slaughter,
And some men find an easier way
By wedding a banker's daughter.

DISCRETION.

DON'T BOAST.

When making a bid for the big things of life
  Don't boast of the honors you'll get;
And don't be too knowing to heed sound advice—
  Few things have been won like that yet.
Don't make it your business to brag of your powers,
  And talk of the things you can do,
Nor think, if perchance in some line you excel,
  None other's as clever as you.

The pupil who thinks that he knows everything,
  And heeds not the things he's been taught,
Quite frequently turns out a failure in life,
  And the "sum" of his deeds comes to "naught."
So center your mind on your studies each day,
  Stick on to your tasks, see them through.
Don't talk of your deeds, but make your deeds talk,
  And the world will be talking of you!

THE REASON.

Two eyes and only one mouth have we;
The reason for this must be
That we are not to talk about everything we see.
Two ears and only one mouth have we,
The reason is very clear,
That we are not to talk about everything we hear.

—Frances G. Conrad.

WILLING TO REPAY.

Don't ever lend your trouble, 'twill make it worse, alack!
When people borrow trouble they always pay it back.

MENTAL ACTIVITY.

Yes, clean yer house an' clean yer shed,
  An' clean yer barn in every part;
But brush the cobwebs from yer head,
  An' sweep the snowbanks from yer heart.

Yes, when spring cleanin' comes aroun',
  Bring forth the duster an' the broom,
But rake yer foggy notions down,
  An' sweep yer dusty soul of gloom.

—*Sam Walter Foss.*

THE PLACE OF SNARES.

It ain't the trees that block the trail,
  It ain't the ash or pine,
For if you fall or if you fail,
  It was some pesky vine
That tripped you up, that threw you down,
  That caught you unawares;
The big things you can walk aroun',
  But watch the way for snares.

—*Douglas Malloch.*

OUR LIPS AND EARS.

If you your lips would keep from slips,
  Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
  And how and when and where.

If you your ears would save from jeers,
  These things keep meekly hid:
Myself and I, and mine and my,
  And how I do and did.

DOMESTIC.

WILLIE AND THE BABY.

Willie tied the baby's ear
Firmly to the chandelier.
Baby chuckled, full of glee—
'Twas her ear of corn, you see.

—*Princeton Tiger.*

Willie pulled him by his tongue;
Round and round the room they swung;
Baby seemed to like it, though—
'Twas his wagon tongue, you know.

—*Chicago Tribune.*

Willie pounded baby's head,
And the infant, smiling, said:
"Oogle, googie, umpty tum"—
'Twas the head of baby's drum.

—*Rochester Democrat.*

Willie then for a surprise
Dug out both of baby's eyes;
Baby laughed, gave Will a hug—
'Twas his 'taters' eyes he dug.

—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

BEFORE AND AFTER.

Mary had a little lamb—her fiance, you know—
And everywhere that Mary went the duffer had to go.
He followed her to pale pink teas in truly lamb-like style,
He was as docile as you please for quite a little while.
But after marriage, seems the gent assumed another tone—
Then everywhere that Mary went she had to go alone.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

THE ANGRY MAID.

The butter had refused to come,
And with an angry gleam
In both her eyes, the dairy maid
Got mad and whipped the cream.

—*Schenectady Star.*

When she found the punished cream
Would neither scream nor beg,
Elsewhere she turned her cruelty
And beat a feeble egg.

—*Scranton Tribune-Republican.*

And still on cruelty intent—
This plot begins to thicken—
When hunger's pangs began to gnaw,
She smothered her a chicken.

—*Houston Post.*

And not content with all this crime,
This servant maid so brazen
Walked over to the table and
Commenced to stone a raisin.

—*Jacksonville Times-Star.*

And yet, while on this mad rampage,
This maid, to show her ire,
Grabbed up an iron poker
And punched the dying fire.

—*Indianapolis Star.*

IN THE FIRST ROUND.

The newly-weds: "Who shall be master?"
Settled: He wears the court-plaster.

MY WIFE'S WAY.

She keeps the clocks all fast a bit,
Can always tell you just how much.
I can not see the sense of it,
But I'm requested not to touch.
She says she finds a stimulus
That helps her daily *regime,*
In having them thus previous,
Though they do bother now and then.
To all objections I can show
She says she likes to have them so.

She says, "You'll find the asperin
In that small box marked quinine. See?
The quinine? Why, the quinine's in
The other box. Where would it be?
The bottle marked peroxide
Is castor oil, so don't forget."
To all my warnings horrified
That she'll assassinate us yet
She says she knows just how they go
And that she likes to have them so.

—Walter G. Doty, Mother's Magazine.

A REAL HEAVEN.

Think that heaven is far away?
Oh, you haven't far to roam.
It's where the little children play—
Where shine the lights of home.
It's where the sweetest dreams abide,
Where days and nights are blest,
Even at a little fireside
Where love's a welcome guest.

—Atlanta Constitution.

DUTY.

OTHER FOLKS WILL.

There's only one method of meeting life's test;
Just keep on a-striving and hope for the best.
Don't give up the ship and retire in dismay
'Cause hammers are thrown when you'd like a bouquet.

This world would be tiresome, we'd all get the blues,
If all the folks in it held just the same views;
So finish your work, show the best of your skill,
Some people won't like it, but other folks will.

If you're leading an army, or building a fence,
Do the most that you can with your own common sense.
One small word of praise in this journey of tears
Outweighs in the balance 'gainst cartloads of sneers.

The plants that we're passing as commonplace weeds
Oft prove to be just what some sufferer needs.
So keep on a-going, don't stay standing still—
Some people won't like you, but other folks will.

DO IT FIRST.

If you have something hard to do,
  Just go to work and do it.
If you conclude to put it off,
  You're pretty sure to rue it.

Pitch in and do the hard thing first;
  Let easy ones come after;
Make this your rule, and life will mean
  A lot of joy and laughter.

OUR REASONABLE SERVICE.

Do your duty, do your best,
Leave unto the Lord the rest.

MY TASK.

To love some one more dearly every day,
To help some wandering child to find the way
To ponder o'er a noble thought, and pray
And smile when evening falls—
This is my task.

To follow truth as blind men long for light,
To do my best from dawn of day till night;
To keep my heart fit for His holy right,
And answer when He calls—
This is my task.

And then my Saviour by and by to meet
When faith hath made its task on earth complete,
And lay my homage at the Master's feet,
Within the jasper walls—
This is my task.

WHERE DUTY CALLS.

If each will do his duty day by day,
In open fields, or in his little room,
Near cradle-side, or at the brink of tomb,
He will not grieve his soul about the way
Success and victory may come—
And these two joys will come—
But he will lift his eyes and thank his God
For every stroke of duty's urging rod.

CAN NOT BE ESCAPED.

You may travel, no matter how fast or how far;
You can not escape it, wherever you are.
Some duty awaits you, some good you should do—
There is something the world is expecting of you.

EFFICIENCY.

THE LAND OF "ANYHOW."

Beyond the Isle of "What's-the-Use,"
Where "Slipshod Point" is now,
There used to be, when I was young,
The Land of "Anyhow."

"Don't Care" was king of all the realm—
A cruel king was he!
For those who served him with good heart
He treated shamefully.

When boys and girls their tasks would slight,
And cloud poor mother's brow,
He says, "Don't Care! It's good enough!
Just do it anyhow!"

But when in after life they longed
To make proud fortune bow,
He let them find that fate ne'er smiles
On work done anyhow.

For he who would the harvest reap
Must learn to use the plough,
And pitch his tent a long, long way
From the Land of "Anyhow."

—*Canadian Presbyterian.*

FOR A CLEAN RECORD.

Four things a man must learn to do
If he would keep his record true;
To think without confusion, clearly,
To love his fellow-men sincerely,
To act from honest motives purely,
To trust in God and heaven securely.

DO YOUR LEVEL BEST.

Do your level best, boys, always, everywhere;
Never mind what others do, you act fair and square.
Duty's call is urgent, and life no empty jest;
Pull yourselves together, boys, and ever do your best.

Do your level best, boys, whate'er you lot may be;
Grinding in the study or sailing on the sea.
Pen or plow or hammer or in scarlet tunic dressed,
Pull yourselves together, boys, and ever do your best.

Do your level best, boys; all honest work will wear.
Yours is now the springtime; improve the season rare.
Use each precious moment, all trifling ways detest;
Pull yourselves together, boys, and ever do your best.

—David Johnstone, in Lutheran Observer.

HOW DO YOU HOE?

Say, how do you hoe your row?
Do you hoe it fair, do you hoe it square?
Do you hoe it the best you know?
Do you cut the weeds as you ought to do,
And leave what's worth while there?
The harvest you'll garner depends on you;
Are you working on the square?

Are you making it fine and clean?
Are you going straight at a hustling gait?
Are you scattering all that's mean?
Do you laugh and sing and whistle shrill,
And dance a step or two,
As the row you hoe leads up the hill?
The harvest is up to you.

—Driftwood.

EGOTISM.

THE PEACOCK.

It often happens that the person who makes the greatest pretensions is outclassed in real accomplishment of things worth while by those of humble mien. Kate Laurence illustrates this in a poem in the *Youth's Companion:*

"The peacock sat on the garden wall,
As vain as a bird could be;
With his tail, his crown and sheeny breast,
Oh, who is so fine as he?

"The little brown birds cried, 'Give us a song!'
And the blackbird piped, 'Ah, do!
'Twill be a beautiful song, we know,
From a bird so fine as you.'

"But when the poor peacock tried to sing,
Then the small birds flew away.
They said, 'Fine feathers don't make fine birds!'
They say it unto this day."

IT'S OFTEN THE CASE.

Many times persons take a stand for or against a proposition, and, in utter ignorance of the underlying cause of the outcome, imagine they brought it about. This attitude is strikingly similar to that of the dog barking at the moon to chase it away. He howls and howls, but the moon moves majestically on its course. The dog is watching it, now almost too weary to bark. *Puck* tells the result:

"But soon, 'neath the hills that obstructed the west,
The moon sank out of his sight,
And it smiled as it slowly dropped under the crest,
But the little dog said, as he lay down to rest:
"Well, I scared it away, all right!"

THE CONCEITED COINS.

"I'm just as good as silver!"
The Nickel proudly cried;
"The head of Madam Liberty
Is stamped upon my side.
I am as white and shining
As any dime can be—
He needn't put on any airs,
I'm twice as thick as he!"

"I'm every bit as good as gold!"
The Penny blustered loud;
"That tiny, thin gold dollar—
He needn't feel so proud;
For all his airs and graces
I do not give a fig;
I'm burnished just as bright as he,
And half again as big!"

But when the Cent and Nickel
Went out upon their way,
Alas! The world still held them cheap,
Whatever they might say.
The Double Eagle smiled. "You'll find,"
He said, "that par is par;
It doesn't matter how you boast,
But what you really are!"

—*The Classmate.*

AN UNANSWERED QUERY.

This is the burden of my song,
I sing it day and night:
Why are so many always wrong,
When I am always right?

EMOTION.

LITTLE DRESSES ON THE LINE.

I've seen "Old Glory" floatin' in the breeze;
I've felt like gettin' down upon my knees
To see her flutterin' there
In the blue of freedom's air;
And a lot of things have stirred me, if you please.
But nothing ever thrilled me,
And nothing ever filled me
With love and admiration as sublime,
Like little dresses hangin' on the line.

I've seen a baseball pennant hangin' high,
I've known for that I'd gladly fight and die,
To see it hangin' there
When we'd won it fair and square;
And a lot of things have made me laugh and sigh.
But nothin's ever took me
By the lazy back and shook me
Into lovin', livin', hopin' all the time,
Like little "rompers" hangin' on the line.

I've seen a dainty kerchief waved afar,
And girlish eyes that twinkled like a star;
That stirred my heart to love
Like the angels up above,
And there's nothing happened yet that love to mar.
But even that won't save me
Like the little babe she gave me—
Oh, the little darling, sweet and fine,
And the little dresses hangin' on the line!

ENCOURAGEMENT.

JUST TELL THEM SO.

There's much to do the whole day through,
And little use complaining,
For the darkest night will change to light,
And the blackest cloud quit raining.
If worth you find in weak mankind,
'Twill do all good to know
That some one thought they nobly wrought,
And frankly tell them so.

Enough will remain of bitter pain,
With all the aid you lend;
Some will be sad and others glad
On down to the journey's end.
As in the throng you pass along,
With rapid strides or slow,
If virtue you see in bond or free
Just stop and tell them so.

If on the road you see a load
Some pilgrim downward pressing,
A willing hand to help him stand
Will bring you back a blessing.
So in the fight 'twixt wrong and right
That's waging here below,
Should praise be said, don't wait till dead,
Before you tell them so.

—*John T. Hinds, Woman's Home Companion.*

SOWING AND REAPING.

Plant lilies, and lilies will bloom;
Plant roses, and roses will grow.
Plant love, and love to you will bring
The fruit of the seed you sow.

WHEN FEELIN' SAD AND BLUE.

Sometimes you feel discouraged,
But you don't know what about;
While other folks are glad and gay,
You're feelin' down and out.
No matter how well things may look,
They don't appeal to you,
For it's your *heart* that's hungry—
When you're feelin' sad and blue.

Sometimes, when you're away from home
And everything seems queer,
And you sort o' keep a-list'nin'
For a word or two of cheer—
Why, it makes you feel like shoutin'
If folks walk up to you
And treat you kind and friendly—
When you're feelin' sad and blue.

It don't take much to spur you on
And keep you in the game;
It may be just a trifle,
But it helps you just the same.
It may only be a handshake,
Or a pleasant "Howdy-do?"
But it's worth a lot of money—
When you're feelin' sad and blue.

—*Raymond A. Harlan, in The Lookout.*

SLOW, BUT SURE.

Little by little the world grows strong,
Fighting the battles of right and wrong;
Little by little the wrong gives way;
Little by little the right has sway.

A NEW LEAF.

To the desk of his teacher a little lad came
With his eyes downcast and his cheeks aflame;
And he said in a trembling and hesitant tone,
"I've spoiled this leaf; may I have a new one?"
In place of the sheet so stained and blotted,
She gave him a new one, clean, unspotted;
His tear-stained face she lifted; then smiled,
And said, "Try to do better now, my child."

To my Teacher I went on my knees, alone;
The days had passed by, and another year flown;
"Dear Father, hast thou not a new leaf for me?
I've blotted so badly this other, I see."
God took the old leaf, so soiled and blotted,
And gave me a new one, clean, unspotted,
And into my sorrowing heart he smiled,
Saying, "Try to do better now, my child."

A CURE FOR THE BLUES.

If you're worried and despondent,
And the blues are settling down,
Don't sit down and think about it;
Don't take on a sullen frown.

Go and find some other person
Who is burdened more than you.
If you seek them, 'tis surprising,
You will find them not a few.

Try to cheer them and encourage;
Lend a little kindly aid;
You will find your own clouds scattered
And your whole world brighter made.

—Zella B. Chatfield, in Farm Life.

WHEN SOME ONE CARES.

Just a friendly word or two
  Or a sympathetic smile,
And glad courage comes anew,
  Shortening the weary mile.

Just the clasp of some one's hand,
  Or a look of kind good will,
And the triumphs we have planned
  Urge us bravely onward still.

Just a word that is sincere,
  When the way is rough and long,
And the lost hopes that were dear
  Make us glad again, and strong.

Just to know that others care
  If we fail or if we fall,
And the ills that brought despair
  Seem but trifles, after all.

—*S. E. Kiser.*

ALWAYS A SOMETHING.

Here and there a teardrop, here and there a song,
Here and there a hand reached just to help you 'long.
Shadows deep a-flittin' right afore your way,
But always comes a something keeps you middlin' gay.

Here and there the cruel, here and there the kind,
Here and there a bird's song floatin' down the wind.
Very strange the mixture life gives every day,
But always comes a something keeps you middlin' gay.

—*Grit.*

AND SAY HULLO!

When you see a man in woe,
Walk right up and say, "Hullo!"
Say "Hullo," and "How d'ye do!
How's the world a-usin' you?"
Slap the fellow on his back,
Bring your hand down with a whack;
Waltz right up, and don't go slow,
Grin an' shake an' say "Hullo!"

Is he clothed in rags? Oh, sho!
Walk right up and say "Hullo!"
Rags is but a cotton roll
Jest for wrappin' up a soul.
An' a soul is worth a true,
Hale an' hearty "How d'ye do!"
Don't wait for the crowd to go,
Walk right up and say "Hullo!"
—*Sam Walter Foss, in "The Open Window."*

BETTER NOW.

If with pleasure you are viewing
Any work a man is doing,
Let the words of true encouragement be said.
Do not wait till life is over
And he's underneath the clover,
For he can not read his tombstone when he's dead.

THE CONTAGION OF CHEER.

Just being happy helps other souls along;
Their burdens may be heavy and they not strong;
Your own sky will lighten if other skies you brighten
By just being happy with a heart full of song.

—*Ripley D. Saunders.*

KEEP CHEERING SOME ONE ON.

Don't you mind about the triumphs,
Don't you worry after fame;
Don't you grieve about succeeding,
Let the future guard your name.

All the best in life's the simplest,
Love will last when wealth is gone;
Just be glad that you are living,
And keep cheering some one on.

There's a lot of sorrow 'round you,
Lots of lonesomeness and tears;
Lots of heartaches and of worry
Through the shadows of the years.

And the world needs more than triumphs;
More than all the swords we've drawn;
It is hungering for the fellow
Who keeps cheering some one on.

—Folger McKinsey, in Watchman-Examiner.

FOR THE SAKE OF OTHERS.

I would be true, for there are those who trust me.
I would be pure, for there are those who care.
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer.
I would be brave, for there is much to bear.
I would be friend to all the poor, the friendless.
I would be giving, and forget the gift.
I would be humble, for I know my weakness.
I would look up—and Love and Laugh and Lift.

—Howard Arnold Walters.

ENTERPRISE.

OF RISEN CITIES.

On Apr. 18, 1906, San Francisco was rocked in the throes of a mighty earthquake, followed by flames bursting forth in all parts of the city, which for three days and as many nights defied the power of man to check, leaving blackness and ruin where once the proud city stood by the sea. Eleven years from the same date, when San Francisco had become more powerful and beautiful than ever before, Daniel Easter Doran wrote a poem for the *Examiner,* first reviewing the achievements of time and decay in laying low once mighty cities:

"And now with mournful air the desert wind
Sweeps round the saddened spots so desolate
Where once those cities flourished, proud and great;
Across the stones the wolf howls to his kind,
And travelers by the ruins stop to stare
And muse upon the greatness buried there.

"Not so this city of St. Francis blessed,
This city young, yet old and worldly wise,
For when the terror threatened, and oppressed
By flame and swift convulsion, in her eyes
There glared the gleam of battle; undismayed,
Her sons courageous from her tortured stones
Beat back the wolf Disaster and displayed
Their love triumphant o'er her blackened bones.

"Grown young again, she lifts her head in pride,
Assumes once more her olden regal place,
With all her youthful beauty and her grace
And all her youthful splendor magnified!
Queen of the land of lands the loveliest,
The risen glory of the Golden West!"

ENTHUSIASM.

PLAYING THE GAME.

Life is a game with a glorious prize,
If we only play it aright.
It is give and take and build and break,
And often it ends in a fight;
But he surely wins who honestly tries
(Regardless of wealth or fame);
He can never despair who plays it fair—
How are *you* playing the game?

Do you wilt and whine if you fail to win
In the manner you think your due?
Do you sneer at a man in case he can,
And does do better than you?
Do you take your rebuffs with a knowing grin?
Do you laugh though you pull up lame?
Does your faith hold true when the whole world's blue?
How are you playing the game?

Get into the thick of it—wade in, boys!—
Whatever your cherished goal;
Brace up your will till your pulses thrill,
And you dare—to your very soul!
Do something more than make a noise;
Let your purpose leap into flame
As you plunge with the cry, "I shall do or die!"
Then you will be playing the game.

—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

LOUIS E. THAYER SAYS:

"Hang on! Cling on! No matter what they say.
Push on! Sing on! Things will come your way.
Sitting down and whining never helps a bit;
Best way to get there is by keeping up your grit."

THE YELLS.

Hear the students with their yells—
Cheering yells!
What a world of pep and grit their unity compels!
Hear them holler, holler, holler,
Through each inning of the game!
And excited is each scholar;
Grabs his neighbor by the collar,
Still a-yelling just the same!
Hear them shout, shout, shout,
Till they put the foe to rout
With the quick enunciation that methodically swells
From the yells—
From the yells, yells, yells, yells,
Yells, yells, yells—
From the shouting and the outing
Of the yells!

—*Donald Gillies, in High School.*

THE TIME TO YELL AND CHEER.

The footballistic days are come,
The gladdest of the year,
When football fills the autumn air
And students rise and cheer.

A nut upon the greensward stands
And waves a megaphone,
And twenty thousand students cheer
In wild and raspy tone.

They do not stop to figure out
The wherefore or the why;
They merely strain their vocal chords
And rend the autumn sky.

But when you cheer, you college studes,
And howl hooray! hooroo!
And when you holler rah! rah! rah!
I dearly envy you.

For you can laugh and you can yell,
And you can cheer and shout,
When there is not a single thing
To laugh and cheer about.

—*San Francisco Examiner.*

SINGING SOLDIERS.

Remember, whatever the seasons may bring,
The world marches farther with soldiers that sing;
And nothing is truer beneath the blue sky
Than the world is a loser for soldiers who sigh.

The captains of life standing forth in the field
Say the soldiers that sigh are the quickest to yield;
While soldiers and freemen that sturdily cling
To courage and hope are the soldiers that sing.

So, better leave sighing alone for awhile,
And see how much sooner we'll finish a mile;
Hurrah for the fields of the victors, that ring
With the shout and the song of the soldiers that sing.

—*Frank Wolcott Hutt.*

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

There's a bad side, 'tis the sad side—never mind it.
There's a bright side, 'tis the right side—try to find it.
Pessimism's but a screen
Thrust the light and you between,
But the sun shines bright, I ween, just behind it.

—*Jean Dwight Franklin, in The Circle.*

EXAMPLE.

THE BOY SCOUT IN WALL STREET.

In front of the Sub-Treasury building in New York City is a bronze tablet which represents George Washington in prayer at Valley Forge. The tablet bears the inscription: "Washington at Valley Forge. As seen and described by Isaac Potts, March, 1778. George Washington's horse was tied to a sapling in a thicket. The general was on his knees praying most fervently."

Wall Street rang and echoed with its traffic;
A brown Boy Scout stood in his khaki there
Before the bronze which showed his Nation's Father
Kneeling in anguish to his God in prayer.

The trim boy, hustled by the rushing thousands,
His bright eyes still kept fastened on that face;
His lips, soft parted, like a sweet flower trembled;
He seemed exalted in his boyish grace.

He turned; his tanned cheek flushed with noble fervor,
While his brave eyes with resolution flamed;
"If Washington could kneel in supplication,
Then why should I, a mere boy, feel ashamed?

"Whatever dangers in my life surround me,
I'll ever think of that bronze gleaming there!
Great Washington, who led our mighty Nation,
Shall be the leader of one boy in prayer."

—A. F., in American Youth.

DANGEROUS VICTORY.

Aleyn puts a great truth in few words, as follows:

"But look for ruin when a coward wins;
For fear and cruelty are ever twins."

THAT'S ENOUGH.

A number of school teachers were discussing the possibility of using the word "that" several times consecutively in one sentence, which induced one of them to produce the following rhyme:

"I'll prove the word that I have made my theme
Is that that may be doubled without blame;
And that that that thus trebled I may use,
And that that that that critics may abuse
May be correct. Further, the Dons to bother,
Five thats may closely follow one another;
For be it known that we may safely write
Or say, that that that that that man writ was right;
Nay, e'en that that that that that that followed
Through six repeats the grammar's rule has hallowed,
And that that that (that that that that began)
Repeated seven times is right—deny it who can."

THE REAL GUIDE.

You may bring to your office and put in a frame
A motto as fine as its paint,
But if you're a crook when you're playing the game,
That motto won't make you a saint.

If the motto says "Smile" and you carry a frown,
"Do It Now," and you linger and wait;
If the motto says "Help," and you trample men down,
If the motto says "Love" and you hate;

You won't get away with the mottoes you stall,
For truth will come forth with a bounce—
It isn't the motto that hangs on the wall,
But the motto you live, that counts.

FAITH.

THE WIND THAT BLOWS IS BEST.

Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone;
A thousand fleets from every zone
  Are out upon a thousand seas;
  And what for me were favoring breeze
Might dash another with the shock
Of doom upon some hidden rock.
  And so I do not dare to pray
  For winds to waft me on my way,
But leave it to a higher will
To stay or speed me; trusting still
  That all is well, and sure that He
  Who launched my bark will sail with me
Through storm and calm, and will not fail,
Whatever breezes may prevail,
  To land me, every peril past,
  Within His sheltering heaven at last.

Then, whatsoever wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so;
And blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

—*Caroline Atherton Mason.*

NO CAUSE FOR WORRY.

The world is wide in time and tide,
  And God is guide—then, do not hurry.
The man is blest who does his best
  And leaves the rest—then, do not worry.

THE WASHERWOMAN'S SONG.

In a very humble cot,
In a rather quiet spot,
  In the suds and in the soap,
  Worked a woman full of hope;
    Working, singing, all alone,
    In a sort of undertone,
      "With the Saviour for a friend,
       He will keep me to the end."

Not in sorrow nor in glee,
Working all day long was she,
  As her children, three or four,
  Played around her on the floor;
    But in monotones the song
    She was humming all day long,
      "With the Saviour for a friend,
       He will keep me to the end."

Just a trifle lonesome she,
Just as poor as poor could be;
  But her spirits always rose,
  Like the bubbles in the clothes,
    And though widowed and alone,
    Cheered her with the monotone
      Of a Saviour and a Friend
      Who would keep her to the end.

—*Eugene F. Ware.*

ALL THINGS FOR THE BEST.

Stilled now be every anxious care;
See God's great goodness everywhere;
Leave all to Him in perfect rest,
He will do all things for the best.

FOR AN AGE OF STRUGGLE.

("He that believeth shall not make haste."—Isa. 28: 16.)

I watch the faces these men wear,
Dark with impatience, scarred with care;
I see them stagger through the day,
Wearing their precious lives away,
Saving the minutes, losing years,
Storing up chaff with sighs and tears,
Blind to the word the prophet traced,
"They that believe shall not make haste."

They that believe—and are not we
Of those who bow submissively?
Since all the engines men may build,
Since all the fields that men have tilled,
Lie dead until God's smile and touch
Transmutes their nothing into much,
Since random toil is worse than waste,
"They that believe shall not make haste."

We mock Him when we scheme and groan;
We are God's building, not our own.
It was his plan in whom we move
That we should labor, live and love,
Be fair and cheerful, give our best,
And trust Him calmly for the rest.
God bless the word His prophet traced!
"They that believe shall not make haste."

—*Roy Temple House, Christian Endeavor World.*

AS WE MAKE IT.

'Tis not just as we take it,
This mystical life of ours;
This world is what we make it,
A harvest of thorns or flowers.

THE KITE STRING.

He stood aside from his playmates,
His sightless eyes to the sky,
And the cord in his hand was tightly drawn
By the kite that flew so high.

In his big eyes, wondering, beautiful,
On his pale little, slender face,
There shone such a rapture, such keen delight,
That some way it seemed out of place.

And I could not forbear to pause and ask,
"My laddie, what pleases you so,
As you hold your kite in the far-off sky,
Since its motion you can not know?"

He turned and smiled as he softly said,
And his voice with joy was full:
"I can't just explain—but it makes me glad
When I feel that upward pull."

That Upward Pull! How it comes to us
In the daily grind of life.
How it lifts us up and gives us rest
In the weariness of strife.

And never an hour may be so sad,
Nor ever a sky so dull,
But we may, if we will, reach out and find
That God-given, *Upward Pull.*

—*Helen M. Wilson.*

THE TIE OF FAITH.

Friendship above all ties does bind the heart;
And faith in friendship is the noblest part.

—*Earl of Orrery.*

BELIEVE, O FRIEND.

Impossible, you say, that man survives
The grave—that there are other lives?
More strange, O friend, that we should ever rise
Out of the dark to walk below the skies.
Once having risen into life and light,
We need not wonder at our deathless flight.

Life is the unbelievable; but now
That this Incredible has taught us how,
We can believe the all-imagining Power
That breathed the Cosmos forth as golden flower,
Had potence in his breath
To plan us new surprises beyond death—
New spaces and new goals
For the adventure of ascending souls.

Be brave, O heart, be brave;
It is not strange man survives the grave.
'Twould be a stranger thing were he destroyed
Than that he ever vaulted from the void.

—*Edwin Markham, in Nautilus.*

OUR HELPER.

Lord, go before and point the road;
I know not whither it may lead,
Nor what the work Thou hast decreed;
Enough that Thou wilt bear the load.

Let Thy sweet presence light my way,
And hallow every cross I bear,
Transmuting duty, conflict, care,
Into love's service day by day.

IN THE GREAT ADVENTURE.

I wonder why we pity so
  Those who have died and gone alone,
As if indeed we felt them wronged
  Of some sweet right that was their own.

Beneath the grass, beneath the drift,
  Out in the storm, they often seem,
Shut from the light of sun and star,
  Or in the sleep of some long dream.

Why not think of them as they
  From all ignoble fret at rest,
Learning new life, new joy, and all
  That makes the soul forever blest?

Think of them, then, as those who go
  Upon delightful errands sped,
Doing their share of mighty work,
  With God, and glad, and never dead!

—*Harriet Prescott Spofford, Christian Endeavor World.*

TROUBLE'S STRONG FRONT.

Trouble has a trick of coming butt end first;
Viewed approaching, then you've seen it at its worst.
Once surmounted, straight it waxes ever small,
And it tapers till there's nothing left at all.

So, whene'er a difficulty may impend,
Just remember you are facing the butt end;
And that looking back upon it, like as not,
You will marvel at beholding just a dot!

—*Edwin L. Sabin, in Boys' World.*

"HE THAT BELIEVETH."

"He that believeth shall not make haste."—Isa. 28: 16.
"The king's business requires haste."—1 Sam. 21: 8.

He that believeth shall not make haste
In useless hurry his strength to waste;
Who walks with God can afford to wait,
For he can never arrive too late.

He that believeth shall not delay;
Who carries the word of the King on its way
Keeps pace with the Pleiades' marching tune,
And he can never arrive too soon.

He that believeth shall walk serene,
With ordered steps and leisured mien;
He dwells in the midst of eternities,
And the timeless ages of God are his.

—*Annie J. Flint, Sunday School Times.*

WITHOUT FEAR.

Charles Frohman, one of the greatest theatrical managers of modern times, to whom reference is made in the following poem, lost his life with the sinking of the "Lusitania," on May 7, 1915, and shortly before going down to his watery grave, smiled, and spoke of death as the most beautiful adventure in the world:

"'Fear Death? Not I; a sweet adventure
It is to die. With naught to censure,
Love Death, I say; he's foe to no man.'
So passed away high-thoughted Frohman.

"All parts he knew; by keen selection,
Great actors, too; seeking perfection,
Holding his mind above disaster,
He met and signed with Death, the master."

WE'LL ALL BE TOGETHER AGAIN.

When dear ones have left us to journey afar
O'er mountain or prairies or sea,
Our thoughts travel oft where the loving ones are,
And lonely we often must be.
But sweet is the thought of the home-coming time,
To women and children and men;
It rings, like the bells, with a musical chime—
We'll all be together again!

When lives have been sundered by death's cruel hand,
When dear ones no more have our care—
All happy and safe in the beautiful land—
So safe they no more need our prayer;
Oh, blessed the thought of the meeting once more
Beyond all the sorrow and pain,
Where nothing is wrong on the heavenly shore,
And we'll all be together again!

TWO CRIPPLES.

Alas! That man has lost a leg,
Yet with a radiant face
He walks complacent on his peg,
With compensating grace.
But there goes one across the way
Who needs compassion much;
He lost his faith in heaven, one day—
For him there is no crutch.

—*John Troland, Youth's Companion.*

SCOTT'S VALUATION OF FAITH.

And better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

THE BLIND CHILD.

I know what mother's face is like,
  Although I can not see;
It's like the music of a bell;
It's like the roses I can smell—
  Yes, these it's like to me.

I know what father's face is like;
  I'm sure I know it all;
It's like his whistle on the air;
It's like his arms which take such care
  And never let me fall.

And I can tell what God is like—
  The God whom no one sees.
He's everything my parents seem;
He's fairer than my fondest dream,
  And greater than all these.

THE NEW YEAR.

I see not a step before me,
  As I tread on another year,
But the past is still in God's keeping,
  The future His mercy shall clear,
And what looks dark in the distance
  May brighten as I draw near.
    —*Mary G. Brainard, Youth's Companion.*

FAITH AND WISDOM.

The wise men followed the star to find Christ,
  And wise indeed are we
If we follow the spirit of love to-day,
  For we'll find it the Christ to be.

FAME.

THE ENDURING THINGS.

Fame is but a fleeting thing;
Money oft is quickly spent;
Conquests do not always bring
Happiness and real content.
Heroes die and are forgot;
Great men's graves are thick with weeds.
He lives longest who has not
Scorned to do the simple deeds.

Medals often gather dust.
Men have reached their highest goals
And have been afraid to trust
Unto God at least their souls.
Cheers are heard, then heard no more.
Some new youth each day succeeds
To the robes another wore—
Lasting, though, are simple deeds.

—Detroit Free Press.

J. W. FOLEY'S "HALL OF FAME."

There's only one Charley—that Chaplin;
There's only one Teddy—T. R.
It's good for us nondescript millions
To come to see things as they are.

There's only one Billy—that's Sunday;
All others have gone by the board.
There's only one Mary—that's Pickford,
And only one Henry—that's Ford.

So here's to you—Charley and Billy,
Ted, Mary and Henry—your claims
To glory are signed, sealed and honored;
You're all in Fame's Hall of First Names.

FARMING.

COMES OUT ALL RIGHT.

The farmer leads a stormy life—
  His days are filled with battles.
With many foes he is at strife;
  He dodges notes and chattels.

From dawn till dark he is employed,
  And fairly tears his garments;
Then sees his thrifty crops destroyed
  By forty kinds of varmints.

But when the grain is gathered in—
  What's left by drought and hoppers—
He then informs us, with a grin,
  That all his crops are "whoppers."

In spite of all his sighs and groans
  And dire prognostications,
He has a barrel full of bones
  And seven tons of rations.

—Harry J. Williams, in Farm Life.

THE HOPE OF THE SOWER.

The furrow lies brown in the wake of the plow,
  And the overturned sod is sweet,
And the sower sings as the seed he flings,
And his strain keeps time as his right arm swings
  To and fro in a rhythmic beat.

His song is a prayer that the wind and the rain,
  And their kinsman, the kindly sun,
Keep a balance fine betwixt shade and shine,
In the mystic sequence of growth divine,
  With the work of his hands begun.

His song is a dream of the season to be,
From the blade to the waving June,
Till the fields unfold into autumn gold
That shall crown his toil with a wealth untold,
In the height of the harvest moon.

—*Edith Hope Kinney.*

"DAD IS UP-TO-DATE."

You'd hardly know the old place now,
For dad is up-to-date,
And the farm is scientific
From the back lot to the gate.
The house and barn are lighted
With bright acetylene;
The engine and the laundry
Are run by gasoline.

We have silos, we have autos,
We have dynamos and things,
A telephone for gossip,
And a phonograph that sings.
The hired man has left us,
We miss his homely face;
A lot of college graduates
Are working in his place.

Our cattle came from Jersey,
Our hogs are all Duroc,
Our sheep are Southdown beauties,
The chickens Plymouth Rock.
To have the best of everything,
That is our aim and plan,
For dad not only farms it,
But he's a business man.

—*F. E. McIntyre.*

FATE.

SOME THINGS SURE.

A little bit o' sorrow,
And a little bit o' song,
To-day and then to-morrow,
As the old world bumps along.

A little bit o' kicking
Over things misunderstood;
Somebody gets a licking—
But it won't do any good.

Even back in Eden's gladness
There were songs and sorrows mixed.
Life is always bringing sadness,
And we try to have it fixed.

But we may as well look pleasant,
For each day we must agree
That the way it is at present
Is the way it's got to be.

—Philander Johnson, Washington Star.

CAN NOT BE RECALLED.

The moving finger writes; and having writ
Moves on; nor all your piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it.

—Omar Khayyam.

THE INEVITABLE.

Don't envy any sporting guy his merry whirl at night,
For no bird ever flew so high it didn't have to light.

—San Francisco Examiner.

FATHERHOOD.

FATHER'S BIG LIFE.

Used to wonder just why father
Never had much time to play.
Used to wonder why he'd rather
Work every minute of the day.
Used to wonder why he never
Loafed along the road and shirked;
Can't recall a time whenever
Father played while others worked.

All I knew was when I needed
Shoes I got 'em on the spot;
Everything for which I pleaded,
Somehow father always got.
Wondered, season after season,
Why he never took a rest,
And that I might be the reason,
Why, I never even guessed.

Saw his cheeks were getting paler,
Didn't understand just why;
Saw his body growing frailer,
Then at last I saw him die.
Rest had come; his tasks were ended,
Calm was written on his brow;
Father's life was big and splendid,
And I understand it now.

—*Christian Philanthropist.*

F. W. FABER'S "THOUGHT OF GOD."

"Oh, how the thought of God attracts,
And draws the heart from earth,
And sickens it of passing shows
And dissipating mirth!"

QUESTIONS FOR FATHERS.

What sort of a father are you to your boy?
Do you know if your standing is good?
Do you ever take stock of yourself and check up
Your accounts with your boy as you should?
Do you ever reflect on your conduct with him?
Are you all that a father should be?
Do you send him away when you're anxious to read?
Or let him climb up on your knee?

Have you time to bestow on the boy when he comes
With his question—to tell him the truth?
Or do you neglect him and leave him alone
To work out the problems of youth?
What memories pleasant of you will he have
In the years that are certain to come?
Will he look back on youth as a season of joy,
Or an age that was woefully glum?

Come, father, reflect! Does he know you to-day,
And do you know him now as you should?
Is gold so important to you that you leave
It to chance that your boy will be good?
Take stock of yourself and consider the lad;
Your time and your thought are his due.
How would you answer your God, should he ask,
"What sort of a father are you?"

THE FATHER OF ALL.

Oh, teach us, Lord, to know and own
This wondrous mystery,
That Thou with us art truly one,
And we are one with Thee.

—*J. G. Dick.*

MY SON.

I that had yearned for youth, my own, again,
And mourned the wasteful hours of younger days;
I that had sighed for spring, for summer, when
The snows of winter covered all my ways—
I that had prayed for years, (for only one,)
Have found that prayer answered in my son.

He is myself again, with hopes of old,
With old temptations and with old desires;
He is myself again—the clay to mold
Into the man, and all the man aspires;
Who says that youth returns to us no more?
He is as I was in the days of yore.

In my own days, in my own days of youth,
Ah, how I wished a comrade and a friend!
To help me keep the quiet path of truth
And through temptation my own feet attend.
So shall I journey onward by his side,
His father—yea, his comrade and his guide.

I that have failed shall shape success in him,
I that have wandered, point the proper path,
A signal when the signal lights are dim,
A roof to fend him from the storms of wrath—
So we shall journey upward, I and he,
And he shall be the man I meant to be.

—Douglas Malloch, American Lumberman.

FROM PHŒBE CARY'S HYMN.

"One sweetly solemn thought comes to me o'er and o'er:
I'm nearer my home to-day than I ever have been before;
Nearer my Father's house, where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne, nearer the crystal sea."

ONLY A DAD.

Only a dad with a tired face,
Coming home from the daily race,
Bringing little of gold or fame
To show how well he has played the game;
But glad in his heart that his own rejoice
To see him come home and hear his voice.

Only a dad of a brood of four,
One of ten million men or more,
Plodding along in the daily strife,
Bearing the whips and scorns of life,
With never a whimper of pain or hate,
For the sake of those who at home await.

Only a dad, neither rich nor proud,
Merely one of the surging crowd,
Toiling, striving, from day to day,
Facing whatever may come his way;
Silent whenever the harsh condemn,
And bearing it all for the love of them.

Only a dad, but he gives his all
To smooth the way of his children small;
Doing with courage stern and grim
The deeds that his father did for him.
This is the line that for him I pen:
Only a dad, but the best of men.

SONG OF GRATITUDE.

Our Father in heaven, we lift up to thee
Our voice of thanksgiving, our glad jubilee.
We'll join our glad voices in one hymn of praise,
To God who has kept us, and lengthened our days.

—E. L. White.

"MY DADDY."

Jest the best thing, daddy is,
When he ain't got rheumatiz;
Gives me pennies an' good advice
'Bout keepin' clean an' bein' nice,
An' sayin' please, an' don't deceive,
Handkerchief instead of sleeve.
Seems jest like daddy knew
He was once a small boy too.
Second table for him, I 'spec',
When he only got the neck.
Anyhow, he always says,
"Give the kid the best there is."

An' when ma sends me off to bed,
Daddy takes the light ahead,
An' holds my hand an' talks, maybe,
'Bout the things that used to be
When he and Unky was little boys,
An' all about their games an' toys.
What am I goin' to be? Gee whiz!
Druther be like him, I jing,
Than President or anything;
He's like ma says angels is—
When he ain't got rheumatiz.

—Roland A. Nichols.

FOREVER WITH THE LORD.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!

—James Montgomery.

FRIENDSHIP.

DEFINITION OF A FRIEND.

A poor boy in New York who had been helped by the first branch of the Big Brother movement, launched by Ernest K. Coulter, of that city, was asked for a definition of friendship, and replied: "A friend is a feller that knows all about you, and likes you just the same." These lines from Barclay Meador's poem, "Friendship's Fervor and Appeal," clearly present the thought:

"A friend is one who knows you;
He knows you through and through,
And loves you notwithstanding
The course you may pursue.
He knows your many virtues,
Your imperfections, too.
He glories in your triumphs;
Would die to help you through.

"This form of true affection
Is yours to give and claim.
No sentiment is nobler,
For none has higher aim.
No spark of love more surely
Will break into a flame;
No human tie is stronger,
And none has sweeter name.

"If you would taste its sweetness,
Then bear unselfish part.
If you would feel its fervor,
Then have a friendly heart.
If you would spread its spirit,
Then cultivate its art;
Expectant hearts are waiting
For you to make the start."

A PRAYER FOR JIMMY.

Dear Lord, excuse Jim Banks and me
For hitting Aunty Griggs when we
Threw snowballs at the cat, because
We did not know where Aunty was!

Jim Banks and me are sorry, Lord,
For drawing teacher on the board,
And after what we got, we do
Need no more punishment from you!

Excuse Jim Banks especially,
Because his mother's dead, and he
Just heard of you the other day,
And is too bashful yet to pray!

But you would like him if you knew
Jim Banks as well as we all do.
And if you have some clothes to spare,
Remember him, for he's quite bare!

And Jimmy's hat is straw and old,
You know the weather's pretty cold,
And Jimmy's ears stick out into
The weather, and his nose gets blue!

Dear Lord, please do the very best
You can for him. I've got a vest
And sweater on the closet shelf
That I'm going to give, myself!

And beg your pardon, Lord, and pray
My soul to keep; and Jimmy may
Be President some day, and then
We'll all be proud of him. Amen.

—*J. W. Foley.*

A FRIEND'S GREETING.

I'd like to be the sort of friend
That you have been to me.
I'd like to be the help that you've
Been always glad to be.
I'd like to mean as much to you
Each minute of the day
As you have meant, old friend of mine,
To me along the way.

I'd like to do the big things and
The splendid things for you;
To brush the gray from out your skies
And leave them only blue;
I'd like to say the kindly things
That I so oft have heard,
And feel that I could rouse your soul
The way that mine you've stirred.

I'd like to give you back the joy
That you have given me,
Yet that were wishing you a need
I hope will never be;
I'd like to make you feel as rich
As I, who travel on
Undaunted in the darkest hours
With you to lean upon.

THE GOOD NEIGHBOR.

He who sows strife between thee and thy neighbor—think!—
Poisons the common well from which ye both do drink.
Not all good neighbors who do not work thee ill,
But he who, vexed by thee, remains thy neighbor still.

—From "Wisdom of the Brahman."

A WHOLE-HEARTED FRIEND.

If you're going to be his friend,
Be his friend.
Let him know that you are with him
To the end.
Stand by him through thick and thin,
The tide be out or coming in,
Let him know you'll help him win
And be his friend.

If you're going to be his friend,
Be his friend.
Let him know that you are there
With aid to lend.
Let him know you're by his side,
And that no matter what betide,
In you he safely can confide
That you're his friend.

If you're going to be his friend,
Be his friend,
And you'll have this to cheer you
In the end.
That over on the other shore,
You'll have joy for ever more,
As men will whisper o'er and o'er,
"You were my friend."

—*Frank S. Smith.*

FRIENDS AND ENEMIES.

He who has a thousand friends has not one friend to spare,
And he who has one enemy will meet him everywhere.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

FRIENDS, OLD AND NEW.

Make new friends, but keep the old;
Those are silver, these are gold.
New-made friends, like new-made wine,
Age will mellow and refine.
Friendships that have stood the test,
Time and change, are surely best.
Brows may wrinkle, hairs turn gray,
Friendship never owns decay.

For 'mid old friends, kind and true,
We once more our youth renew;
But, alas! Old friends must die,
New friends then their place supply.
Then cherish friendship in your breast,
New is good, but old is best;
Make new friends, but keep the old;
Those are silver, these are gold.

WHEN SOMEBODY CARES.

When you meet some disappointment,
And you're feeling sort o' blue;
When your plans have all got sidetracked,
Or some friend has proved untrue;
When you're toiling, praying, struggling
At the bottom of the stairs,
It is like a bit of heaven
Just to know that some one cares.

Some one who can appreciate one's efforts when he tries;
Some one who seems to understand, and so can sympathize;
Some one, when he's far away, still wonders how he fares;
Some one who never can forget—some one who really cares.

A MAN FROM HOME.

A man from home! How different is his face
From those that frown in this grim market-place
We call our world! How boundless is his cheer,
How warm his honest hand and how sincere
His greetings to us exiles cast to roam!
How good it is to meet a man from home!

In all this host, this endless human sea
That surges round about me angrily,
To think not one who passes on his way
Would know or care if we should die to-day!
Until we see, we catch the greeting of
A man from home! A messenger of love!

A voice we know! Though silent many a year
And nigh forgot, how good it is to hear
A word of those we knew so long ago
From one who knows as once we used to know!
It's joy to us exiles cast to roam,
And happiness. God bless the man from home!

—*Buffalo Evening News.*

THE TIME IS SHORT.

I sometimes feel the thread of life is slender,
And soon with me the labor will be wrought;
Then grows my heart to other hearts more tender,
The time, the time is short.

The time is short. Then be thy heart a brother's
To every heart that needs thy love in aught;
Soon thou mayest need the sympathy of others—
The time, the time is short!

WHAT SORT ARE YOU?

What sort of a friend are you?
Just one of the fair-day kind—
A smile when the skies are blue—
Ahead when he falls behind?
Do you put yourself out at all?
Do you pass up a joy that's nigh
To answer a brother's call—
Or selfishly pass by?

Do you stick when his days are glum
As you did when his days were fair?
When he wishes that you would come,
Do you eagerly hurry there?
Or do you think of yourself
Each minute the whole day through—
Of comfort, of fame and pelf?
What sort of a friend are you?

ONE WHO UNDERSTANDS.

Just one who never starts to *preach*
When days of shadow come;
But understands—and walks beside—
And cheers you on: A chum!

Just one who cares not if your path
In palace lies or slum,
So long as it is grandly walked
With sturdy feet: A chum!

Just one who sings a song of pluck
Above the world-way's hum;
And grips your hand; a soul to trust
From youth to age: A chum!

—*Lillian Gard.*

HUNGRY FOLKS.

Some folks hunger for a friend,
For friends make life worth while;
And other hearts are hungry
For just a pleasant smile.
Kind words and deeds have wondrous power
To save a soul from sin;
To drive the threatening clouds away
And let the sunshine in.

Folks are hungry all the time—
They're hungering for love,
Like the Master brought to earth
From the home above.
Let us follow in His steps
By doing loving deeds;
For sympathy and kindness
Are all this old world needs.

—Raymond A. Harlan, in The Lookout.

THE FRIENDLY KIND.

If you are of the friendly kind—
On this it all depends—
You're really very apt to find
The world brimful of friends!

—Mary C. Davis, Woman's Magazine.

TRUE LIVING.

He is dead whose hand is not open wide
To help the need of a brother.
He doubles the length of his lifelong ride
Who gives of his store to another.

GOSSIP.

"THEY SAY."

"They say!" Ah, well, suppose they do!
But can they prove the story true?
Why count yourself among the "they"
Who whisper what they dare not say?
Suspicion may arise from naught
But malice, envy, want of thought.

"They say!" But why the tale rehearse,
And help to make the matter worse?
No good can possibly accrue
From telling what may be untrue;
And is it not a nobler plan
To speak of all, the best you can?

"They say!" Well, if it should be so,
Why need you tell the tale of woe?
Will it the bitter wrong redress,
Or make one pang of sorrow less?
Will it the erring one restore
Henceforth to "go and sin no more"?

"They say!" Oh, pause and look within—
See how thine heart inclines to sin;
And lest, in dark temptation's hour,
Thou, too, shouldst sink beneath its power,
Pity the frail, weep o'er their fall,
But speak of good, or not at all.

WORDS OF TRUTH.

Words learned by rote a parrot may rehearse,
But talking is not always to converse.

—*Cowper.*

PEOPLE WILL TALK.

You may get through the world, but 'twill be very slow,
If you listen to all that is said as you go;
You'll be worried and fretted and kept in a stew,
For meddlesome tongues will have something to do—
For people will talk.

If quiet and modest, you'll have it presumed
That your humble position is only assumed;
You're a wolf in sheep's clothing or else you're a fool,
But don't get excited, keep perfectly cool—
For people will talk.

You'll hear some loud hints that you're selfish and mean;
If generous and noble, they'll vent out their spleen;
If upright and honest and fair as the day,
They'll call you a rogue in a sly, sneaking way—
For people will talk.

And then, if you show any boldness of heart,
Or a slight inclination to take your own part,
They will call you an upstart, conceited and vain;
But keep right ahead, don't stop to explain—
For people will talk.

RAPID TRAVELING.

On eagles' wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born to die.

—*Juvenal.*

FOR WILLING EARS.

Who ever keeps an open ear
For tattlers will be sure to hear
The trumpet of contention.

—*Cowper, in "Friendship."*

GREED.

MONEY IN THE MOVIES.

It frequently happens that the man who invents some useful article dies poor, while others reap a fortune from his effort. It seems that the same thing happens in other ways, as this poem in the New York *Sun,* by Clarence Mansfield Lindsay, indicates:

"By writing far into the night, a weary, jaded hack
Produced a fine scenario, the kind 'that won't come back.'
And sure enough it landed, but goodness sakes alive!
When he received his check it was for only twenty-five.

"The star he got a thousand for walking through that play;
And the director's salary would make you faint away.
The company from that one piece a million did derive,
But the poor hack who wrote it, he got only twenty-five!"

THE REIGN OF MAMMON.

Gold, gold, gold, gold,
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered and rolled;
Heavy to get, and light to hold;
Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold;
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled;
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mold;
Price of many a crime untold—
Gold, gold, gold, gold!

—*Hood.*

WHEN HE FINDS HIS MATCH.

The greatest sharp some day will find another sharper wit;
It always makes the devil laugh to see the biter bit.

—*C. G. Leland.*

HELPFULNESS.

SHE WAS SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

The story is told in rhyme of a woman, old and ragged and gray, waiting at the crossing of a city street, looking anxiously for some one to help her pass safely over the crowded, slippery thoroughfare, made wet with the melting of the winter's snow. Many passed to and fro, but no one heeded her need:

At last came one of the merry troop,
The gayest laddie of all the group.
He paused beside her and whispered low,
"I'll help you across, if you wish to go."
Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and without hurt or harm
He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.
Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's old and poor and slow;
And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,
If ever she's old and poor and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."
And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was, "God, be kind to the noble boy
Who was somebody's son and pride and joy."

YOU NEVER CAN TELL.

Jolly the fellow that is down to-day,
Give him a smile for his sorrow,
For this old world has a funny way—
We may all be down to-morrow.

THE BOY YOU KNOW.

What will he be? Like a true man, stalwart, fine,
Imaging the life Divine?
Or the semblance of a man,
Just a cheap and shallow sham,
Cringing, supine?

Who will he be? One whom men in honor hold,
Rich in wealth that outlives gold?
Or a filler-in, unknown,
One who lives apart, alone,
Selfish and cold?

Where will he be? Up where men their battles wage,
Where, for right, they die—or live?
Or where men look on, content
To live a petty life, unspent—
To get, not give?

Whose shall it be To help him in his holy quest,
To find, in goodly time, the best?
To lead him into man's estate,
To be his guide, his friend, his mate?
Who stands the test?

—*American Youth.*

IT WILL PAY—TRY IT.

Make the world a little better as you go;
And be thoughtful of the kind of seed you sow;
Try to make some pathway bright
As you strive to do the right,
Making the world a little better as you go.

—*Annie Aldrich.*

DID YOU?

Did you give him a lift? He's a brother of man,
And bearing about all the burden he can.
Did you give him a smile? He was downcast and blue,
And a smile would have helped him to battle it through.

Did you give him your hand? He was slipping down-hill,
And the world, so I fancied, was using him ill.
Did you give him a word? Did you show him the road,
Or did you just let him go on with his load?

Did you ask what it was—why the quivering lip?
Why the half-suppressed sob and the scalding tears drip?
Were you brother of his when the time came of need?
Did you offer to help him, or didn't you heed?

Do you know what it means to be losing the fight,
When a lift just in time might set everything right?
Do you know what it means—just the clasp of a hand,
When a man's borne about all a man ought to stand?

—F. B. Gawell, in Grit.

GIVE SOMETHING TO OTHERS.

Give something to others each day of the year,
If only a handclasp, a look, or a tear.
Whatever is given, if given in love,
The Master recordeth in heaven above.

Give something to others each day of your life;
Help those who are timid to stand in the strife;
Go faithfully onward, o'erflowing with love,
Then, smiling, the Master will greet you above.

—James Rowe, in Boys' World.

WRITING LETTERS.

It requires but little time to write letters or cards to loved ones away from home, and yet how much they mean to them. Just to be remembered has a heartening effect upon us all. Paul Hudson, while in a State reformatory, wrote a poem on the disappointment of not receiving mail, the last verse of which is:

"Way down deep in my heart to-day there's a pain,
And I can't find words to exactly explain
Why it seems to ache more than ever before,
When the man with the mail don't stop at my door."

"BUSINESS IS BUSINESS."

"Business is business," but men are men,
Loving and working, dreaming,
Toiling with pencil or spade or pen,
Roistering, planning, scheming.

"Business is business," but he's a fool
Whose business has grown to smother
His faith in men and the Golden Rule,
His love for a friend and brother.

"Business is business," but life is life;
Though we're all in the game to win it,
Let's rest sometimes from the heat and strife,
And try to be friends a minute.

Let's seek to be comrades now and then,
And slip from our golden tether;
"Business is business," but men are men,
And we're all good pals together!

—*Berton Braley.*

HOME.

WHEN EVENING BRINGS US HOME.

When twilight shadows softly fall
Across the fading light,
And vesper bells in music call
The herald of the night.
The hour that breathes of peace and rest
To those who sadly roam,
That hour that is dearest, sweetest, best,
When evening brings us home.

Forget the trials of the day,
The toil, the grief, the care;
All seem to fade at sunset ray,
The world grow bright and fair;
Most blessed hour of all the day,
To those who toil and roam,
Love is the star that lights our way
When evening brings us home.

And if it be that no one waits
In earthly home to greet,
There is a home beyond the gates,
Where all who love shall meet;
So we may say in truth alway
To those who sadly roam,
Each heart shall find its own some day
When evening brings us home.

—*Senator J. R. McCain, of Alabama.*

FROM JOHN HENRY NEWMAN'S HYMN.

"Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead Thou me on!"

THE CABIN IN THE WOODS.

When a feller's comin' homeward,
And he's gettin' pretty near,
And he sees his little cabin
In the moonlight, bright and clear—
Oh, it's then his heart runs over
With a feelin' understood
Alone by them—the loved ones
In the cabin in the wood.

If his heart is sore and heavy,
And he's come a weary way,
As he steps into the clearin'
That he left since yesterday—
Oh, it's then his heart beats quicker,
And a glad smile mounts his face,
For the light that flickers yonder
Gleams from his own home place.

Oh, the cabin in the woodland,
Nestled back among the trees,
By the orchard and the garden,
Growin' old by slow degrees,
Has a simple, rustic grandeur
That don't fail to give delight,
If it's viewed by him who loves it
On a moonlit summer night.

—Lloyd V. Flowers.

IF IT BE BUT HOME.

Cling to thy home, if there the meanest shed
Yield thee a hearth and shelter for thy head.

—Robert Bland.

COME WITH ME.

My home is a working man's cottage,
But fair as a picture can be.
It is daily my inspiration—
At night it is joy to me;
Shut out the cold world and its worries,
No longer a pessimist roam.
Come with me and look through my glasses
To see the sweet picture of home.

The turmoil and grind of the workshop—
You've tried it and know it is tough.
Eight hours of hard daily labor
I think you'll agree is enough.
Well, after the day's work is finished,
My picture of home you must see,
And enjoy an evening of pleasure—
Make part of the picture with me.

The eight-hour system of labor
Gives eight more for refreshing sleep,
And there's eight for recreation,
For storing up sunshine to keep;
For making this life worth the living,
And worthy the trouble we take,
For painting home's fireside pictures,
That is every man's right to make.

—*Margaret Scott Hall.*

AT EVENING-TIME.

And hie him home, at evening's close,
To sweet repast and calm repose.

—*T. Gray.*

HOME-COMING.

Queer how home-coming seems to bring
A sorter feelin' as if spring
Had come, an' somepin' 'ruther jest
Turns loose and hollers in your breast.

Your home may be no royal hall,
P'raps 'tain't no great shakes, after all—
Jest "home" an' nothin' else, but you
Will have nigh all you want to do

A-keepin' back the blindin' tears
When them old roosters fill your ears
With loud "kadoots!" When 'round you blow
The winds of twenty years ago.

Don't ask me why—I don't know why!
I only know somehow that I,
When I go home, why, always then
I'm nothin' but a kid again!

For something hangs around the place
That 'minds me of some dear old face;
Home-comin'! Always makes me feel
A sort o' hankerin' to kneel!

—*Lowell Olus Peese.*

NO PLACE SO DEAR.

After the work and the weary time,
Home, and a chair, and a cheery time—
Fire in the grate, and gold in its glow,
Three little heads in a drowsy row;
A good-night smile and a sleepy kiss—
Was ever a place so sweet as this?

—*Mary C. Davis, Woman's Home Magazine.*

HOME LIFE.

THE SLAVE.

They say there are no slaves to-day,
That man is free to come and go,
To choose the part that he shall play
In what concerns him here below.

That this is false I plainly see;
I can not say what I shall do,
Unless perchance my plans agree
With those of my dear little Sue.

She wants to romp when I would read,
So on the floor I must get down,
Perforce become her docile steed,
And carry her in haste to town.

Sometimes a game of ball she wants,
Again a round of hide and seek
Appeals to her in hidden haunts,
And brings the roses to her cheek.

Yes, a helpless slave am I,
And yet what lavish wages mine:
Love that beams from brightest eye,
Lips that caress and arms that twine.

—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

SHE TOLD THE TRUTH.

While Smith was away his old goat
Chewed up his best swallowtail coat.
To her husband, for fun,
Mrs. Smith sent a pun.
"Your sleeve's in the butter," she wrote.

—*New York World.*

THE BEST BANK ACCOUNT.

My bank account is very slim;
Sometimes there is no balance there.
But there are shoes on little Jim
And ribbons gay in Sylvia's hair.
And there's a smile on mother's face,
And happiness around the place,
And if the laughter only stays
The cash can go its several ways.

I put my money into smiles
And cakes and sweets and little gowns,
And dresses in the latest styles,
And everything to scatter frowns.
And though it doesn't show in gold
That can be used when I am old,
It's drawing interest every day
In laughter and in childish play.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

QUEER ARITHMETIC.

I've found a queer arithmetic,
When mother brings a treat,
If I divide my part with Bob
It tastes ten times as sweet.

And once when brother Bob was ill
They gave me ice-cream twice;
Though I had all and he had none,
It wasn't half as nice.

—*Alice M. Watts, in Congregationalist.*

IN THE KITCHEN WITH MA.

I'd ruther be out in the kitchen with Ma
  Than set in a drawin'-room spandy and grand,
With gloomy old pictures that give you a chill,
  And kickshaws you dasn't to take in your hand.
Jest give me a seat in the kitchen, says I,
When Ma is a-makin' a cranberry pie.

Now, Ma, she wasn't riz to be lazy and limp;
  Why, when she was married she done her own work
As slick as a whistle and fine as a flute;
  She never could stand it to dawdle and shirk.
And now, though we're gettin' forehanded of late,
She can't seem to quit the old housekeepin' gait.

She *will* fuss around with her puddin's and pies,
  And make apple fritters and blackberry puff,
With good, honest dip, full of nutmeg and spice—
  Oh, scissors! They beat all your silly-bub stuff,
And little fool salads and that kind of truck—
Them Frenchified dishes that ain't wuth a shuck.

Some fellers, they think it's the capsheaf of fun
  To go off a-roamin' all over the earth;
But me—let me get in the kitchen with Ma
  And prop up my feet on the cookin'-stove hearth,
A pan full of mellowin' pippins closte by—
Then talk about livin' in comfort, says I!

THE CHILDREN.

The twig is so easily bended,
  I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
  They have taught me the goodness of God.

—*Charles M. Dickinson.*

HONESTY.

A GREAT GAME.

Life's a great game; let's play it fairly,
Each a sportsman, first and last;
Let us face each other squarely,
Ever holding friendship fast.
Let us deal with one another
In a frank and honest way,
Giving to the losing brother
Such concessions as we may.

Why be bickering or nagging,
Since the game must be so brief?
Why in sulkiness be lagging,
Or imparting needless grief?
Why indulge in petty cheating,
Though our meanness be unknown?
Why have any pride in beating
Where our *merit* is not shown?

Why attempt to sneak successes
That to others should belong?
Fame is sweetest when she blesses
Those who *win* by being *strong*.
Let us face each other squarely,
Holding truth and honor fast;
Life's a game; let's play it fairly,
Each a sportsman, first and last.

—*S. E. Kiser.*

THE HONEST HEART.

True, conscious honor is to feel no sin;
He's armed without that's innocent within.

—*Pope.*

THIS IS NOBILITY.

True worth is in being, not seeming;
In doing, each day that goes by,
Some little good—not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in their blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

—*Alice Cary.*

BE SQUARE.

There is something in the twinkle
Of an honest fellow's eye
That can never be mistaken
And can never be passed by.
Be his station high or lowly,
There's that dauntless, *upright air,*
That convinces all beholders
That the man they see is *square.*

HONEST WITH SELF, WITH OTHERS.

No shirkin' nor dodgin' nor lyin'
When folks wa'n't lookin' his way;
Nor studyin' how he could manage
Small work for the biggest o' pay.
When he tackled a job he unlimbered,
An' set to with such a fine zest
Your blood sort o' tingled at seein'
A fellow git down to his best!

HOMER ON "DISHONESTY."

"Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
My heart detests him as the gates of hell."

HOPE.

THE DREAMS AHEAD.

What would we do in this world of ours,
  Were it not for the dreams ahead?
For thorns are mixed with the blooming flowers,
  No matter which way we tread.

And each of us has his golden goal,
  Stretching far into the years;
And ever he climbs with a hopeful soul,
  With alternate smiles and tears.

That dream ahead is what holds him up
  Through the storms of a ceaseless fight;
When his lips are pressed to the wormwood's cup,
  And clouds shut out the light.

To some it's a dream of high estate,
  To some it's a dream of wealth;
To some it's a dream of truce with Fate
  In a constant search for health.

To some it's a dream of home and wife;
  To some it's a crown above;
The dreams ahead are what make each life—
  The dreams—and faith—and love!

—*Edwin Carlisle Litsey.*

FORGET IT.

Does the world the wrong way rub you? Let it pass.
Does your best friend seem to snub you? Let it pass.
  Chances are you were mistaken,
  None are ever quite forsaken,
All for naught your faith was shaken—let it pass.

INDUSTRY.

THE THINKER.

Back of the beating hammer
By which the steel is wrought,
Back of the workshop's clamor,
The seeker may find the *Thought;*
The Thought that is ever master
Of iron and steam and steel,
That rises above disaster
And tramples it under heel!

The drudge may fret and tinker,
Or labor with dusty blows,
But back of him stands the Thinker,
The clear-eyed man who *knows;*
For into each plow or saber,
Each piece and part and whole,
Must go the Brains of Labor,
Which gives the work a soul!

Might of the roaring boiler,
Force of the engine's thrust,
Strength of the sweating toiler,
Greatly in these we trust.
But back of them stands the Schemer,
The Thinker who drives things through;
Back of the Job, the Dreamer,
Who's making the dream come true!

—*Berton Braley, in "Songs of the Workaday World."*

PAINFUL RECIPROCITY.

The boy who runs from honest work
Will find, some future day,
That work, when he calls after it,
From him will run away.

THE MECHANIC.

The following poem by Charles G. Jones, published in the *Labor Clarion,* San Francisco, pictures the joy of doing things worth while:

"Builder am I of miraculous cities,
Beautiful, tall and strong,
All fashioned and finished with cunning art
To last through the ages long.

"Neither a dreamer nor architect,
I am Labor by rule and line,
And others have planned, but I have worked,
And the *feel* of the work is mine.

"Ho! for the thrill in the tips of my fingers,
Sensitive, swift and true,
That handle the riches of all a world
Brought up to a task to do.

"Steel from the innermost depths of earth,
And the flux in the fire of art,
Stone from the mountains that knew time's dawn,
And wood from the tree's great heart.

"Shaping them each to the part to fill
Till the full poem mounts on high
In the music of wood and stone and steel
For men to occupy.

"Then, ho! for the thrill in my finger tips,
And the magic of rule and line,
For others have dreamed, but I have *done,*
And the feel of the work is mine."

HAND OF LABOR.

Hand of labor, hand of might,
Be thou strong in things of right;
Master thou of crafts untold,
Driving them in heat and cold;
Working high and working low,
That the world may brighter grow;
Press, the loom, and traffic great,
Know the drive behind thy weight.

Hand of labor, rude and fine,
Things of earth are mostly thine.
Mines of gold and fields of wheat,
Harbors deep where pennants greet;
Ships of war, canals and locks,
Roads of steel and bridges, docks,
Mills and shops in clang and roar,
Foundry fires and molten ore.

Hand of labor, great thou art;
Be thou fair and bear thy part,
Like big souls, sincere, intense;
Stoop not low to base offense,
Nor, in heat, forget that men,
Large and small, all kind and ken,
Have their place and must remain
'Neath the sway of guiding brain.

—*Lilburn H. Townsend.*

ALWAYS FINISH.

If a task is once begun,
Never leave it till it's done.
Be the labor great or small,
Do it well or not at all.

FOR AN OLD MAN.

We feel sorry for a young man out of work, but know that if he has health, vim and vigor, he will get along all right in time; but one of the most tragic of sights is to see an old man hunting a job. The scene is thus described by Miriam Teichner:

"Shoulders age-bent 'neath a shiny coat,
Face is wistful and lined,
Weak, faded eyes, eager searching to note
The pitiful chance they may find
In the paper held by the knotted hands
That shake just a bit as they hold—
The chance is so little, he well understands,
For a job for the man who is old.

"Gray, scant hair, and a leg that drags
As he rises and limps away
With a half-born hoping that never flags
Till the close of a fruitless day.
Employer men, you are rushed, I know,
Your duties throng in a mob;
But give him, please, just a little show
Who asks for an old man's job."

REST IN VARIATION.

Rest is not quitting the busy career;
Rest is the fitting of self to one's sphere.
'Tis the brook's motion, clear without strife,
Fleeting to ocean after this life.
'Tis loving and serving the highest and best;
'Tis onward, unswerving—and this is true rest.

—*Goethe.*

INFLUENCE.

THE SAME COMES BACK.

Smile, and the world smiles with you,
  Knock, and you go alone,
For the cheerful grin will let you in
  Where the kicker is never known.

Growl, and the way looks dreary,
  Laugh, and the path grows bright,
For a welcome smile brings sunshine while
  A frown shuts out the light.

Hustle, and fortune awaits you,
  Shirk, and defeat is sure,
For there's no chance of deliverance
  For the chap who can't endure.

Sing, and the world's harmonious,
  Grumble, and things go wrong,
And all the time you're out of rhyme
  With the busy, hustling throng.

Kick, and there's trouble brewing,
  Whistle, and life is gay,
And the world's in tune like a day in June,
  And the clouds all melt away.

THE POWER OF TEARS.

Boast not of the roaring river,
Of the rocks its surges shiver,
  Nor of torrents over precipices hurled,
For a simple little teardrop
That you can not even hear drop
  Is the greatest water-power in all the world.

—Chicago Tribune.

THE WIDENING CIRCLE.

Charles Mackay tells in rhyme of an acorn planted by the roadside by a traveler, that grew into a tree, where man and beast and bird found shelter; of a spring opened up by another, where "ten thousand parched tongues had been cooled," and closes with this:

"A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love
Unstudied from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown—
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust;
It saved a soul from death.
Oh, germ! Oh, fount! Oh, word of love!
Oh, thought, at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!"

IF I KNEW.

If I knew that a word of mine,
A word not kind and true,
Might leave its trace on a loved one's face,
I'd never speak harshly—would you?

If I knew that the light of a smile
Might linger the whole day through,
And brighten some heart with a heavier part,
I wouldn't withhold it—would you?

MAY MEAN MUCH.

Only a word? Why, a word may mean
Heaven and earth and all between.

LIFE'S MIRROR.

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
  There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best that you have,
  And the best will come back to you.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,
  'Tis what you are and do;
Then give to the world the best that you have,
  And the best will come back to you.

A GIFT OF ALL.

The smallest bark on life's tumultuous ocean
  Will leave a track behind forevermore;
The lightest wave of influence, once in motion,
  Extends and widens on the other shore.
One smile can glorify a day,
  One new word hope impart;
The least disciple need not say:
  "There are no alms to give away."

BEGINNINGS.

What do we plant when we plant a tree?
We plant the ship which will cross the sea,
We plant the masts to carry the sails,
We plant the planks to withstand the gales,
The keel, keelson, beam and knee;
We plant the ship when we plant a tree.

A SIMPLE RULE.

Here is a plan to follow—
  A plan that's tried and true:
At other faces smile, and watch
  The smiles come back to you.

JUSTICE.

BE PATIENT, BE KIND.

Should you feel inclined to censure
Faults you may in others view,
Ask your own heart, ere you venture,
If that has not failings too.
Let not friendly vows be broken;
Rather strive a friend to gain;
Many a word in anger spoken
Finds its passage home again.

Do not then in idle pleasure
Trifle with a brother's fame;
Guard it as a valued treasure,
Sacred as your own good name.
Do not form opinions blindly;
Hastiness to trouble tends;
Those of whom we thought unkindly,
Oft become our warmest friends.

PLENTY OF ROOM.

Don't crowd! This world is large enough
For you as well as me;
The doors of art are open wide,
The realm of thought is free.

Of all earth's places, you are right
To choose the best you can,
Provided that you do not try
To crowd some other man.

What matters though you scarce can count
Your piles of golden ore,
While he can hardly strive to keep
Gaunt famine from the door?

Of willing hands and honest hearts
  Alone should men be proud!
Then give him all the room he needs,
  And never try to crowd.

Don't crowd, proud miss; your dainty silk
  Will glisten none the less
Because it comes in contact with
  A beggar's tattered dress.

This lovely world was never made
  For you and me alone;
A pauper has a right to tread
  The pathway to a throne.

—*Alice Cary.*

WHAT THEN?

After all, when the battle is fought
  And the victory won; what then?
Shall victor or vanquished be first with Him
  Who judgeth the hearts of men?
Shall he who fought in the thick of the fray,
  Or led in the hope forlorn,
Be greater than he who yielded the day,
  In the flush of the early morn?

After all, when the race is run,
  And the goal is just touched; what then?
To whom will the crown be adjudged by Him
  Who weigheth the souls of men?
Shall they who come first, as the witnesses tell,
  Who compass them 'round as they run,
Be preferred to the one who stumbled and fell
  Ere half of the contest was done?

—*Lewis Slaughter.*

HYMN OF THE COMING DAY.

Our eyes have seen the glory
  Of the coming of the day
When all shall have their honest work
  And take their honest pay,
And poverty, the social curse,
  Be wholly swept away—
    That day is marching on!

We have seen it in the writings
  Of a thousand men who know,
We have heard it in the meetings
  Where the crowded workers go,
We have felt it in the people's heart,
  Where all great movements grow—
    That day is marching on!

The day when every man on earth
  Shall find his fullest power,
When mother-love shall ring the world
  And bring a nobler hour,
When every baby born shall live
  And blossom like a flower—
    That day is marching on!

The end of fort and battleship!
  The end of gun and sword!
The end of shame and misery,
  And vice and crime abhorred!
The time for us to build on earth
  The kingdom of the Lord—
    That day is marching on!

—Charlotte P. Gilman, in Labor Clarion.

KINDNESS.

PATIENCE WITH THE LIVING.

Sweet friend, when you and I are gone
  Beyond earth's weary labor,
When small shall be our need of grace
  From comrade or from neighbor,
Then hands that would not lift a stone
  Where stones were thick to cumber
Our steep hill path, will scatter flowers
  Above our pillowed slumber.

Sweet friend, perchance both thou and I,
  Ere love is past forgiving,
Should take the earnest lesson home—
  Be patient with the living.
To-day's repressed rebuke may save
  Our blinding tears to-morrow.
Then patience, e'en when keenest edge
  May whet a nameless sorrow.

'Tis easy to be gentle when
  Death's silence shames our clamor,
And easy to discern the best
  Through memory's mystic glamour;
But wise it were for thee and me,
  Ere love is past forgiving,
To take the earnest lesson home—
  Be patient with the living.

—*Margaret E. Sangster, Christian Intelligencer.*

UNIVERSAL FREEDOM.

I wish men to be free,
As much from mobs as kings—from you as me.

—*Byron.*

TRY IT.

Say, what's the use of taking stock
  In all these things we hear—
Why "rip the lining" out of Jones,
  And make Smith look so queer?
You can not always tell, my boy,
  Perhaps 'tis all a lie—
Just step around behind some tree
  And watch yourself go by.

In business as in pleasure,
  And in the social life,
It doesn't pay to speculate
  Or let your thoughts run rife;
But try to see the best in those
  Who in your pathway lie—
Just slip around behind some tree
  And watch yourself go by.

—*The Hudsonian.*

RESPONDING TO MALICE.

When bitterness begins to speak
  Of people that I know,
I turn and gently say,
  "I have not found them so."
When envy lifts its angry head
  To snarl at friends of mine,
I never let myself forget
  That I have found them fine.
I won't believe a man is base
  Or false, whoe'er he be,
Until the day that I may say
  That he's been false to me.

—*Edgar A. Guest.*

LIFE.

SEALED ORDERS.

Out she swung from her moorings,
And over the harbor bar.
As the moon was slowly rising,
She faded from sight afar—
And we traced her gleaming canvas
By the twinkling Evening Star.

None knew the port she sailed for,
Nor whither her course would be;
Her future path was shrouded
In silence and mystery—
She was sailing beneath "sealed orders,"
To be opened out at sea.

Some souls, cut off from mooring,
Go drifting into the night,
Darkness before and around them,
With scarce a glimmer of light—
They are acting beneath "sealed orders,"
And sailing by faith, not sight.

Keeping the line of duty,
Through evil and good report,
They shall ride the storm out safely,
Be the voyage long or short,
For the ship that carries God's orders
Shall anchor at last in port.

A VERSE FROM LONGFELLOW.

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul."

WRITING ON THE SAND.

Alone I walked the ocean strand—
A pearly shell was in my hand;
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
  My name, the year, the day.
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast—
A wave came rolling high and fast,
  And washed my lines away.

And so methought 'twill shortly be
With every mark on earth for me;
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
  Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time; there will remain no more
Of me; my name—the name I bore—
  Will leave no track, no trace.

And yet, with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the water in His hands,
I know the lasting record stands
  Inscribed against my name.
Of all this mortal past has wrought,
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
Of all the fleeting moments brought
  For glory or for shame.

—Hannah Flagg Gould.

CHARACTER AND FAME.

Fame is what you have *taken,*
  Character is what you *give;*
When to this truth you awaken,
  Then you begin to live.

—Bayard Taylor.

THE TWO SEAS.

Every life is much like one or the other of the two seas described in the following poem from the *Missionary Intelligencer:*

"There's a sea which, day by day,
Receives the rippling rills
And streams that spring from wells of God,
Or fall from cedared hills;
But what it thus receives, it gives
With glad, unsparing hand,
And a stream more wide, with a deeper tide,
Pours out to a lower land.
But doth it lose by giving? Nay,
Its shores and beauty see—
The life and health and fruitful wealth
Of Galilee!

"There is a sea which, day by day,
Receives a fuller tide,
And all its store it keeps, nor gives
To shore nor sea beside;
What gains its grasping greed? Behold
Barrenness around its shore,
Its fruit of lust, but apples of dust,
Rotten from rind to core;
Its Jordan water turned to brine,
Lies heavy as molten lead,
And its dreadful name doth ever proclaim
That sea is—*Dead!*"

FOUR THINGS.

To know, to esteem, to love, and then to part,
Make up life's tale to many a feeling heart.

—*S. T. Coleridge.*

THE RAILWAY OF LIFE.

Life is like a mountain railway,
With an engineer that's brave;
You must make the run successful
From the cradle to the grave.
Watch the curves, the fills, the tunnels,
Never falter, never fail;
Keep your hand upon the throttle,
And your eye upon the rail.

You will roll up grades of trial,
You will cross the bridge of strife;
See that Christ is your Conductor,
On this lightning train of life.
Always mindful of obstructions,
Do your duty, never fail;
Keep your hand upon the throttle,
And your eye upon the rail.

As you roll across the trestle,
Spanning Jordan's swelling tide,
You behold the Union Depot
Into which your train will glide.
There you'll meet the Superintendent,
God the Father, God the Son,
With the hearty, joyous plaudit,
"Weary pilgrim, welcome home!"

THE COMMON THINGS.

'Tis the every-day things that really count,
And the every-day people we know,
And every-day kindnesses go very far
Toward making a heaven below.

THE WAY I FOUGHT.

I am not bound to win life's game,
I am not charged to reach a goal;
It is not told that victory alone
Shall consecrate the soul.
Not all the great men come to wealth,
Not all the noble men succeed,
The glory of a life is not
The record of one daring deed;
And if I serve a purpose true,
And keep my course, though tempest-tossed,
It shall not matter in the end,
Whether I won my fight or lost.

If only victory were good,
And only riches proved men's worth,
Then only men of strength would live,
And brutes alone would rule the earth;
Then striving for a lofty goal
And failing to succeed were sin,
And men would lie and cheat and steal
And stoop to anything to win.
But there are greater goals than gold,
And finer virtues than success,
And *how I fought* shall count far more
Than what I've managed to possess.

—*Edgar A. Guest.*

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL'S "SPRINGTIME."

"I have wandered east, I have wandered west,
Through many a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The love of life's young day."

AS WE NEAR THE JOURNEY'S END.

A little more tired at close of day;
A little less eager to have our way;
A little less ready to scold and blame;
A little less anxious for things of fame;
And so we are nearing the journey's end
Where time and eternity meet and blend.

A little less care for bonds and gold;
A little more zest in the days of old;
A broader view and a saner mind,
And a little more love for all mankind;
A little more careful of what we say;
And so we are faring a-down the way.

A little more leisure to sit and dream,
A little more real the things unseen;
A little bit nearer to those ahead,
With visions of those long-loved and dead;
And so we are going where all must go,
To the place the living may never know.

A little more laughter, a little more tears,
And we shall have told our increasing years;
The book is closed and the prayers are said,
And we are a part of the countless dead.
Thrice happy, then, if some soul can say:
"I live because he has passed my way."

STRENUOUS DAYS.

We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling,
To be living is sublime.

THE GOSPEL TRAIN.

The road is straight and graded well,
The track is true and clear;
The bell is ringing, "All aboard!"
The gospel train is here.
The engine is all-powerful,
The engineer is wise,
The headlight is the Word of God,
Before it darkness flies.

Salvation is the car, and o'er
The door is deep engraved,
"By me if any man go in,
He surely shall be saved."
Then all aboard! And *stay* on board,
Remain within the car,
Until the train rolls safely through
The pearly gates ajar.

—*William Edward Penny.*

BEAUTIFUL OLD AGE.

In spite of all that poets sing
About our childhood's happy hours,
It seems to me that every spring
Brings greener fields and sweeter flowers.

The foliage upon the trees
Seems greener as it reappears;
There's something in the very breeze
That grows more sacred with the years.

Somehow with each succeeding June
New lusters come into the sky;
Some subtle chord in nature's tune
Sounds sweeter as the years roll by.

—*W. H. Wilson.*

"THE GOOD DIE YOUNG."

"The good die young," grandmother used to say.
Her cheeks were roses, though her hair was gray.
With cheery song she early toiled and late,
Nor groaned nor grumbled nor found fault with fate.
Yet when we called her "good," with chiding tongue
She said, "Be not deceived—'the good die young.'"

Ever the babies turned to her in glee—
Their gayest romps were held about her knee.
Her heart and theirs kept perfect time and tune—
Wintry her hair, her soul eternal June.
Yet when we sang her praise, back she flung:
"Peace, peace! You do not know—'the good die young.'"

One morning, when the year was at the spring,
We found her ageless soul had taken wing.
A smile was on her lips—a baby's smile,
As if fourscore were but a little while.
Still to her cheeks the youth-time roses clung.
We, sobbing, smiled, "'Tis true—'the good die young.'"

—Strickland Gillilan and T. J. Matthews, Youth's Companion.

IF WE HAD BUT A DAY.

We should waste no moments in weak regret,
If the day were but one;
If what we remember and what we forget
Went out with the sun,
We should from our clamorous selves set free,
To work or to pray,
And be what our Father would have us be,
If we had but a day.

—Mary Lowe Dickinson.

THE STARTING-POINT.

If you want to be happy, begin where you are.
Don't wait for some rapture that's future and far.
Begin to be joyous, begin to be glad,
And soon you'll forget that you ever were sad.

If you want to be happy, begin where you are.
Your windows to sunlight and sweetness unbar;
If dark seems the day, light a candle of cheer,
Till its steady flame brightens each heart that comes near.

If you want to be happy, begin where you are.
Tune up daily discords, till out of their jar
New harmony rises, rejoicing and sweet,
And onward, in music, go ever your feet.

If you want to be happy, begin where you are.
God sets in each sky Heaven's joy-bringing star.
Live bravely beneath it, through cloud and toward light,
And under its radiance your path shall be bright.

—*Priscilla Leonard.*

BE SWIFT.

Be swift, dear heart, in loving, for time is brief,
And you may soon along life's highway
Keep step with grief.

Be swift, dear heart, in saying the kindly word;
When ears are closed, thy passionate pleading
Will not be heard.

Be swift, dear heart, in giving the rare, sweet flower;
Nor wait to strew it o'er a casket
In some sad hour.

TO-DAY'S POSSIBILITIES.

I may not, when the sun goes down,
  Have added to my store
Of worldly goods, or gained renown
  Through gallantry or lore.
I may not, while I strive to-day,
  Move onward to the goal—
The gleaming goal so far away—
  On which I set my soul.

But I can show a kindness to
  Some one who stands without,
And I can praise some toiler who
  Is toiling on in doubt.
And when the sun goes down I still
  May be a better man—
No matter what the fates may will—
  Than when the day began.

—S. E. Kiser.

'TIS EFFORT THAT COUNTS.

Life is a sheet of paper white,
On which each one of us may write
Our little word, and then comes night.
  Greatly begin; though thou hast time
  But for a line, be that sublime;
  Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

—James Russell Lowell.

ONE DAY AT A TIME.

To-morrow's fate, though thou be wise,
Thou cans't not tell nor yet surmise;
Pass, therefore, not to-day in vain,
For it will never come again.

—Omar Khayyam.

IF WE DO OUR BEST.

What if thy plot in the garden of life
Is stony and poor and small!
What if it will not yield for thee
Roses and lilies tall!

'Tis the plot the Gardener gave to thee;
Tend it with loyal care.
And in the wonderful harvest-time
Who knows what it may bear?

If only one fair, immortal fruit
Perfects beneath thy touch—
"He that is faithful in that which is least
Is faithful also in much."

—*Emma C. Dowd.*

IT IS BETTER AS IT IS.

If the skies each day were cloudless,
We should miss the rain, I trow;
If the seasons all were summer,
We should long for frost and snow.

Even so in life 'tis better
Blessing's gold should have alloy,
Better that some disappointment
Modify our share of joy.

Better now, and better ever,
Gain should sweetened be by loss;
Yonder crown will be more precious
For earth's bearing of the cross.

—*Philip B. Strong.*

LITTLE THINGS.

IT TAKES SO LITTLE.

It takes so little to make us sad—
Just a slighting word or a doubting sneer,
Just a scornful smile on some lips held dear,
And our footsteps lag, though the goal seemed near,
And we lose the courage and hope we had—
So little it takes to make us sad.

It takes so little to make us glad—
Just the cheering grasp of a friendly hand,
Just a word from one who can understand;
And we finish the task we long had planned,
And we lose the doubt and the fear we had—
So little it takes to make us glad.

—*Ida J. Morris, in Missionary Tidings.*

YET THEY MEAN SO MUCH.

A good-by kiss is a little thing,
With your hand on the door to go,
But it takes the venom out of the sting
Of a thoughtless word or a cruel fling
That you made an hour ago.

A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare
After the toil of the day,
And it smoothes the furrow ploughed by care,
The lines on the forehead you once called fair,
In the years that have flown away.

We starve each other for love's caress,
We take, but we do not give;
It seems so easy some soul to bless,
But we dole the love grudgingly, less and less,
Till 'tis bitter and hard to live.

EACH IN ITS OWN WAY.

It was only a little blossom,
Just the merest bit of bloom,
But it brought a glimpse of summer
To the little darkened room.
Only a song, but the music,
Though simply pure and sweet,
Brought back to better pathways
The reckless, roving feet.
Only! In our blind wisdom
How dare we say it at all?
Since the ages alone can tell us
Which is the great or small.

A CREED FOR ALL.

If any little word of ours
Can make one life the brighter;
If any little song of ours
Can make one heart the lighter;
God help us speak that little word,
And take our bit of singing,
And drop it in some lonely vale
To set the echoes ringing.

HOW EASY IT IS.

How easy it is to spoil a day!
The thoughtless words of a cherished friend,
The selfish act of a child at play,
The strength of will that will not bend,
The slight of a comrade, the scorn of a foe,
The smile that is full of bitter things—
They all can tarnish its golden glow,
And take the grace from its airy wings.

LOVE.

WHY MOTHER IS PROUD.

Look at his face, look in his eyes,
Roguish and blue, and terribly wise;
Roguish and blue, but quickest to see
When mother comes in as tired can be;
Quickest to find her the nicest old chair,
Quickest to get to the top of the stair,
Quickest to see that a kiss on her cheek
Would help her far more than to clatter, to speak.

Look in his face and guess, if you can,
Why mother is proud of her little man.
Well, it is this: Of all her dears
There is scarcely one who ever hears
The moment she speaks, and jumps to see
What her want or her wish may be.
Scarcely one. They all forget,
Or are not in the notion to go quite yet.

But this she knows, if her boy is near,
There is somebody certain to want to hear.
Mother is proud, and she holds him fast,
And kisses him first, and kisses him last,
And he holds her hand and looks in her face,
And hunts for the spool which is out of place,
And proves that he loves her whenever he can—
That's why she's proud of her little man.

OUTWITTED.

He drew a circle that shut me out—
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.
But Love and I had the wit to win;
We drew a circle and took him in.

—*Edwin Markham,*

A LITTLE CHILD TO LOVE.

When there's a little child to love,
The weary way turns sweet
With blossoms where we used to find
Rough rocks beneath our feet;
A little child to love and rear
And pity and behold—
Thank God for one more life, my dear,
With all its dreams of gold!

When there's a little child to love,
The skies turn sweet again,
And in the sunlight of the days
We soon forget the rain;
A little life that leans on us
And longs to fill its part—
Thank God for one more child to love
While love still rules the heart!

When there's a little child to love,
The little cares seem less,
The echo of a childhood laugh
Has such a way to bless;
More human beauty fills the earth,
And softer grows the strife—
Thank God for one more life to love,
For one more little life!

—Baltimore Sun.

THE GREAT TURN-TABLE.

One maxim I have always found analysis will bear:
"'Tis love that makes the world go 'round,"
When love is on the square.

—J. A., in Brooklyn Eagle.

"THE JEWELS I'D WEAR."

A prisoner at San Quentin, California, wrote a song with the above title, in 1902. The following is one of the verses:

"I would wear no diamonds or rubies,
No pearls that may glitter and shine,
But the light of surprise
In my own baby's eyes
Are the jewels I treasure as mine;
For no band of bright golden metal;
No gems from the depths of the sea,
Would I give one tress,
Or one sweet caress,
Of those jewels so dear to me."

OUTSHINES ALL.

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.
The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one.
Yet the light of the whole life dies
When love is done.

—F. W. Bourdillon.

DEEDS, NOT WORDS, THE PROOF.

"I love you, mother," said little John,
Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
And left her the water and wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said rosy Nell;
"I love you better than tongue can tell,"
Then teased and pouted full half the day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan;
"To-day I'll help you all I can.
How glad I am school doesn't keep."
So she rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

Then stepping softly she fetched the broom,
And swept the floor and tidied the room;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and happy as child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said;
Three little children going to bed.
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

HE LOVED HER STILL.

We often hear that "love is blind." A poem in *McCall's Magazine* recites how a man, notwithstanding he knew "she" was minus teeth and hair, and had a fondness for the bottle, remained true to her just the same:

"But love was founded on a rock,
And mighty in its might;
For I could learn without a shock
She could not read nor write.

"And yet I loved her and confessed
Devotion, and it may be
You'd do the same if you possessed
Just such another baby."

THE BABY'S KISS.

(A true incident of the Civil War.)

Rough and ready the troopers ride,
Pistol in holster and sword by side;
They have ridden long, they have ridden hard,
They are travel-stained and battle-scarred.

They reach a spot where a mother stands
With a baby shaking its little hands,
Laughing aloud at the gallant sight
Of the mounted soldiers, fresh from the fight.
The captain laughs out, "I will give you this,
A bright piece of gold, for your baby's kiss."

"My darling's kisses can not be sold,
But gladly he'll kiss a soldier bold."
He lifts up the babe with a manly grace,
And covers with kisses its smiling face,
Its rosy cheeks and its dimpled charms,
And it crows with delight in the soldier's arms.

"Not all for the captain," the troopers call;
"The baby, we know, has a kiss for all."
To each soldier's breast the baby is pressed
By the strong, rough men, and kissed and caressed.
And louder it laughs, and the lady's face
Wears a mother's smile at each fond embrace.

"Just such a kiss," cried one warrior grim,
"When I left my boy I gave to him;"
"And just such a kiss on the parting day,
I gave to my girl as asleep she lay."
Such were the words of those soldiers brave,
And their eyes were moist when the kiss they gave.

—*"Heart-throbs," Vol. I., Chapple Bros., Boston.*

MANLINESS.

BE A MAN.

It's a mighty good thing, while you're running the race,
Just to pause as you go, and to come face to face
With your conscience, and ask it a question or two—
For it's right you should know what life means to you.

Have you given your hand to some fellow in need?
Have you sneered at the man who was not of your creed?
Have you been open-hearted and ready to do?
Have you tried to be just, have you tried to be true?

In your judgment of men, have you always been fair?
Have you learned to forgive in the face of despair?
Have you fought against greed, or succumbed to its lust?
Have you learned what it means to protect and to trust?

Oh, it's easy to preach and it's easy to tell
Of the other chap's faults—but our own faults—ah, well!
We are cowards at times, and the truth, you will find,
Is a thing we dislike, for it's rather unkind.

But the past, let it rest. Give a thought to to-day,
And to-morrow as well, for the time's growing gray;
Do the best that you should, do the best that you can;
Crown your life with your deeds—be a red-blooded man!

—E. D. Wegefarth, in Book News Monthly.

WITHOUT KICKING.

It's the fellow who can smile and take his licking,
Who can find behind each cloud the silver line,
Who can face hard luck without a bit of kicking—
That fellow's bound to make his future shine.

—H. Bedford Jones, in Boys' World.

"TO THE CAPTAIN."

If you can keep your head and wits about you,
  If you can help ten others keep theirs too;
If you can hold your ground, not let them rout you,
  And then advance the ball a yard or two;
If you can work and just keep on a-working,
  And never let them see you with the blues;
Seeing others shirk, not give way to shirking,
  And come up cheerful when you win or lose;

If you can play and not give way to playing,
  If you can hold your head up in your class;
If you can weigh what all your friends are saying,
  Nor praise nor criticism lightly pass;
If you can give of brain and brawn and sinew,
  And take not too much credit to yourself;
To God and home give thanks for all that's in you,
  And then, you ask not honor, pay or pelf;

If you can afford to let victory crown you,
  If then you don't rest on your oars and drift;
If you can lose and not let the loss down you,
  If you can look up, "love and laugh and lift;"
If your habits are clean, yes, if you ring true,
  If just to be with you makes your friends glad—
Then for team and for captain my vote is for you,
  For you're the "measure of a man," my lad.

—M. D. Crackel, with apology to Mr. Kipling.

I COME.

Just as I am, strong and free,
To be the best that I can be
For truth and righteousness and Thee,
  Lord of my life, I come.

THE QUESTION.

Yes, this is the question, the answer please give
To men about men in a land where men live;
'Tis not, Does he run with our clique or our clan?
But, Is he a straight, up-and-down, all-round man?

'Tis not, Is he talented, handsome, or rich?
But, Will he stand true to the very last ditch?
Does he call to your mind the Lord's own plan—
The image of God in the mold of a man?

And say, does his hand have a firm, honest grip?
His eye meet your own without trying to slip?
Is business with him above quibble or flaw?
Or would he play cheat if 'twere not for the law?

This land is too large for a man that's too small.
Be men, or don't claim to be human at all.
If lacking in this, you had better, I think,
Be Darwin's old ape or the long-missing link.

Then tread the straight track that our forefathers trod,
Those men that were big with the beauty of God;
Look fate in the face as a fearless heart can;
Come wealth, come poverty, oh, be a man!

—*O. J. Bulfin.*

LIFE'S CREED.

What is the Bible the world is reading?
  Your daily life and mine.
What are the sermons the world is heeding?
  Your daily life and mine.
What are the creeds that the world is needing?
  True lives, yours and mine.

THE MANLY MAN.

The world has room for the manly man,
With the spirit of manly cheer;
The world delights in the man who smiles
When his eyes keep back the tear.
It loves the man who, when things go wrong,
Can take his place and stand
With his face to the fight and eyes to the light,
And toil with a willing hand.

It likes the forward look in his face,
The poise of his noble head,
And the onward lunge of his tireless will,
And the sweeps of his dauntless tread.
The world delights in the manly man,
And the weak and evil flee
When the manly man goes forth to hold
His own on land and sea.

—*American Israelite.*

A NATION'S PRAYER.

God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands.
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office can not buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor and will not lie;
Men who stand before a demagogue
And scorn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog,
In public duty, and in private thinking.

—*Josiah Gilbert Holland.*

THE BOY WHO KISSES MOTHER.

The boy who is true to mother will be true to others. The boy or young man who is false to mother can not be depended upon by others. A poet rhymes thus of the boy who is proud of his mother, and who shows his affection for her by kissing her:

"That boy will do to depend on;
I hold that this is true:
From lads in love with their mothers
Our bravest heroes grew.

"Earth's grandest hearts have been loving hearts
Since time and earth began;
And the boy who kisses his mother
Is every inch a man!"

GOD SEND US MEN.

God send us men whose aim 'twill be,
Not to defend some worn-out creed,
But to live out the laws of Christ,
In every thought and word and deed.

God send us men alert and quick
His lofty precepts to translate,
Until the laws of Christ become
The laws and habits of the State.

God send us men with hearts ablaze,
All truth to love, all wrong to hate;
These are the patriots nations need,
These are the bulwarks of the State.

—*F. J. Gilman.*

MEMORY.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

I want to go back to a day long dead;
To my mother's knee, and the simple prayer,
"Now I lay me down;" to the jeweled hours
That were free from care.

I want to go back to the gray-roofed cot,
To the wild bird's song, and the joyous play;
To the voice that called from the vine-clad door
At the close of day.

I want to go back—my soul is sick
Of the daily grind, of the strain and strife;
And the ceaseless roar of crowded streets
That men call "life."

I want to go back to the whispering nights,
The rain on the roof, the drifting leaves,
For the wood-fire's gleam on the time-stained walls
My spirit grieves.

I want to go back. The peace I crave,
And the lamp of joy that I sought with tears—
Though I knew it not—are there, back there,
With the vanished years.

—Beth Whitson, People's Home Journal.

LITTLE KEEPSAKES.

Who hath not saved some trifling thing
More prized than jewels rare—
A faded flower, a broken ring,
A tress of golden hair?

—Ellen C. Howarth.

THE HALLS OF THE HEART.

The sweet-scented meadow, the blue-tinted sky,
They do not desert us when summer goes by,
For all through the winter, though summer depart,
Their pictures are hung in the halls of the heart.

The darker the day and the sadder the mood,
The brighter the mem'ries of mountain and wood;
And worried and wearied in mill or in mart,
We turn with relief to the halls of the heart.

The sweet, loving smile and the bright, beaming eye,
These stay with us still, though our darlings may die;
For love and remembrance with magical art
Still picture them forth in the halls of the heart.

Then face we the future, howe'er it may frown,
Though sorrows, like snows of the winter, come down;
The joys of the past of our lives are a part;
We keep them for aye in the halls of the heart.

—Denis A. McCarthy, in "Songs of Sunrise," Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

PRECIOUS MEMORIES.

I've traveled for years in a warm-hearted world,
And rode every sea where sail was unfurled;
I have met with the great and noble of earth,
But never forgotten the home of my birth.

There waved the old elms on the cottage-lined street,
There warbled the birds from their woodland retreat,
The roar of the river, the forest-crowned hill,
The starlight that glistened! They dwell with me still.

MERIT.

A WOMAN'S "IF."

If you can face the sun when all the others
Are sitting with their backs toward the light;
If you can look so nice that your own brothers
Admit that you find favor in their sight;
If you can talk, and not be always talking,
Or being screamed at, keep your tones quite low;
If you can do a good two hours' walking
And not complain of blisters on your toe;
If you can bear to see the socks you've knitted
Used by your swain to clean his motor bike;
Or smile to see your greatest rival fitted
With just the sort of costume that you'd like;
If you can buy a hat—a French "creation"—
A hat that puts all others in the shade,
And wear the hat, and cause a great sensation,
And never tell a soul how much you paid;
If you can cry and still remain attractive;
If you can see a joke and tell one, too;
If you can hear them talk, and stay inactive
If any scandal spreading there's to do;
If you can greet with every sign of pleasure
A man who eats his gravy with a knife—
He'll be convinced that you're a perfect treasure,
And what is more, he'll take you for his wife!

—*F. H. H., in Ladies' Home Journal.*

FLOWERS FOR THE LIVING.

It is better to buy a small bouquet
To give to our friend this very day,
Than a bushel of roses, white and red,
To lay on his casket when he's dead.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and title a thousand-fold,
Is a healthy body, a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please.
A heart that can feel for another's woe,
And share his joys with a genial glow—
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers—is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in an humble sphere;
Doubly blest with content and health,
Untried by the lust of cares or wealth.
Lowly living and lofty thought
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot;
For man and morals, in nature's plan,
Are the genuine tests of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when their labors close;
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep,
Bring sleeping draughts to the downy bed,
Where luxury pillows the aching head;
Her simple opiate labor deems
A shorter road to the land of dreams.

—*Indian Medical Record.*

MENTAL FOOD.

As the sky that has no constellations,
As a country unwatered by brooks,
As a house that is empty of kindred,
Even so is a life without books.

TO THE BRAVE AND TRUE.

Not to the swift, the race;
Not to the strong, the fight;
Not to the righteous, perfect grace;
Not to the wise, the light.

But often faltering feet
Come surest to the goal;
And they who walk in darkness meet
The sunrise of the soul.

The truth the wise men sought
Was spoken by a child;
The alabaster box was brought
In trembling hands defiled.

Not from the torch, the gleam,
But from the stars above;
Not from my heart life's crystal stream,
But from the depths of love.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

TELL HIM SO.

If a friend of yours does well, tell him so.
Don't go raise a jealous yell—tell him so.
He'll be glad to know *you're* glad;
Glad it doesn't make you sad—
Tell him so.

If you like your brother's work, tell him so.
Drive away the doubts that lurk—tell him so.
He may feel that he has failed,
By grim doubts may be assailed—
Tell him so.

If you think his work is punk, tell him so.
It will rouse his fighting spunk—tell him so.
He'll just think you are a nut;
Maybe knock your block off—but
Tell him so!

—*Strickland W. Gillilan.*

FINDING VALUES.

A diamond in the rough
Is a diamond, sure enough,
For before it ever sparkles
It has the diamond stuff.

Of course some one must find it,
Or it never would be found.
And then some one must grind it,
Or it never would be ground.

But when it's found and when it's ground,
And when it's burnished bright,
That diamond's everlastingly
Just sending out the light.

Oh, teacher in the Sunday school,
Don't say, "I've done enough;"
That worst boy in your class may be
A diamond in the rough.

—*Charles D. Meigs.*

A CITY TRUE.

What makes a city men can love?
Not things that charm the outward sense,
Nor gross display of opulence,
But right, that wrong can not remove,
And truth, that faces civic fraud
And smites it in the name of God.

BENEATH THE SURFACE

Rugged and rough on the earth's fair face,
Crags that are ugly and old,
Shadow the beauty that lies at their base;
Yet 'neath them the digger finds gold.

Stormy and wild are the whitecaps high,
Wrecking the ships on the deep;
Quiet below them the still waters lie,
Calm as a baby asleep.

Restless and light in the rippled stream,
Half-sized trout play and leap;
But down 'neath the cliff where the still pools gleam,
Big fellows rise from their deep.

Rugged and rough in his outward mien,
With clothes that are ugly and cheap;
Only this part of a man may be seen—
Like Nature, the true man lies deep.

—S. Omar Barker.

THE WAY IT'S DONE.

The boy who by addition grows,
And suffers no subtraction;
Who multiplies the thing he knows,
And carries every fraction;
Who will divide his precious time,
The due proportion giving—
To sure success aloft will climb,
Interest compound receiving.

—Palmer.

THE SISTER OF A SOLDIER.

She may not follow forth with him
When wide the flag's unfurled,
But he will take her cheery smile
Halfway across the world.

Halfway across the world he'll hear
The word he caught at going;
Her brave good-by, as proud and clear
As any bugle blowing.

She'll keep the home-lights gleaming fair,
The hearth-flame brightly burning,
The old house sweet against the day—
Please God—he'll be returning.

She can not strike the marching pace,
But when he's out of sight
She steps into the empty place,
And stays behind to fight.

—*Sunday at Home.*

THE MAN WHO IS PAID.

There's pay for the man who can follow a plan
And carry the details through;
But the man whose pay is the most per day
Is the man who can plan and do.

When a man has to ask you to point out his task,
There's very small pay attached to it;
For the man gets the pay who is able each day
To discover his task and then do it.

—*Frank H. Phillips, in "The Square Dealer."*

MISTAKEN.

THE VOICE OF THE CITY.

Many rural residents long for the day when they can live in the city, little realizing the great sacrifice of time and effort on the part of many who go to make up the defeated masses of the population. Mary L. Bray, in her poem, "The Voice of the City," published in *Munsey's Magazine,* vividly describes the scene. Here are two of the stanzas:

"The people shift as in a sieve
That shakes without a pause;
There is not any time to live;
No one has any thought to give
But to his little cause.

"So comes the host from far and wide
To strive and strive again;
A few shall swell the city's pride,
But, ah, the great defeated tide
Of women and of men!"

A WILD FANCY.

There was a man who fancied that
By driving good and fast
He'd get his car across the track
Before the train came past.
He'd miss the engine by an inch,
And make the train hands sore.
There was a man who fancied this—
There isn't any more.

—*New York American.*

MOTHER.

THE MOTHER'S LOVE.

Over the forest and treeless plains
And over the heights above,
'Tis ever the same, the heart of the home
Is the throb of the mother's love.

It kneels by the bed of the drowsy head
And whispers a lullaby
That softly streams through the baby's dreams,
"Fear not, for mother's nigh."

It flows from her lips to her finger tips,
Caressing the baby's curls;
It shines in her eyes that sympathize
With the tears of her little girls.

The sorrows and joys of her little boys,
It only can understand,
And it hallows the touch we love so much—
The pressure of mother's hand.

It mends the ball and the broken doll;
It finds the missing knife,
And all day long it weaves a song
Round the wearisome tasks of life.

When the teardrops start and she lays her heart
On the breast of the pulseless one,
She looks above to the God of love
And sighs, "Thy will be done."

On every sea and on every land
Beneath the sky's blue dome,
The mother's love is the life and the light
And the throbbing heart of the home.

—*Edgar Cooley.*

MOTHER'S SONGS.

Often and often my thoughts go back
Like wanderers over a timeworn track
To the time when I knelt at my mother's knee
And she sang at the twilight hour to me.

Oh, the dear old songs! I can see her eyes
Aglow with the gladness of paradise,
As I fancy she sings in the streets of gold
The hymns that she sang in the days of old.

As she sang them over, her face grew bright,
As if God's city was just in sight,
And she saw the angels, and heard them sing
By the great white throne, before the King.

The heavenly songs can no sweeter be
Than the songs that my mother made dear to me,
And in God's city I hope, some day,
To hear them sung in my mother's way.

—*Eben E. Rexford, Christian Endeavor World.*

MOTHER'S WAYS.

Let mother have her old-time ways,
And don't find fault with them,
For childhood thought her ways the best,
And they're as good as then.
The ways of love and tenderness
Are never out of style;
Remember this and tell her so—
Don't wait till after while.
Let not affection wane with years;
It waneth not for you.

Go, put your arms around her now—
Kiss her as you used to do.
More than you know, her heart cries out
And craves affection still.
The same sweet mother love is there,
Unchanged it never will.
Life does not hold enough of years
In which we can repay
A mother's love—but do your best
Before she goes away.

—*Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.*

THE FAITH OF A BOY.

Great is the faith, whatever occurs,
Mother can mend it someway.
Ill ever yields to that magic of hers—
Mother can mend it someway.

Mother can cure every sorrow and pain,
Banish the woe and bring gladness again,
Never a call or a summons in vain—
Mother can mend it someway.

Whether a bump or a finger that's burned,
Mother can mend it someway.
Ay, or a lesson too hard to be learned,
Mother can mend it someway.

Sizable rents in a little blue shirt,
Sizable cuts all incrusted with dirt,
Words in hot anger that rankle and hurt—
Mother can mend them someway.

—*Walter G. Doty, Christian Endeavor World.*

NOBODY KNOWS BUT MOTHER.

How many buttons are missing to-day?
Nobody knows but mother.
How many playthings are strewn in her way?
Nobody knows but mother.
How many thimbles and spools has she missed,
How many burns on each fat little fist,
How many bumps to be cuddled and kissed?
Nobody knows but mother.

How many muddy shoes all in a row?
Nobody knows but mother.
How many stockings to darn, do you know?
Nobody knows but mother.
How many torn little aprons to mend,
How many hours of toil must she spend,
What is the time when her day's work will end?
Nobody knows but mother.

How many cares does a mother heart know?
Nobody knows but mother.
How many joys from her mother love flow?
Nobody knows but mother.
How many prayers by each little white bed,
How many tears for her babes has she shed,
How many kisses for each curly head?
Nobody knows but mother.

MY MOTHER.

'Tis counted something great to be a queen,
And bend a kingdom to a woman's will.
To be a mother such as mine, I ween,
Is something better and more noble still.

—*May Riley Smith.*

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

The poem with the above title, by an unknown writer, gives the meditations of a man in recalling his boyhood days, and particularly that of his mother's wonderful influence upon his life. Notwithstanding this, he later went off into sin for awhile. Here is the rest of his story:

"Oh, how vivid is the picture
Memory brings to me to-day,
Of her face so calm and patient,
As she in her coffin lay;
Of her hands so gently folded
On her cold and silent breast,
Gone where wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

"As the years flow swiftly o'er me,
Stronger pleads her prayers and tears,
Till at last to Christ I yielded,
And he banished all my fears;
Soon I look to meet my Saviour,
His mansions bright to share,
And I know the first to greet me
Will be mother, when I'm there.

"Oh, the sweet and sacred influence
Of a mother's faith and prayer;
In the hardest heart may conquer,
Crowning Christ, the Saviour, there.
Courage, mothers; plead with patience,
Watering well the seed with tears,
For with joy you'll reap the harvest
Through the bright eternal years."

MOTHERS—AND OTHERS.

Others weary of the noise,
Mothers play with girls and boys.
Others scold because we fell,
Mothers kiss and make it well.
Others work with patient will,
Mothers labor later still.
Others' love is more or less,
Mothers love with steadiness.
Others pardon, hating yet;
Mothers pardon and forget.
Others keep the ancient score,
Mothers never shut the door.
Others grow incredulous,
Mothers still believe in us.
Others throw their faith away,
Mothers pray, and pray, and pray.
—Amos R. Wells, Christian Endeavor World.

MOTHER'S APRON-STRING.

When I was but a verdant youth,
I thought the truly great
Were those who had attained, in truth,
To man's mature estate.

And none my soul so sadly tried,
Or spoke such bitter things,
As he who said that I was tied
To mother's apron-strings.

I loved my mother, yet it seemed
That I must break away,
And find the broader world I dreamed
Beyond her presence lay.

But I have sighed and I have cried
O'er all the cruel stings
I would have missed had I been tied
To mother's apron-strings.

Oh, happy, trustful girls and boys!
The mother's way is best.
She leads you, 'mid the fairest joys,
Through paths of peace and rest.

If you would have the safest guide,
And drink from sweetest springs,
Oh, keep your heart forever tied
To mother's apron-strings.

—*Nixon Waterman.*

WRITE HER A LETTER TO-DAY

Oh, man, in bank or storehouse,
You're mother's boy for aye;
Go write to her a letter
And tell her so to-day.
Tell her you love her truly,
Better than tongue can tell;
Twill ease the pain your silence gave,
And make your own heart swell.

And when, with heart all broken,
You bid a last good-by,
You'll know the Star of Mother's Love
Still shines from yonder sky,
And thanks you for that letter,
And bids you meet her there,
Where God's own face gives purest light,
And answers mother's prayer.

—*Sunday School Executive.*

A BOY'S TRIBUTE.

Prettiest girl I've ever seen, is Ma
Lovelier than any queen, is Ma.
Girls with curls go walking by,
Dainty, graceful, bold and shy,
But the one that takes my eye, is Ma.

Best of all the girls on earth, is Ma.
One that all the rest is worth, is Ma.
Some have beauty, some have grace,
Some look nice in silk and lace,
But the one that takes first place, is Ma.

Sweetest singer in the land, is Ma.
She that has the softest hand, is Ma.
Tenderest, gentlest nurse is she,
Full of fun as she can be,
And the only girl for me, is Ma.

—Edgar A. Guest, Copyright, 1917, by the Reilly & Britton Co.

A MANY-TITLED WOMAN.

She's father's wife and sister to
My aunt and Uncle Ned;
Grandmother calls her "Daughter Kate,"
She's aunt to little Ted,
And cousin to a lot of folks.
There isn't any other
Relation, though, in all this world,
'Cept me, can call her "Mother."

—Mazie V. Caruthers, in Life.

BRAVE MOTHERS.

"Smiling they go unto the grave;
They are the only true and brave."

MOTHERHOOD.

WHAT MOTHERS DO.

Playing with the little people
  Sweet, old games forever new;
    Coaxing, cuddling, cooing, kissing,
    Baby's every grief dismissing,
Laughing, sighing, soothing, singing,
While the happy days are winging—
  This is what the mothers do.

Planning for the little people
  That they may grow brave and true;
    Active brain and busy fingers
    While the precious seedtime lingers,
Guiding, guarding, hoping, fearing,
Waiting for the harvest nearing—
  This is what the mothers do.

Praying for the little people,
  (Closed are eyes of brown and blue)
    By the quiet bedside kneeling,
    With a trustful, sure appealing,
All the Spirit's guidance needing,
Seeking it with earnest pleading—
  This is what the mothers do.

Parting from the little people,
  (Heart of mine, how fast they grow!)
    Fashioning the wedding dresses,
    Treasuring the last caresses;
Waiting then as years fly faster
For the summons of the Master—
  This is what the mothers do.

THE STEPMOTHER.

Within a fortnight of my birth,
My fair young mother passed from earth,
And memory left to me no trace
Of her dear form or face;
In time another took her place.

The one who led me down the years,
Who kissed away my fret and tears,
Upon whose warm, responsive breast,
Whenever care oppressed,
I always found relief and rest.

It is my hope I'll see them stand
At heaven's gate clasped hand in hand—
The mother sweet I never knew;
The one, tried, noble, true,
Who filled her place—my mother too.

—*Kathleen Kavanaugh.*

TO MY SON.

Do you know that your soul is of my soul such part
That you seem to be fiber and core of my heart?
None other can pain me as you, dear, can do;
None other can please me or praise me as you.

Remember the world will be quick with its blame,
If shadow or stain ever darken your name.
"Like mother like son" is a saying so true,
The world will judge largely of "Mother" by you.

Be yours then the task, if task it shall be,
To force the proud world to do homage to me.
Be sure it will say when its verdict you've won,
"She reaped as she sowed. Lo! this is her son!"

THE OTHER WOMAN'S CHILD.

They all sat round in friendly chat
Discussing mostly this and that, and a hat,
Until a neighbor's wayward lad
Was seen to act in ways quite bad—oh, 'twas sad!

One thought she knew what must be done
With every child beneath the sun—she had none.
And ere her yarn had been quite spun
Another's theories were begun—she had one.

The third was not so sure she knew,
But thus and so she thought she'd do—she had two.
The next one added, "Let me see;
These things work out so differently;" she had three.

The fifth drew on her wisdom store
And said, "I'd have to think it o'er;" she had four.
And then one sighed, "I don't contrive
Fixed rules for boys, they're too alive;" she had five.

"I know it leaves one in a fix,
This straightening of crooked sticks;" she had six.
And one declared, "There's no rule given,
But do your best and trust to heaven!" She had seven.

—*Alice Hoffman, Woman's Home Companion.*

THE WORLD RULERS.

But a mightier power and stronger,
Man from his throne has hurled,
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.

—*William R. Wallace.*

ROCKING THE BABY.

I hear her rocking the baby—
  Her room is just next to mine—
And I fancy I feel the dimpled arms
  That round her neck entwine,
As she rocks and rocks the baby,
  In the room just next to mine.

I hear her rocking the baby,
  Slower and slower now.
I know she is leaving her good-night kiss
  On its eyes and cheeks and brow.
From her rocking, rocking, rocking,
  I wonder would she start,
Could she know, through the wall between us
  She is rocking on my heart,
While my empty arms are aching
  For a form they may not press,
And my emptier heart is breaking
  In its desolate loneliness?

I list to the rocking, rocking,
  In the room just next to mine,
And I breathe a prayer in silence,
  At a mother's broken shrine,
For the woman who rocks the baby
  In the room just next to mine.

—Madge Morris, San Francisco Bulletin.

BACK TO CHILDHOOD.

Over my slumbers your loving watch keep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

—Elizabeth Akers Allen.

THE GOOD-NIGHT KISS.

Oh, mothers, so weary, discouraged,
Worn out with the cares of the day,
You often grow cross and impatient,
Complain of the noise and the play;
For the day brings so many vexations,
So many things going amiss;
But, mothers, whatever may vex you,
Send the children to bed with a kiss.

The dear little feet wander often,
Perhaps from the pathway of right;
The dear little hands find new mischief
To try you from morning till night.
But think of the desolate mothers
Who'd give all the world for your bliss,
And, as thanks for your infinite blessings,
Send the children to bed with a kiss.

For some day their noise will not vex you,
The silence will hurt you far more;
You will long for the sweet children's voices,
For a sweet childish face at the door.
And to press a child's face to your bosom,
You'd give all the world just for this;
For the comfort 'twill bring you in sorrow,
Send the children to bed with a kiss.

CHILDHOOD'S PHYSICIAN.

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well? My mother.

—*Jane Taylor.*

A SERVICE OF JOY.

They talk of the mother's toil and care,
  Of the tasks that her hands must do,
Of the furrows that creep o'er the brow once fair,
  Of the burdens and heartaches too.
But they know not the joy stitched in each little dress,
The pattering footsteps that brighten and bless,
The thrill of a baby's loving caress—
  Ah, nobody knows but mother.

They talk of her narrow and humble place,
  The monotonous life she leads,
While others are learning and growing apace,
  And doing such wonderful deeds.
But they know not the mystery deep that lies
Hidden away in a baby's eyes,
And every day brings a fresh surprise
  That nobody sees but mother.

There was never a task by the Father given,
  That brought not its blessing, too,
And the life that lies the nearest heaven
  Was given, oh, mother, to you.
The task is great, but the joy is sweet,
The hours of prayer bring a faith complete,
And the highest wisdom our life can meet
  Lies hid in the heart of a mother.

TO MY MOTHER.

There was a place in childhood
  That I remember well,
And there a voice of sweetest tone
  Bright fairy tales would tell.

—*Samuel Lover.*

NATURE.

MORNING ON THE DESERT.

The following lines were found written on the door of an old cabin in southern Nevada:

"Mornin' on the desert,
And the wind is blowin' free,
And it's ours, just for the breathin',
So let's fill up, you and me.
No house to stop my vision,
Save a neighbor's, miles away,
And the little 'dobe shanty
That belongs to me and May.

"Lonesome? Not a minute!
Why, I've got these mountains here
That was put there just to please me,
With their blush an' frown an' cheer.
They're waitin' when the summer sun
Gets too sizzlin' hot,
And we just go campin' in 'em
With a pan and coffee-pot.

"Lonesome? Well, I guess not!
I've been lonesome in a town,
But I sure do love the desert
With its stretches wide and brown.
All day through the sagebrush here
The wind is blowin' free,
And it's ours, just for the breathin',
So let's fill up, you and me."

—*Western Miner.*

THE WILDWOOD.

The wind that blows free and the hovering mist
  Gives way to the sun's bright glow.
The sighing oak by the zephyr kissed
  Has a song that is sweet and low.
Afar in the valley the stream extends
  Like a ribbon of silver bright,
And the birds that build where the willow bends
  Are happy from morn till night.

Along come people who bring their lunch,
  And they scarcely regard the scene.
The chipmunk sits and observes them munch
  A pickle or a sardine.
Oh, Nature, with all her splendid plans,
  Resent must surely feel
As we strew the landscape with old tin cans
  And paper and orange peel!

—*Washington Star.*

THE DESIGN AND THE WORK.

These winter nights, against my window pane,
  Nature with busy pencil draws designs
Of ferns, and blossoms, and fine fields of grain,
  Oak leaf and acorn, and fantastic vines,
Which she will make when summer comes again.

—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

TO THE RAINBOW.

Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky
  When storms prepare to part;
I ask not proud Philosophy
  To teach me what thou art.

—*T. Campbell.*

SICK OF THE CITY.

I'm sick of the dirt and the strife and the din,
Of political scandals, of rumors of sin;
Of the pomp of the rich, of the wail of the poor;
Of the incessant grafting, the glitter and lure.
And I'm sick of the faces I see without end—
The faces of strangers, with never a friend.
I'm sick of the tumult of passions that play
Such a havoc with peace in my heart each day;
The passions of hate, of envy and pity—
I'm sick of it all! I'm sick of the city.

And I long for a glimpse of a mountain so high
That its snow-covered summit is kissed by the sky;
For the glint of a sunbeam, unsullied by smoke;
For the calm of a silence that's never been broke;
For the flash of a bird's wing high over green trees;
For the smell of the woods wafted by on the breeze;
For the deep sense of homage that bids me to kneel
And pour out my love for all that I feel.
Yes, I long once again to sip from those fountains
Of courage and faith to be found in the mountains.

—Elsie C. Carroll.

EACH A PART OF ALL.

There's a part o' the sun in an apple;
  There's a part o' the moon in a rose;
There's a part o' the flaming Pleiades
  In every leaf that grows.
Out of the vast comes nearness;
  For the God whose love we sing
Sends a little of His heaven
  To every living thing.

—Augustus Wright Bamberger.

BACK TO THE FARM.

Lydia M. Dunham O'Neil pictures the city man, worn and wearied with the grind of his daily routine, going back to the farm to live, where the sky is undimmed with the smoke of factories and mills, where the roses bloom in profusion, where the birds sing and where all nature ministers to him:

"They fill his soul with a wondrous joy,
Increasing day by day;
His cold eyes learned to smile again,
And his set lips learned to pray.
And harshness dropped, like a mask uncouth,
From the heart that men had known
In his city days and city ways
To be hard as flint and stone.
He lost his greed for the world's bright gold,
And the Thing that is called Success,
But he found instead that coveted
Possession, Happiness."

ONLY A SEED.

Isn't it wonderful, when you think,
How a little seed, asleep,
Out of the earth new life will drink,
And carefully upward creep?
A seed, we say, is a simple thing,
The germ of a flower or weed—
But all earth's workmen, laboring,
With all the help that wealth could bring,
Never could make a seed.

—*Julian S. Cutler.*

THE CITY BOY.

God help the boy who never sees
The butterflies, the birds, the bees,
Nor hears the music of the breeze
When zephyrs soft are blowing;
Who can not in sweet comfort lie
Where clover blossoms are thick and high,
And hear the gentle murmur nigh
Of brooklets softly flowing.

God help the boy who does not know
Where all the woodland berries grow,
Who never sees the forest glow,
When leaves are red and yellow;
Whose childish feet can never stray
Where Nature doth her charms display—
For such a hapless boy I say
God help the little fellow.

—*Chicago Journal.*

TRIBUTE TO AN ONION.

It comes with such tender appeal to the eye,
That when we look at it we're sure to cry—
The beautiful spring, spring onion.
Asparagus I think is worthy a song;
The claims of a mushroom are certainly strong—
But what is as strong as an onion?
A penny for onions is a penny well spent,
For you can't say an onion is not worth a cent—
For there's a wonderful scent in an onion.
There's a perfume that's great from the violet so small,
But there's only one smell will go through a brick wall—
And that is the smell of an onion.

PERMANENCE.

The granite shore rebuked the sea:
  Why do you vary hour by hour,
Changeful and restless? Look at me
  And learn how quiet matches power."

The sea made answer to the shore:
  "Out from the water's boundless reign
The land arose; I was here before.
  The shore will sink, but I remain."

Then to the two a Voice replied:
  "Both sea and shore will fail and fall;
I only evermore abide,
  The source and final home of all."

—Amos R. Wells.

ORDER.

It is half-past eight on the blossomy bush;
  The petals are spread for a sunning;
The little gold fly is scrubbing his face;
  The spider is nervously running
To fasten a thread; the night-going moth
  Is folding his velvet perfection;
And presently over the clover will come
  The bee on a tour of inspection.

—Paul S. Mowrer, Century Magazine.

THE SNOW.

The snow which hides the frozen sod from view
  Has caused full many a poem to be writ,
But not, I fear, by any poet who
  Was forced to rise at dawn and shovel it.

—G. E. Phair, San Francisco Examiner.

NEGLECT.

WHY DIDN'T YOU SPEAK?

When the pain of a bitter bereavement
Has filled another with grief,
You wished that a portion of comfort
Might bring him needed relief,
But never a word did you utter
To lighten the sky that was bleak.
It was well enough that you pitied,
But, brother, why didn't you speak?

You have seen the giddy and thoughtless
Ensnared by the things that must blight;
You have feared lest the footsteps unwary
Take hold on the portals of night.
You counted the risk he was taking,
Too costly for one that was weak.
You were conscious of all of his danger,
But, brother, why didn't you speak?

You have thought of some friend who has helped you
Along your pathway thus far.
You know that, because of his kindness,
To-day you're the man that you are.
The tenderest feelings have stirred you,
And teardrops have moistened your cheek
As you thought of all that you owed him,
But, brother, why didn't you speak?

—*Mattie M. Boteler, Christian Standard.*

THOUGHT AND ACTION.

Faults in the life breed errors in the brain,
And these, reciprocally, those again.
The mind and conduct mutually imprint,
And stamp their image in each other's mint.

LIFE'S SWIFT PACE.

Around the corner I have a friend,
In this great city that has no end;
Yet days go by and weeks rush on,
And before I know it a year is gone,
And I never see my old friend's face,
For life is a swift and terrible race.

He knows I like him just as well
As in the days when I rang his bell
And he rang mine. We were younger then;
And now we are busy, tired men—
Tired of playing a foolish game;
Tired with trying to make a name.

"To-morrow," I say, "I will call on Jim,
Just to show that I'm thinking of him."
But to-morrow comes and to-morrow goes;
And the distance between us grows and grows.

Around the corner! Yet miles away!
"Here's a telegram, sir." "Jim died to-day!"
And that's what we get and deserve in the end—
Around the corner—a vanished friend.

—Charles H. Towne, American Magazine.

WHEN TRUST IS BETRAYED.

Who breaketh his credit, or cracketh it twice,
Trust such, with a surety, if ye be wise;
Or, if he be angry, for asking thy due,
Once even, to him afterward, lend not anew.

—T. Tusser.

OCCUPATION.

THE STEEL ROAD.

There's a steel road, a real road,
That runs among the trees,
That dashes over cataracts
And clambers over hills;
There's a white road, a bright road,
That's swifter than the breeze—
And easterly or westerly
It wanders where it wills!

And it's ho! then, it's go then,
Along the shining rails,
A speeder for your chariot
Upon a summer's day;
It will lead you, will speed you,
Through green and dewy dales,
The forest for your canopy
Upon your royal way!

And when play ends and day ends,
And ruddy is the west,
When birds come singing from the fields
And sailors from the foam,
Then the steel road, the real road,
The road that leads to rest,
Is the white road, the bright road,
The road that leads to home!

—D. Malloch, in American Lumberman.

MUST DIG FOR THEM

Dame Fortune doesn't seek you while
You sit and haw and hem;
If good things you would have, you must
Go out and dig for them.

THE SHOEMAKER.

After the death of Frank Tiede, the Philadelphia poet-shoemaker, the following was found on the walls of his shop, in a frame, which he had pronounced his best effort:

"The shoemaker sang as he hammered away:
'Oh, who is so happy as I am to-day?
I save twenty soles where the parson saves one,
And I always heel where the doctor heels none.
I sit on my bench like a judge, and I boot
The people who say that my measure don't suit.
I cut all my uppers, I care not for caste;
My very first pleasure each day is my last.
I'm always mending while others fall ill,
And when I am thirsty, with cobblers I fill.
I'll never peg out, for I always fill in,
For how can I lose when I'm shoer to win?
My goods are all soled before finished, and I
Can foot all my bills without heaving a sigh.
In fact, I am envied by great and by small,
For of this world's blessings alone I have awl'."

THE REPORTER.

Who is it gathers up the news,
Fires, accidents, men's ways and views,
Records the crimes, their punishment,
Who's left the town, which way they went?
The Reporter.

Who, while the author writes for fame,
Affixes to his tales no name?
Who gets few thanks and little rest,
But all the same he does his best?
The Reporter.

OPPORTUNITY.

BEGINNING AGAIN.

When sometimes our feet grow weary
On the rugged hills of life,
The path stretching long and dreary
With trial and labor rife,
We pause on the upward journey,
Glancing backward o'er valley and glen,
And sigh with an infinite longing
To return and begin again.

Ah, futile and vain is the pleading!
Life's duties press all of us on,
And who may refuse the calling,
Or sigh for the sunshine that's gone?
Still, it may be not far on before us
Wait fairer places than then;
Our paths may yet lead by still waters,
Though we may not begin again.

Yes, evermore upward and onward
Be our steps on the hills of life!
And some day a golden dawning
Shall glorify trial and strife;
For our Father's hand will lead us
So tenderly upward then;
In the joy and peace of the fairer realm
He'll let us begin again!

—*Lillian Whiting, Christian Endeavor World.*

DRYDEN'S "MAN OF TO-DAY."

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own;
He who, secure within, can say,
"To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have lived to-day."

JUST THIS MINUTE.

If we're thoughtful, just this minute,
In whate'er we say or do,
If we put a purpose in it
That is honest through and through,
We shall gladden life, and give it
Grace to make it all sublime;
For, though life is long, we live it
Just this minute at a time.

Just this minute we are going
Toward the right or toward the wrong;
Just this minute we are sowing
Seeds of sorrow or of song.
Just this minute we are thinking
On the ways that lead to God,
Or in idle dreams are sinking
To the level of the clod.

Yesterday is gone; to-morrow
Never comes within our grasp;
Just this minute's joy or sorrow,
That is all our hands may clasp.
Just this minute! Let us take it
As a pearl of precious price,
And with high endeavor make it
Fit to shine in Paradise.

THREE DAYS.

Three days, I ween, make up our life,
When shadow and sunlight play;
The day that is past, and the day to come,
And the one that is called "To-day."

Three days, I ween, make up our life,
  But two are not ours at all;
For yesterday, laden with good or ill,
  Has passed beyond recall.

And to-morrow sits shrouded near God's throne,
  And her veil none can tear away;
But to-day is the golden day for men—
  For God's work may be *done to-day.*

—*W. Boyd Carpenter.*

THE TO-MORROW MAN.

It's an easy thing to do a thing to-morrow;
It's a cinch for one to do it by and by.
  But the man whose life is sunny—
  He's the man who gets the money—
Is the man whose stunt is, "Do it now or die."

There's a stumble stone that's called procrastination;
Ask the man who lost his nerve to tell you why—
  For the man who's up and coming,
  And who keeps the wheels a-humming,
Is the man who cuts "to-morrow" from his cry.

There's a surest way to be a "might-have-been."
It's a snap to pick a "has-been" on the run;
  He's the man who's always moping,
  And in futures ever hoping;
He's a "going-to-do" who never gets it done.

Is it up to you to take this gentle knocking?
Will you blink to have the searchlight aimed your way?
  Are you always "borrowing sorrow,"
  With your hopes fixed on to-morrow?
If you are, old man, just do your stunt to-day.

IF YOU CAN MAKE GOOD.

The world is waiting for you, young man,
If your purpose is strong and true;
If out of your treasures of mind and heart,
You can bring things old and new.
If you know the truth that makes men free,
And with skill can bring it to view,
The world is waiting for you, young man,
The world is waiting for you.

Then awake, oh, young man, from the stupor of doubt,
And prepare for the battle of life;
Be the fire of the forge, or be anvil or sledge—
But win, or go down in the strife!
Can you stand though the world into ruin should rock?
Can you conquer with many or few?
Then the world is waiting for you, young man,
The world is waiting for you.

—*Prof. S. S. Calkins.*

THE WATER THAT HAS PASSED.

Listen to the water-mill,
Through the livelong day,
How the clanking of the wheels
Wears the hours away.
Languidly the autumn wind
Stirs the greenwood leaves;
From the fields the reapers sing,
Binding up the sheaves;
And a proverb haunts my mind,
As a spell is cast:
"The mill will never grind
With the water that is passed."

Take the lesson to thyself,
Loving heart and true;
Golden years are fleeting by,
Youth is passing too.
Learn to make the most of life,
Lose no happy day;
Time will never bring thee back
Chances swept away.
Leave no tender word unsaid,
Love while life shall last—
"The mill will never grind
With the water that is passed."

—Floyd Farley, in The Lookout.

SUCH A LONELY PLACE.

The world is such a lonely place,
Though crowds go hustling by,
And voices throb on either side,
And groups come pressing nigh.
We need to look across the press
Perchance some heart to find
That hath no loving hand to grasp—
No love of any kind.

Life is so hidden in its sheath;
Home holds such vacant chairs;
Such silence taken by surprise
And entereth unawares.
We need along the trail look hard,
Look hard on either side,
Lest we some reaching hand might miss
Amidst the human tide.

—George Klingle, Sunday School Times.

"I SHALL NOT PASS AGAIN."

For several years before his death, Daniel S. Ford, proprietor, editor and builder of the *Youth's Companion,* because of failing health, did his work and managed his business from a room in his home in one of the beautiful parks of Boston. When loving hands cleared the desk, there was found, in a conspicuous place, much worn with frequent handling, the poem given below. If the author had intended to describe Mr. Ford's daily words and actions, he could not have done so in more fitting language:

"The bread that brings strength I want to give,
The water pure that bids the thirsty live;
I want to help the fainting day by day;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

"I want to give the oil of joy for tears,
The faith to conquer crowding doubts and fears.
Beauty for ashes may I give alway;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

"I want to give good measure running o'er,
And into angry hearts I want to pour
The answer soft that turneth wrath away;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

"I want to give to others hope and faith,
I want to do all that the Master saith;
I want to live aright from day to day;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way."

AS TO HOW WE DO.

Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Do well your part, there all the honor lies.

—*Alexander Pope.*

OPPOSITION.

WELCOME THE TEST.

I do not ask success to smile
  Always upon my time of striving.
I want to struggle for awhile
  And do some planning and contriving;
I want to try to scale the wall
  With which defeat has grimly fenced me,
And seek the greatest thrill of all
  Of winning with the odds against me.

Too much success is bad for man;
  He ought to know the pang of losing,
And learn if he is one that can
  Stand up and face a little bruising.
And, though I want to know the best,
  And in the main tread glory's highway,
I welcome now and then the test
  When all the breaks aren't coming my way.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE GRINDSTONE.

One day when I, a boy, bewailed the wealth to me denied,
I recollect my Uncle Hiram taking me aside
To chide me for my petulance and whispering in my ear
A bit of homespun logic and some facts designed to cheer.

"My boy," he said, "in after years
  You'll recognize that strife,
Unceasing toil and poverty
  Equip one best for life;
For men, like tools, don't get an edge
  On things as smooth as wax;
It's just the grindstone's roughness, lad,
  That sharpens up the ax."

A LESSON FROM THE GUTTER-STREAM.

Frederick Arvin, of Valparaiso, Indiana, had written probably seventy-five poems by the time he was sixteen years of age. Only by the merest chance an editor friend found this out, and brought his writings before the public, for the boy was very modest about his ability. The following from his pen was published in the *Boys' World:*

"I saw a little gutter where the sticks
And stones and leaves had formed a dam,
So that the streamlet, coursing down its bricks,
Was checked and halted as it onward ran.

"With one quick movement of my foot I broke
The barrier and set the water free,
Which gayly flowing, thought I, almost spoke
And sang aloud in thankfulness to me.

"Just so, dear God, when in my stream of life
Some obstacle prevents my march along,
I easily may break it, and, the strife
Resuming, honor Thee in word and song."

THE WAY TO VICTORY.

We rise by the things that are under our feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

—*J. G. Holland.*

FOR THOSE WHO OVERCOME.

When you've work to do, boys, do it with a will;
They who reach the top, boys, first must climb the hill.
Though you stumble oft, boys, never be downcast;
Try, and try again, boys—you'll succeed at last.

OPTIMISM.

LET'S JUST SUPPOSE.

Suppose, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head.
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your eyes and nose are red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke,
And say you're glad 'twas Dolly's,
And not your head that broke?

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down;
Would it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get;
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be wiser,
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest,
And learn the thing at once?

—*Phœbe Cary.*

THE THING TO SEE.

This world we're livin' in is mighty hard to beat.
You get thorns with roses—but ain't the roses sweet!

THE FELLOW WHO CAN WHISTLE.

The fellow who can whistle
  When the world is going wrong,
Is the fellow who will make the most of life.
No matter what may happen,
  You'll find him brave and strong—
He's the fellow who will conquer in the strife.

The fellow who can whistle
  When the whole world seems to frown,
Is the kind of man to stand the battle's brunt;
He's got the proper metal,
  And you can not keep him down,
For he's just the sort that's needed at the front.

The fellow who can whistle
  Is the fellow who can work,
With a note of cheer to vanquish plodding care;
His soul is filled with music,
  And no evil shadows lurk
In his active brain to foster grim despair.

The fellow who can whistle—
  He is built on nature's plan,
And he cheers his toiling fellow-men along;
There is no room for pessimists,
  But give to us the man
Who can whistle when the world is going wrong.

—*Sidney Warren Mase.*

A PLACE FOR THE SMALL.

Think naught a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountains; moments make the year.

—*Dr. E. Young.*

SUNSHINE AND RAIN.

If you should see a fellow-man
With trouble's flag unfurled,
And lookin' like he didn't have
A friend in all the world,
Go up and slap him on the back,
And holler, "How d' do?"
And grasp his hand so warm he'll know
He has a friend in you.
Then ax him what's a-hurtin' him,
And laugh his cares away,
And tell him that the darkest night
Is just afore the day.

This world at best is but a hash
Of pleasure and of pain.
Some days are bright and sunny,
And some all sloshed with rain.
And that's just how it ought to be,
For when the clouds roll by
We'll know just how to 'preciate
The bright and smilin' sky.
But always keep rememberin',
When cares your path enshroud,
That God has lots of sunshine
To spill behind the cloud.

—*Captain Jack Crawford.*

THE MAN WORTH WHILE.

It is easy to be happy
When life is a bright, rosy wreath,
But the man worth while is the one who can smile
When the dentist is filling his teeth.

—*New York Times.*

DON'T ENVY OTHER FOLKS.

Don't think when you have troubles
That your neighbor goes scot-free
Because he shows a smiling front
And battles cheerfully.
No, man! He, too, has troubles,
But herein the difference lies,
While you go idly moping round,
The other fellow tries.

Don't envy other people;
Maybe, if the truth you knew,
You'd find their burdens heavier far
Than is the case with you.
Because a fellow, rain or shine,
Can show a smiling face,
Don't think you'd have an easier time
If you could take his place.

'Tis hope and cheery courage
That incite one to retrieve
One's past mistakes, to start afresh,
To dare and to achieve.
So smile, and if perchance you light
The spark of hope anew
In some poor sad and burdened heart,
All honor be to you.

CHARLES KINGSLEY'S PHILOSOPHY.

The world goes up and the world goes down,
And the sunshine follows the rain;
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown
Can never come back again.

TO LIGHTEN YOUR OWN BURDEN.

Are you growing weary
Of the long and rugged road,
Weary of the burden, oh, my brothers?
Men have found the surest way
For lightening the load
Is just to try to lighten it for others.

Hearts still hold the most of love
The most their love bestow
On lonely lives of those who are forlorning;
Roll the stone from out the path
Where tired feet must go
And touch your lips with gladness every morning.

Touch your lips with gladness
And go singing on your way,
Smiles will strangely lighten every duty.
Just a little word of cheer
May span a sky of gray
With hope's own heaven-tinted bow of beauty.

Wear a pleasant face wherein
Shall shine a joyful heart,
As shines the sun, the happy fields adorning;
To every care-beclouded life
Some ray of light impart,
And touch your lips with gladness every morning.

—Nixon Waterman.

FRANCES NUTLER'S OPTIMISM.

Better trust all and be deceived,
Than doubt one heart that, if believed,
Had blessed one's life with true believing.

A GOOD WORLD AFTER ALL.

Though sharp may be our trouble,
The joys are more than double;
The brave surpass the cowards,
And the leal are like a wall
To guard their dearest ever,
To fail the feeblest never—
And somehow this old world remains
A bright world after all.

There's always love that's caring,
And shielding and forbearing,
Dear woman's love to hold us close
And keep our hearts in thrall;
There's home to share together,
In calm or stormy weather,
And while the hearth-flame burns it is
A good world after all.

The lisp of children's voices,
The chance of happy choices,
The bugle sound of hope and faith
Through fogs and mists that call;
The Heaven that stretches o'er us,
The better days before us,
They all combine to make this earth
A good world after all.

POPE'S "CONTENTMENT."

"Nor fame I slight, nor for her favors call;
She comes unlooked for, if she comes at all.
Unblemished let me live, or die unknown;
Oh, grant an honest fame, or grant me none."

NOT GOING TO THE DOGS.

When you read about the trouble
  In the mine and in the mill,
When you read about the lockout and the strike,
When dishonor and dishonesty
  Your morning paper fill
In a way no decent citizen can like;
Then there comes a strong temptation
To have doubts about the nation,
  And to fear some dark disaster in the fogs;
But take heart, my honest fellow,
Don't you show a streak of yellow,
  For this country is not going to the dogs!

For this good old ship, America,
  Has weathered many a gale;
She has sailed through many a thicker fog before,
And her crew has learned the habit
  Of not knowing how to fail,
Howsoe'er the stormy seas around may roar;
She is staunch and stout and roomy,
And though seas and skies be gloomy,
  Let us leave all coward croaking to the frogs;
Let us face in manly fashion
All the panic and the passion,
  For this country is not going to the dogs!

—Denis A. McCarthy, Journal of Education.

FOR ALL DAYS ALIKE.

A cheerful song for every day,
  And not for glad days only;
A song to clear a misty way,
  And soothe a heart that's lonely.

—Frank Walcott Hutt.

'TIS A GOOD WORLD.

'Tis a good world, though we sometimes say
That its paths are rather hard,
For the sunlight shines on the rockiest way,
And never a soul is barred
From the bright white road that leads to peace,
Through the valley and up the hill,
Where the din is hushed and the clamors cease—
'Tis a good old world, if we will.

'Tis a good old world, though you and I
Might make it better yet
If we'd care for the woes of another and try
Our own little woes to forget;
If we'd straighten the lives that are rather askew,
At sacrifice even of ease—
But really, you know, there are many who do;
'Tis a good old world, if you please.

—Edgar S. Nye, in Progress Magazine.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

If you find a bit of work
That is tiresome, do not shirk,
Nor an injured martyr feel, and all the rest of it.
Put your shoulder to the wheel,
And you very soon will feel
That it pays you very well to make the best of it.

If your hours are fraught with strife,
And your day with woe is rife,
And the hand of care robs life of all the zest of it;
Think, "The lane must have a turn,"
And the useful lesson learn
That come sorrow or come joy, to make the best of it.

MIGHT AS WELL BE HAPPY.

Might as well be happy as the worl' goes roun';
Ain't no use lookin' cross; jest shake your frown;
  Jest as like as not there's others—
  Why not treat them all as brothers?
Make 'em happy as the worl' goes roun'.

Keep one eye on heaven as the worl' goes roun';
Never hit another feller when he's down;
  When things look about the worse,
  Think up some good Bible verse;
God's a-listenin' as the worl' goes roun'.

Might as well be happy as the worl' goes roun';
God is in His heaven, an' He's lookin' down;
  Seems jest that would give your back
  Strength enough to keep the track—
Keep a-hopin' as the worl' goes roun'.

—*Clara W. Angell, Christian Herald.*

HE'S IN DEMAND.

Boost and the world boosts with you,
  Knock and you're on the shelf,
For the booster gets sick of the man who kicks,
  And wishes he'd kick himself.

Boost when the sun is shining,
  Boost when it starts to rain.
If you happen to fall, don't lie there and bawl,
  But get up and boost again.

Boost for the town's advancement,
  Boost for the things sublime,
For the chap that's found on the topmost round
  Is the booster every time.

MAKE THE BEST OF THINGS.

You'll find that your "luck" isn't always so bad,
  If you just make the best of things;
You'll find that your lot isn't always so sad,
  If you just make the best of things;
You'll find that the mean things of life are but few,
You'll find you have friends that are loyal and true,
You'll find it a mighty fine world through and through,
  If you just make the best of things.

You'll find there is pleasure in toiling along,
  If you just make the best of things;
You'll find that your hopes and your courage grow strong,
  If you just make the best of things;
Your troubles, you'll find, when they're faced, vanish fast,
And it won't be so long till they're all safely past,
And you find yourself winning the far goal at last,
  If you just make the best of things.

DON'T TAKE IT TO HEART.

There's many a trouble would break like a bubble,
  And into the waters of Lethe depart,
Did we not rehearse it, and tenderly nurse it,
  And give it a permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow would vanish to-morrow,
  Were we but willing to furnish the wings;
So sadly intruding, and quietly brooding,
  It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.

Resolved to be merry, all worry to ferry
  Across the tamed waters that make us forget,
And no longer fearful, but happy and cheerful,
  We feel life has much that's worth living for yet.

—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

LET'S PLAY.

Let's dream, like the child in its playing,
That we are happy and free;
Let's change the things round us by saying
They're things that we wish them to be.

And if there is sadness and sorrow,
Let's dream till we charm them away;
Let's learn from the children, and borrow
A saying from childhood—"Let's play."

Let's play that the world's full of beauty;
Let's play there are roses in bloom;
Let's play there is pleasure in duty,
And light where we thought there was gloom.

Let's play there are birds blithely singing
Their songs of delight to the air;
Let's play that the world's full of singing,
Let's play there is love everywhere.

—J. W. Foley.

TENDERFOOT'S VIEW OF COWBOYS.

I've been out West three months, and yet
I am not homesick. I have met
A lot of fellows clean and strong;
And somehow in my heart I long
To be like them. Of course they've played
Odd tricks on me and often made
Me look quite cheap, but yet I feel
Down deep they're true and fine as steel.
Just now their wise words come to me,
"We like you or we'd let you be."

—Robert V. Carr.

SINGING IN THE RAIN.

Last night I heard a robin singing in the rain,
And the raindrops made a sweet refrain,
Making all the sweeter the music of the strain.

So, I thought, when trouble comes, as trouble will,
Why should I stop singing? Just beyond the hill
It may be that sunshine floods the green world still.

He who faces trouble with a heart of cheer
Makes the burden lighter. If there falls a tear,
Sweeter is the cadence in the song we hear.

I have learned your lesson, bird of dappled wing,
Listening to your music with its lilt of spring—
When the storm cloud darkens, then's the time to sing.

—*Eben E. Rexford.*

BEAUTIFUL LIVING.

Keep the sunshine in your heart, wear a smile.
Live a happy, hopeful life all the while.
Do some helpful work each day
As God's leading lights the way.

Ask for calmness from above; keep your place;
Let the Master's mind and thought help you trace
Heaven's purpose, day by day,
In a noiseless, tender way.

Days will come and days will go, yet 'tis well;
For in joy or sorrow's hour life shall spell
God's dear message, line by line,
In this life of yours and mine.

—*I. Mench Chambers.*

THINGS WORTH WHILE.

Now, although there's much to grieve,
And a sigh one's apt to heave
Over things that one would alter if one might,
Yet to take things as they are,
From a daisy to a star,
There's a lot of things in life that's quite all right.

And I'm very sure of this,
That a smile, a touch, a kiss,
Loyal friends, a mother, sister, husband, wife,
Are the things that count for most,
While the trash of which we boast
Is the burden and the worry of our life.

For it's not the things we own
That makes happiness alone,
Land and money, house and raiment, power and fame.
No! It's mostly what we be
That makes living rich and free,
Even though the world may never hear our name.

HOME-MADE SUNSHINE.

What care I, as the days go by,
Whether gloomy or bright the sky?
What care I what the weather may be,
Cold or warm—'tis the same to me.
For my dear home skies—they are always blue;
And my dear home weather, the glad days through,
Is "beautiful summer" from morn till night,
And my feet walk ever in love's true light.

—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE SONG HE SINGS.

The man who wins is the man who goes
Ahead with his work each day;
Who's never struck by his adverse luck,
But makes of his labors play;
From early dawn he will toil right on,
And know that the world's all right.
And he sings a song as he goes along,
For it sharpens his appetite.

The man who wins is the man who smiles
And sees that the sky is blue;
He is always there with a great big share
Of smiles and of sunshine, too;
He never growls, and he never howls
That the world is out of gear—
But he meets the shocks and the jealous knocks
With a great, broad smile of cheer.

'TIS WHAT WE ARE TO-DAY.

Why grieve o'er errors of the past?
Need such our future sway?
The past don't make us right or wrong,
'Tis what we are to-day.

But, oh, forget not, while you pray,
To push with all your might.
The least of you can push a pound,
And thus can speed the right.

Oh, rich would be the golden yield,
If each would do his part
Upon the world's great harvest-field,
With brave and earnest heart.

SOMETHING MISSING.

Like a house without a dooryard,
  Like a yard without a flower;
Like a clock without a mainspring,
  That will never tell the hour;
A thing that sort o' makes you feel
  A hunger all the while—
Oh, the saddest thing that ever was
  Is the face without a smile.

So smile, and don't forget to smile,
  And smile, and smile ag'in;
'Twill loosen up the cords o' care,
  And ease the weight of sin;
'Twill help you on the longest road
  And cheer you mile by mile;
And so, whatever is your lot,
  Jest smile, and smile, and smile.

TURN OLD WORRY OUT.

Worry is a dismal elf; turn him out.
Worry is akin to self; turn him out.
  Worry has a horrid knack
  Of draping the whole world in black,
Bid him go and ne'er come back—turn him out.

Worry is a foe to joy; turn him out.
Worry lives but to annoy; turn him out.
  With his finger he will trace
  Lines of care upon your face,
Robbing you of charm and grace—turn him out.

DON'T GIVE IN.

When you're fighting for the right,
Up against grim wrong and might,
  And you know that not to fight would be a sin;
This is true, without a doubt,
You can ne'er be down and out
  While you act up to the motto, "Don't give in."

When the way is drear and long
And the sun is hot and strong,
  And your heart is feeling tired and faint within,
Persevere; each step you take
Will your goal much nearer make
  As you act up to the motto, "Don't give in."

When you set yourself a task
And a meddling soul will ask,
  "Why take trouble, do you really think you'll win?"
You may answer with a smile,
"I shall win, for all the while
  I am sticking to my motto, *'Don't give in.'*"

THE RAINBOW.

The sun went out to shine one day.
Said he, "I'll drive the rain away."
The raindrops laughed to see him try
To drive them back into the sky.

Each raindrop caught a sunbeam,
And split it into rays of light—
Red, yellow, blue, three rays in one,
And made a rainbow, just for fun.

—*Kindergarten-Primary Magazine*.

TO-DAY'S THE DAY.

What's the sense, good friend, in grieving
For the chances you have lost?
They are gone beyond retrieving;
They are part of folly's cost.

You have lost them to your sorrow,
So just let them slide away,
Looking for some fairer morrow
For the chance you can make pay.

Opportunity will find you
If your eyes are open wide,
For the jade may pass behind you,
If to ancient woes you're tied.

So don't grieve much for the chances
That of yore you threw away,
But just concentrate your glances
On the chance that's due to-day.

—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

KEEP SMILING.

The following lines were written by a British prisoner of war in 1917, while in a prison camp in Germany:

"Laugh and be merry together,
Wait for the end with a song;
Laugh and be merry; remember that sometimes
Things are just bound to seem wrong.
Better the world with your gladness,
Smile at the 'barbed wires' of life;
Laugh and be glad that there's some one awaits you,
Perhaps mother, sweetheart or wife."

WHEN THINGS GO WRONG.

I count it best, when things go wrong,
To hum a tune and sing a song;
A heavy heart means sure defeat,
But joy is victory replete.

If skies are cloudy, count the gain,
New life depends upon the rain;
The cuckoo carols loud and long
When clouds hang low and things go wrong.

When things go wrong, remember then
The happy heart has strength of ten;
Forget the sorrow, sing a song—
It makes all right when things seem wrong.

—*Charles Henry Chesley.*

CAUSE FOR GOOD CHEER.

Ash heap growin' bigger, coal pile growin' small;
Had a heap o' comfort; wuth it, after all.
'Tain't no use o' mournin' 'bout how much it cost.
What makes life wuth living never count as lost.
Jest be good and thankful that you had the dough,
And forget your trouble—spring's most here, you know.

—*Alice P. Curtiss, People's Home Journal.*

WHEN IN TROUBLE.

If there's remedy for trouble, just apply it.
If you fret, your trials double; then keep quiet.
There's no reason for repining—
Trouble is not helped by whining—
If there is a silver lining, haste to spy it.

—*Mrs. Frank A. Breck.*

FEELIN' FINE.

Makes no diff'runce time o' day,
Here at home or fur away,
If he's sick, or feelin' blue,
If he's cold an' hungry, too,
Full o' gout or roomertiz,
Ask Bill Selby how he is,
And his face will fairly shine,
While he says he's "feelin' fine!"

We have seen him hobblin' round,
Nigh bent over to the ground,
Victim of the ager, too,
Workin' for the well-to-do,
Fingers cramped an' cold inside,
But chock-full o' grit an' pride.
Ask him how he is to-day,
"Feelin' fine," is what he'll say.

'Stid o' grumpin' round like some,
Makin' all the world feel glum,
Nursin' aches we never had,
Makin' ev'rybuddy sad,
We should brace ourselves a bit,
Make a show of havin' grit;
An', like Selby, never whine,
Tell the world we're "feelin' fine!"

—Joe Cone, Christian Endeavor World.

'TIS USELESS TO REGRET.

There's many a sad mistake we've made
Throughout our lives, and yet
If we've done the very best we could,
'Tis useless to regret.

ORPHANS.

FROM THE RANKS OF ORPHANS.

Joaquin Miller, the "poet of the Sierras," spent the latter years of his life in the suburbs of Oakland, California, not far from an orphanage. One of his poems is a plea for orphans, and contains these verses:

"Lo, orphaned Lincoln, Garfield; yea,
The orphan surely is God's own.
Aye, blot the orphan's deeds away,
And glory were a page unknown.

"The baby Moses in the reeds;
Nude orphan hidden from the sword—
And yet what deeds, what mighty deeds!
Oh, chosen orphan of the Lord!

"Think! Think! The Christian world to-day,
The Decalogue, all laws, all creeds,
Bank where that baby orphan lay
Low hidden in the lotus reeds!"

LITTLE FEET.

Two little feet, so small that both may nestle
In one caressing hand;
Two tender feet upon the untried border
Of life's mysterious land.

But when the mother's watchful eyes are shrouded
Away from sight of men,
And these dear feet are left without her guiding,
Who shall direct them then?

—*Christian Philanthropist.*

PATRIOTISM.

TAKE THE LOAN.

During the drive for the first Liberty Loan of the United States, in 1917, the following, written by Edward Everett Hale, at the outbreak of the Civil War of 1861, was reprinted in various forms, and scattered broadcast to aid in the sale of bonds:

"Come, freemen of the land,
Come, meet the great demand,
True heart and open hand,
Take the Loan!
For the hopes the prophets saw,
For the swords your brothers draw,
For liberty and law,
Take the Loan!

"Ye ladies of the land,
As ye love the gallant band
Who have drawn a soldier's brand,
Take the Loan!
Who would bring them what she could,
Who would give the soldier food,
Who would staunch her brothers' blood,
Take the Loan!

"All who saw her hosts go by,
All who joined the parting cry,
When we bade them do or die,
Take the Loan!
As we wished their triumph then,
As ye hope to meet again,
And to meet their gaze as men,
Take the Loan!"

AMERICAN ARMY HYMN.

(Tune: "Materna.")

America, America,
We lift our battle-cry!
To live for thee is more than life,
And more than death to die!
Now by the blood our fathers gave
And by our God above,
And by the flag on every grave,
We pledge to thee our love.

America, America,
Bid all thy banners shine!
Oh, mother of the mighty dead,
Our very lives are thine.
At Freedom's altar now we stand
For God and liberty!
Lord God of hosts, at thy command,
We lift our souls to thee.

America, America,
Speed on, by sea and air!
We take the stripes of sacrifice,
The stars of honor dare;
And by the road our fathers trod,
We march to victory,
To fight for freedom and for God,
Till all the world be free.

—Allen Eastman Cross.

THE SIGN OF HOPE.

Flag of the free, thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!

—Joseph Rodman Drake.

THE GARBAGE-MAN'S LAMENT.

Could any other condition of society, except that of "Hooverizing" by saving in every possible way, during the days following America's entrance into the world-war, have driven the rhymesters to the garbage-can? At a food conservation meeting of women in San Francisco, a poem, written by Miss Ada Goldsmith, a high-school teacher, was read, setting forth the lament of the garbage-man, because under the new conditions he found practically nothing in the garbage-can of which he could make any use. Here are the last three verses:

"From it I made da plenty da mon',
And da kids, dey had da plenty da fun,
Wid da tings wot was trun in da can.
Dere was paper ter burn, 'fore da war begun,
Now newspape' he bring twenty dollas da ton—
Notta scrap for da garbage-man.

"I don't never get old shoes any more,
Da kid glove make coat for da aviator,
All da fat is scrape off da pan.
My boy, he say he go to da war,
His moder, she cry, an'she say, 'Wha' for?
I no can understan'."

"There came then, leading the bony old nag,
Peacefully munching oats from a bag,
A youth clad in olive tan.
'Say, dad,' he cried, 'quit chewin' da rag;
Us fellers is goin' to fight fer da flag,'
Said the son to the garbage-man."

THE DEAD SOLDIER.

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of battlefields no more.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

BELGIUM, BRAVE BELGIUM.

(Tune: "Maryland, My Maryland.")

All honor we would give to thee,
Belgium, brave Belgium.
That noble stand for liberty,
Belgium, brave Belgium.
Advancing hosts their progress stayed,
Against a mighty army's raid;
A braver stand was never made,
Belgium, brave Belgium.

Oh, where would we have been to-day,
Belgium, brave Belgium,
Had not your army blocked the way,
Belgium, brave Belgium?
With France and England over-run,
With armies vast of cruel Hun,
But for your part so nobly done,
Belgium, brave Belgium.

That stand you made we'll ne'er forget,
Belgium, brave Belgium.
To you we owe a mighty debt,
Belgium, brave Belgium.
Gone are the lives that stood so true,
Gone are the homes and churches, too,
But *honor* still remains with you,
Belgium, brave Belgium.

—*John Sterling.*

SO MAY IT EVER BE.

No North, no South, no East, no West,
But one great nation Heaven blest.

—*Charles B. Thompson.*

OUR NATION'S BIRTHDAY.

With shouts of delight we welcome the morn;
On this day our country to freedom was born.
With ringing of bells we usher it in,
But not with the old-time disturbance and din.

No smoke-blackened faces and fingerless hands;
We celebrate now by the playing of bands,
Historical pageants and waving of flags,
Not by heads all disfigured and swathed up in rags.

They call it a sane Fourth, and this it should be.
We live in a land that our fathers made free,
And on this its birthday our voices should raise
Loud pæans of joy, thanksgiving and praise.

—*Nellie M. Coye, in "The Young Soldier."*

HAIL, STARRY FLAG!

Hail, starry flag, that 'neath Liberty's sky
Union and freedom have blazoned on high!
Hark! Hear your call! How it sounds through the air!
Truth, honor, justice, are summoning there.

Hail, starry flag, as you go on your way!
Fly at the masthead to welcome each day.
Once more for freedom your struggle shall be,
Claiming our birthright, the realm of the sea.

Hail, starry flag, with your red, white and blue!
Honor and glory we offer to you;
Out from the days of the dim long ago,
Forward, forever, our vanguard, you go!

—*Boston Transcript.*

COMING ALONG.

Talk of the country; it's coming along.
Help it a bit with a smile and a song.
Feel that you trust it and say it right out.
Uncle Sam knows what he's talking about.
Talk of the country, you better be sure
It's going to grow and it's bound to endure.

Talk of the country; don't feel the alarm
Of those that are seeking to do it some harm.
Just you believe that it's right, and you'll find
There are lots of your neighbors exactly your mind.
Talk of the country, no use to fear
The taunt of the cynic, the scoff and the sneer.

Talk of the country; it's fine as you'd wish;
Bubbling and humming, its old flag aswish,
Its heart in communion with right and with truth,
Strong in each muscle and sound in each tooth.
Talk of the country; it's coming along.
Help it a bit with a smile and a song.

—*Baltimore Sun.*

OUR COUNTRY'S EMBLEM.

God bless our country's emblem
That floats o'er land and sea;
God bless each waving star and stripe,
And the men who kept it free—
Men who, 'mid smoke of battle,
And murderous shot and shell,
Held high the gleaming colors
Of the flag they loved so well.

God bless it and preserve it,
Our country's boast and pride,
For love of which a noble host
Have bravely fought and died.
No other flag that fans the air
Shows colors quite so true
To us, as our own Stars and Stripes—
The dear Red, White and Blue.

—Helen Richardson, in "The Young Soldier."

THE SOLDIER.

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the soldier's prize;
The soldier's wealth is honor.

The true, brave soldier ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger.
Remember he's his country's stay
In day and hour of danger.

—Robert Burns.

HURRAH FOR THE FLAG!

There are many flags in many lands,
There are flags of every hue,
But there is no flag, however grand,
Like our own Red, White and Blue.
We shall always love the Stars and Stripes,
And we mean to be ever true
To this land of ours and the dear old flag,
The Red, the White, the Blue.

—Lydia A. Coonley Ward.

FALSE PATRIOTISM.

He talks with emotion of the "brave soldier laddies,"
Of "noble young jackies who sail on the foam,"
Then shoots up the price on potatoes and rice,
And other things needed abroad and at home.
He praises brave mothers who give their sons freely,
Then soaks those same mothers for clothing and food—
But if you cry "traitor," this smooth speculator
Will think you are one of a lunatic brood.

Yet Benedict Arnold was only a piker
Compared to the man who amid all the strife
Will seize on the chances to force huge advances
In things that a nation depends on for life.
He did his foul work in the war of secession,
He poisoned our boys in the conflict with Spain—
High up on a gibbet we ought to exhibit
The traitor who holds up a nation for gain!

—Berton Braley, in American Marine Engineer.

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Only some stripes of red and white,
And some stars on a ground of blue;
Only a little cotton flag.
Is it anything more to you?

Oh, yes, indeed! For beneath its folds
You are safe on land and sea;
It stands for America, brave and strong,
No matter where it may be.

It stands for a land where God is King,
Where His peace and His truth are free.
Let us love it well and keep it pure,
As our banner of liberty.

HARVEY P. MOYER'S "NATIONAL HYMN."

My country, thou shalt be
Sweet land of liberty,
  When justice reigns;
When darkness turns to light,
When wrongs are changed to right,
When truth asserts her might,
  And breaks our chains.

Then poverty shall cease,
Wealth, comforts, joys increase
  On ev'ry hand;
None shall know want or care,
Earth's bounties all shall share,
Rejoicing ev'rywhere,
  Oh, blessed land!

Great God, we cry to Thee—
Love, wisdom, liberty,
  To us be given;
Help us to see the right,
Thy children all unite,
Lead in victorious fight,
  Till earth be heaven.

OUR FLAG.

Resplendent on a field of blue,
  A star for every sovereign State;
With seven bars of crimson hue,
  And six of white in alternate.
Flag of our Union! Everywhere
  On land and sea and under sea,
And in the ocean of the air—
  A pledge of law and liberty.

HONOR TO WASHINGTON.

Honor to Washington, soldier the bravest,
Hero triumphant in warfare's grim art,
Pillar of safety in dangers the gravest,
Idol of every American heart;
Winning a deathless name,
Crowned with eternal fame,
Looming more grandly as ages shall glide,
Blazoned on starry flag,
Graven on mountain crag,
Washington, ever America's pride!

Honor to Washington, patriot the purest,
Servant whose service was free as the air,
Ruler resigning a grasp that was surest,
Model immortal of virtues most rare!
Join then in loudest shout,
Fling all your banners out,
Roll your glad anthems o'er continent wide,
Swelling in chorus grand,
Reaching most distant land,
Washington, ever America's pride!

"OUR COUNTRY, GOD'S COUNTRY."

Let us lift up the slogan, from river to sea;
To Americans all let it say—
Our call, as it throbs o'er the land of the free—
"Our Country, God's Country," for aye!

On prairies, down valleys, where great rivers run;
And far where the mountains rise gray,
Ring it out to the land of the westering sun:
"Our Country, God's Country," for aye!

THE LITTLE ONE-STAR FLAG.

Soon after the "Service Flag" idea was launched, following the sending of American troops to fight in the great European war, Damon Runyon, in the San Francisco *Examiner,* pictured a home in which the father had enlisted:

"Oh, I used to hear the family
In the house across the way—
A father, and a mother, and a child.
And, oh, the noise they used to make;
They'd keep the neighborhood awake—
I sometimes used to think they'd drive me wild!
I glanced across the way the other day;
It seemed too quiet over there, by far.
And hanging in the window of the house across the way
Is a little flag which bears a single star!

"There's a Service Flag in Broadway,
And it flaunts two thousand stars.
Oh, it swings there to the glory
Of the soldiers and the tars.
But no star there in its beauty
Tells of stronger love and duty
Than the little one-star flag across the way."

THE LIBERTY BELL.

Do you love it and revere it?
Hold your hearts and try to hear it!
Lift your honest hands and swear it, true and well!
That the faith your fathers cherished,
And for which they fought and perished,
Shall pervade this favored nation,
Till the latest generation
Echoes back the jubilation of the Bell!

PERSEVERANCE.

TRAVEL ON.

Does the way seem dark and long? Travel on!
In thy heart is there no song? Travel on!
Just beyond the sky is bright;
Just beyond is love and light;
Just beyond there is no night. Travel on!

Do thy hope and courage fail? Travel on!
Seems thy life of no avail? Travel on!
Just beyond are fields elysian;
Just beyond is faith's bright vision;
Just beyond is hope's fruition. Travel on!

—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

STRAIGHT THROUGH.

As life's uneven path we walk,
Our weary pilgrimage
Is full of sloughs of every sort,
From cradle to old age.
We should not try to dodge them all,
We're cowards if we do.
The only square and manly course
Is right straight through.

Although we try to live in peace,
And strive with all our might,
We run against disturbances,
And then we have to fight.
Be ever kind and courteous,
All troubles try eschew;
The best way out of most of them
Is right straight through.

—*Samwell Wilkins.*

THE PRICE.

Whatever of freedom we own,
Somebody has striven and tried for it.
By war through the years it has grown,
By strength of the men who have died for it.
Each stone in the structure of truth,
Some one has made ready and right for it;
Some one has spent heart's blood and youth,
Some one has been willing to fight for it.

Not always has blood been the pay,
But always a price has been paid for it;
The worth of achievement to-day
Is gauged by the struggle we've made for it.
There need not be rancor or hate,
Nor bitterness, terror and blight for it,
But nothing is worthy or great
Unless you are willing to fight for it.

You can not buy progress with gold
(You get but the empty shell of it)
But to win it and earn it and hold,
You must go through the heat and the toil of it.
You must suffer the sweat and the pain,
You must toil all the day and the night for it,
For nothing worth while you can gain
Unless you are willing to fight for it.

—*Berton Braley.*

KEEP TRYING.

If when for life's prizes you're running, you trip,
Get up, start again, "keep a stiff upper lip."

—*Phœbe Cary.*

JUST KEEP ON.

Just keep on a-livin' an' keep on a-givin',
An' keep on a-tryin' to smile;
Just keep on a-singin', a-trustin' an' a-clingin'
To the promise of an after while.

For the sun comes up and the sun goes down,
An' the morning follows night.
There's a place to rest like a mother's breast,
An' a time when things come right.

Just keep on believin' an' a-hidin' all your grievin',
An' keep on a-tryin' to cheer.
Just keep on a-prayin', a-lovin' an' a-sayin'
The things that we love to hear.

For the tide comes in an' the tide goes out,
An' the dark will all turn bright;
There's a rest from the load an' an end to the road,
An' a place where things come right.

—*Clifton Abbott.*

KEEP A-GOIN'.

If you strike a thorn or rose,
Keep a-goin';
If it hails or if it snows,
Keep a-goin';
'Tain't no use to sit and whine,
When the fish ain't on the line;
Bait your hook and keep a-tryin';
Keep a-goin'.

—*Frank L. Stanton.*

MUST BE A DIGGER.

He wanted a job, and, like every one else,
  He wanted a good one, you know;
Where clothes wouldn't soil and hands would keep clean,
  And the salary mustn't be low.
He asked for a pen, but they gave him a spade,
  And he half turned away with a shrug,
But he altered his mind, and, seizing the spade—
    He—dug.

He worked with a will that is bound to succeed,
  And the months and the years went along.
The way it was rough and the labor hard,
  But his heart he kept filled with song.
Some jeered and sneered at the task, but he plugged
  Just as hard as he ever could plug;
Their words never seemed to disturb him a bit—
    As he dug.

The day came at last when they called for the spade,
  And gave him a pen in its place.
The joy of achievement was sweet to his taste,
  And victory shone in his face.
We can't always get what we hope for at first—
  Success cuts many queer jigs,
But one thing is sure—a man will succeed—
    If he digs.

A MAXIM REVISED.

Ladies, to this advice give heed—
  In controlling men:
If at first you don't succeed,
  Why, cry, cry again.

—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

THE ONLY WAY TO WIN.

It takes a little courage
  And a little self-control
And some grim determination,
  If you want to reach the goal.
It takes a deal of striving,
  And a firm and stern-set chin,
No matter what the battle,
  If you really want to win.

There's no easy path to glory,
  There's no rosy road to fame.
Life, however we may view it,
  Is no simple parlor game;
But its prizes call for fighting,
  For endurance and for grit;
For a rugged disposition
  And a "don't-know-when-to-quit."

You must take a blow or give one,
  You must risk and you must lose,
And expect that in the struggle
  You will suffer from the bruise.
But you mustn't wince or falter,
  If a fight you once begin;
Be a man and face the battle—
  That's the only way to win.

KEEP CLIMBING.

Although your chance in life seems small,
  Rough the path and dark,
Don't worry that you're going to fall,
  But get a firmer step.

Slowly trudge on toward the goal,
Keep headed the right way;
Remember you can never win
Life's battles in a day.

Like climbing up a ladder,
Ascending step by step,
Keep your aim the highest,
Lest your mission you forget.

When at last the top is gained,
Thank God the task is done;
Look back upon the steps you've climbed,
The battle nobly won.

—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

THE FELLOW WHO STICKS.

When the game has gone against you,
And your back is to the wall;
When the luck has simply left you,
And your pride seems like to fall;
Though defeat appears quite certain,
And at heart you're feeling sick—
Don't despair—fight to the finish;
Stick it out, lad—*always stick.*

When the clouds loom dark and cheerless,
And you're scorned, discouraged, crossed;
When the future seems quite hopeless,
And you fear your cause is lost;
Don't be tempted then to falter—
Fate oft plays this scurvy trick;
Stick it out and *win*—keep smiling—
Don't give in, lad—*always stick.*

—*Harold Dorning, Boys' World.*

A SOLDIER'S SONG.

Life is a constant warfare
  Between the right and wrong,
And as my fight is for the right,
  I sing a battle song.
Though evil hosts surround me,
  Though unseen foes obsess,
Unto the end I shall defend
  The cause of righteousness.

Not flesh and blood my foemen,
  But subtleties and snares,
And secret sin that stealeth in
  To take me unawares.
But Christ, He is my captain,
  Beloved and obeyed;
With Him at hand I firmly stand,
  Secure and unafraid.

And when the fight is ended,
  By Him so well begun,
What joy for me His face to see,
  And hear Him say, "Well done!"
Lord, help me ere I finish,
  And lay mine armor down,
To win for Thee the victory,
  And gain from Thee the crown.

—*William W. Rock* (*used by permission*).

FROM OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

"Stick to your aim; the mongrel's hold will slip,
But only crowbars loose the bull-dog's grip.
Small though he looks, the jaw that never yields
Drags down the bellowing monarch of the fields."

TACKLE IT WITH COURAGE.

Should life's storms be blowing gusty,
Or the road be hot and dusty,
Don't give up and pull a face all glum and blue;
Cheer up, man, and tackle trouble!
If your efforts you redouble,
There'll be brighter days ahead awaiting you.

Where's the use of whining, moaning,
Or of wasting time in droning?
Never yet have such things pulled a fellow through.
When you've trouble you must meet it,
That's the proper way to treat it;
Always bear in mind results depend on you.

Never heed the whiner's chatter,
'Tis right deeds and acts that matter,
That will pierce the clouds—the roughest pathway span.
Every trouble is made lighter,
And you'll find your outlook brighter,
If you tackle things and face them like a man.

THE BEST WE CAN.

What use to frown when things go wrong,
Since frowns won't set them right?
Be brave of heart and sing a song
To make the burden light.
He gathers flowers by the way
Who says to fellow-man:
"Let's make the most of pleasant things
And do the best we can."

PERSONAL.

SUPPOSE IT WAS YOU.

A chance to make money, a "regular snap,"
You have only to set and exhibit your trap,
Real estate, mining stock, whatever you please,
Will draw in the victims like rats after cheese;
The public will bite, of course it's a shame,
But "business is business," *they're* only to blame—
Say, honest and true, suppose it was you,
If you saw a good snap now what would you do?

A man of position and proud of his fame,
Thinking nothing so good as an unsullied name,
Is one day accused of a scandalous act
Of which he's ashamed, but he knows it's a fact;
To escape just contempt he has but to deny
And save reputation by telling a lie—
Say, honest and true, suppose it was you,
If you were in his place now what would you do?

A temperance man is invited to dine—
A fashionable dinner—of course they had wine,
And some one proposes the hostess and host
As eminent subjects for eloquent toasts;
The lady says sweetly, a smile on her lip,
"For this time, and my sake, just take a sip."
Say, honest and true, suppose it was you,
If you were in his place now what would you do?

—*Frank Beard, in Ram's Horn.*

W. WALSH ON "RIVALRY."

"Of all the torments, all the cares,
With which our lives are cursed;
Of all the plagues a lover bears,
Sure rivals are the worst!"

FOR ME, BUT ONE.

Come a thousand soldiers marching to the war;
Bands are gayly playing, helmets shine afar.
Marches not a braver soldier than my son;
Come a thousand soldiers—for me, but one.

Now a thousand soldiers in the trenches lie,
Worn with weary fighting of the months gone by.
In the winter's snowing, in the summer's sun,
Lie a thousand soldiers—for me, but one.

Lost, a thousand soldiers, so the message comes;
Dirges sadly play it; muffled now the drums.
Gained, a line of trenches, victory is won;
Lost, a thousand soldiers—for me, but one.

—*Christian Herald.*

IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE.

I had a little doggy
  Who went and bit a calf,
And though he did it jokingly
  I really couldn't laugh.
I cut a little birch rod
  And took him down a peg,
Because you see, the calf he bit
  Was one that's on my leg.

—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

IT ALL DEPENDS.

The world is large when its weary leagues
  Two loving hearts divide;
But the world is small when your enemy
  Is loose on the other side.

—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

PESSIMISM.

THE GRUMBLE FAMILY.

There's a family nobody likes to meet,
They live, it is said, on Complaining Street,
In the city of Never-are-Satisfied,
The river of Discontent beside.
They growl at that and they growl at this,
Whatever comes there is something amiss;
And whether their station be high or humble,
They are known by the name of Grumble.

The weather is always too hot or too cold,
Summer and winter alike they scold;
Nothing goes right with the folks you meet
Down on that gloomy Complaining Street.
They growl at the rain and they growl at the sun,
In fact, their growling is never done.
And if everything pleased them, there isn't a doubt
They'd growl that they'd nothing to grumble about!

And the worst thing is that if any one stays
Among them too long he will learn their ways,
And before he dreams of the terrible jumble
He's adopted into the family of Grumble.
So it were wisest to keep our feet
From wandering into Complaining Street;
And never to growl, whatever we do,
Lest we be mistaken for Grumblers too.

—*East and West.*

IT CAN'T BE DONE.

The kicker, the knocker, the slammer,
Create considerable clamor;
But it's really true, you know it, you do—
You can not saw wood with a hammer.

"IT AIN'T THE WORLD—IT'S YOU."

You say the world looks gloomy,
The skies are grim and gray;
The night has lost its quiet—
You fear the coming day.
The world is what you make it,
The sky is gray or blue,
Just as your soul may paint it—
It ain't the world, it's you.

Clear up the clouded vision,
Clean out the foggy mind;
The clouds are always passing,
And each is silver lined.
The world is what you make it—
Then make it bright and true,
And when you say it's gloomy,
It ain't the world, it's you.

TROUBLES THAT NEVER COME.

Oh, I worry over this thing and I worry over that,
But I notice, when the atmosphere has cleared,
The bad luck I'd looked for didn't come and knock me flat,
And I didn't have the trouble that I feared.
Oh, I like to start the morning with an apprehensive sigh,
For I find a bit of worry to my taste.
But I can not help a-thinking, as the years go speeding by,
That an awful lot of worry goes to waste.

—*Pittsburgh Post.*

IT DOESN'T ENDURE.

A little power, a little transient fame,
A grave to rest in, and a fading name.

—*William Winter.*

PRAYER.

THE COWBOY'S PRAYER.

O Lord, I've never lived where churches grow;
I love creation better as it stood
The day you finished it so long ago,
And looked upon your work and called it good.
I know that others find you in the light
That sifted down through tinted window panes,
And yet I seem to feel you near to-night
In this dim starlight on the plains.

I thank you, Lord, that I am placed so well;
That you have made my freedom so complete;
That I'm no slave of whistle, clock or bell,
Or weak-eyed prisoner of wall and street.
Let me be easy on the man that's down,
And make me square and generous with all.
I'm careless sometimes, Lord, when I'm in town,
But never let them say I'm mean or small.

Forgive me, Lord, when something I forget;
You understand the reasons that are hid.
You know about the things that gall and fret;
You know me better than my mother did.
Just keep an eye on all that's done and said,
Just right me sometimes when I turn aside,
And guide me on the long, dim trail ahead
That stretches upward toward the Great Divide.

—*Chas. B. Clark, Jr., in Pacific Monthly.*

J. MONTGOMERY ON "PRAYER."

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast."

AN EVENING PRAYER.

If I have done an unkind act to-day,
If I have caused a falt'ring step to stray,
If I have walked far from thy chosen way,
Dear Lord, forgive, forgive.

If I have spoken cruel words of wrong,
Or made a discord in some grand, sweet song,
If I have wandered aimlessly along,
Dear Lord, forgive, forgive.

And when my life has hastened to its end,
Oh, thou, my soul's true, tried and faithful friend,
Be with me, and thy peace and mercy send,
And, Lord, forgive, forgive.

—*Bess Kime Baker.*

MY PRAYING FRIEND.

I have a friend who is praying for me,
And it gives me strength for the fray;
It cheers my heart and steadies my nerve,
And helps me on life's rough way.

When I falter and fear to take the next step,
Lest I make crooked paths for my feet,
I remember my friend with heart true as steel,
Who prays lest I suffer defeat.

I am lonely and sad some days as I go,
But I can not give way to despair,
For I've one who loves and faithfully goes
To the throne and pleads my cause there.

—*Tokyo Christian.*

PREFERENCE.

THE CONTRARY CLOCK.

I'm out of patience with our clock,
Although I like his old "tick-tock."
He always seems to tease me so;
When I must practice, he's so slow,
An hour's as long as half a day,
And when at last I go to play,
He hurries time along so fast,
The little hours go *flying* past!
I wish our clock would use his wings
When I must practice scales and things;
Then, when 'tis playtime, I'd like best
To have him stop awhile and rest.

—Daisy Stephenson, Christian Register.

HOW DICK GOES.

When mother wants an errand done,
And calls on Dick, you would suppose
His power of motion failing, from
The way he goes!
But when the band plays down the street,
Then he's alive from head to toes;
You'd think he ran by steam-power, from
The way he goes!

—Emily Henderson, Youth's Companion.

BE CAREFUL WITH NAMES.

There's something in a name, I vow,
In spite of what bards utter;
The "Samson" brand—consider now—
Would never do for butter.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

PROGRESS.

THE BEST YET TO COME.

The world is old, but the heart is young,
And its sweetest songs are yet unsung.
Earth's richest treasures are yet unsought;
Earth's bravest battles are yet unfought.
As we slowly mount earth's heights sublime,
We read these words on the wall of time:
"No room in this age for the drone to shirk—
For the need of the world is honest work."

Down deep in the earth—in the blackened soil—
Shut out from the light does the miner toil.
But, see! At the sound of each ringing blow,
How the factories hum and the hearth-fires glow!
The farmer wakes with earliest light,
And toils in his field from morn till night.
No king could a worthier service yield,
"For even the king is served by the field."

With a disc of glass in his careful hand,
As he fashions a lens, see the master stand!
His work is finished, and, mounted on high,
A mighty telescope sweeps the sky.
Then, work and win, for the world is wide,
And its doors will open on every side.
Look not on the past with a vain regret,
For the "best things haven't happened yet."

—Mrs. Annie E. Smiley, in Zion's Herald.

EACH IN ITS TURN.

Thus times do shift; each thing his turn does hold;
New things succeed, as former things grow old.

—Herrick.

WHERE THERE'S ROOM.

There is always a way to rise, my lad,
Always a way to advance,
But the road that leads to Mount Success
Does not pass by the way of Chance;
It goes through the stations Work and Strife,
Through the valley of Persevere,
And the man that succeeds while others fail
Must be willing to pay most dear.

For there's always a way to fail, my lad,
Always a way to slide,
And the men you find at the foot of the hill
All sought for an easy ride.
So on and up, though the road be rough,
And the storms come thick and fast;
There is room at the top for the fellow who tries,
And victory comes at last.

—*Richard Burton.*

SONG OF THE WIRELESS.

Tah-daah-dah-dah, the king am I, the monarch of to-day;
O'er earth and air and sea and sky I hold unquestioned sway.
My messages are broadcast—seek not a chosen few,
But fall alike upon the ears of Christian, pagan, Jew.
I span the raging oceans,
Safe from all their wild emotions,
And I flout the booming breaker as he rages far below;
I join the hands of nations
In firm, new-born relations;
I unify the universe; I'm king—King Radio!

—*V. C. Jewel, in Leslie's Weekly.*

PROVIDENCE.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

In a poem under this title, the writer tells of standing on a bridge, watching the current beneath, when a fly fell into the water, and thought sure that either a fish would get it, or that it would be drowned. Then suddenly

A leaf that fell into the streamlet
Became an ark to the poor little fly,
Which soon to the land reascending,
Spread its wings in the breezes to dry.

Ah! sweet was the truth that was whispered,
That mortals should never despair,
For He who takes care of an insect,
Much more for His children will care.

And though to our short-sighted vision
No way of escape may appear,
Let us trust, for when least we expect it,
The help of "our Father" is near.

THE WAY OUT.

"When the outlook is dark, try the uplook."
These words hold a message of cheer;
Be glad while repeating them over,
And smile when the shadows appear.

Above and beyond stands the Master.
He sees what we do for His sake;
He never will fail nor forsake us,
"He knoweth the way that we take."

—*British Weekly.*

GOD AND MAN.

Whenever I am prone to doubt and wonder,
I check myself, and say, that mighty One
Who made the solar system can not blunder,
And for the best all things are being done.
He who set the stars on their eternal courses,
Has fashioned this strange earth by some sure plan.
Bow low—bow low to those majestic forces,
Nor dare to doubt their wisdom, puny man.

You can not put one little star in motion,
You can not shape one single forest leaf,
Nor fling a mountain up, nor sink an ocean,
Presumptuous pygmy, large with unbelief!
You can not bring one dawn of regal splendor,
Nor bid the day to shadowy twilight fall,
Nor send the pale moon forth with radiance tender;
And dare you doubt the One who has done all?

—*S. A. Nagel, in Signs of the Times.*

CAUSE FOR GRATITUDE.

It is seldom that all the letters of the alphabet are to be found even on a page of an ordinary book, says a boys' paper, but here they are in a rhyme of four lines:

"God gives the grazing ox his meat,
And quickly hears the sheep's low cry,
But man, who tastes his finest wheat,
Should joy to lift his praises high."

GOD IS ALL AND IN ALL.

From thee, great God, we spring, to thee we tend,
Path, motive, guide, original, and end.

—*Dr. S. Johnson.*

PURPOSE.

WHAT ARE YOU HERE FOR?

If you've never made another
  Have a happier time in life;
If you've never helped a brother
  Through his struggle and his strife;

If you've never been a comfort
  To the weary and the worn—
Will you tell us what you're here for
  In this lovely land of morn?

If you've never made the pathway
  Of some neighbor glow with sun;
If you've never brought a bubble
  To some fellow's heart with fun;

If you've never cheered a toiler
  That you tried to help along—
Will you tell us what you're here for
  In this lovely land of song?

If you've never made a comrade
  Feel the world a sweeter place
Because you lived within it,
  And had served it with your grace;

If you've never heard a woman
  Or a little child proclaim
A blessing on your bounty—
  You're a poor hand at the game.

—*Baltimore Sun.*

HANNAH MORE, IN "FLORIO."

"'Twas doing nothing was his curse;
  Is there a vice can plague us worse?"

THE DERELICTS.

There's a ship floats past with a swaying lurch,
No sails, no crew, no spar;
And she drifts from the paths of her sister ships
To the place where the dead ships are.
The song of her crew is hushed for aye,
Her name no man can say;
She is ruled by the tide and whatever wind blows—
And no one knows where the derelict goes.

There's a man slinks past with a lurching gait,
No joy, no hope, no star;
And he drifts from the paths of his brother men,
To wherever the other wrecks are.
The song of his youth is hushed for aye,
His name but he can say;
He is ruled by the tide and whatever wind blows—
And no one knows where the derelict goes.

—*Harper's Monthly.*

LIFE'S PURPOSE.

If I can live
To make some pale face brighter, and to give
A second lustre to some tear-dimmed eye,
Or e'en impart
One throb of comfort to an aching heart,
Or cheer some way-worn soul in passing by;
If I can lend
A strong hand to the fallen, or defend
The right against a single envious strain—
My life, though bare
Perhaps of much that seemeth dear and fair
To us on earth, will not have been in vain.

THE PURPOSE OF PRAYER.

The camel, at the close of day,
  Kneels down upon the sandy plain
To have his burden lifted off
  And rest to gain.

My soul, thou, too, shouldst to thy knees
  When daylight draweth to a close,
And let the Master lift the load
  And grant repose.

The camel kneels at break of day
  To have his guide replace his load,
Then rises up anew to take
  The desert road.

So thou shouldst kneel at morning's dawn
  That God may give thee daily care,
Assured that He no load too great
  Will make thee bear.

THE BIRD AND THE CAT.

A kitten looked up with a sanctified grin,
  Singing, "Birdie, nice birdie, sweet birdie."
When the robin descended she gobbled him in,
  Singing, "Birdie, nice birdie, sweet birdie."
It is so with the compliments some people pay;
If we loiter a little, we can't get away,
And the cold iron bars of our prison still say,
  "Nice birdie, dear birdie, sweet birdie."

—Samwell Wilkins.

QUESTIONS.

HUMAN LIMITATIONS.

Can you put the spider's web back in place
That once has been swept away?
Can you put the apple again on the bough
Which fell at your feet to-day?
Can you put the lily cup back on the stem
And cause it to live and grow?
Can you mend the butterfly's broken wing
That you crushed with a hasty blow?
Can you put the bloom again on the grape,
And the grape again on the vine?
Can you put the dewdrops back on the flowers,
And make them sparkle and shine?
Can you put the kernel again in the nut,
Or the broken egg in the shell?
Can you put the honey back in the comb,
And cover with wax each cell?
You think my questions are trifling, dear,
Let me ask you another one:
Can a hasty word be ever unsaid,
Or a deed unkind undone?

WHO KNOWS?

Is a ringing laugh a proof of joy,
Or a dampened eye a sign of pain?
I've heard the first from the lips of grief,
And the last a symbol of love's refrain.

—*J. S. Callen.*

TOOT! TOOT!

A tutor who tooted a flute,
Tried to teach two tooters to toot.
Said the two to the tutor, "Is it harder to toot,
Or to tutor two tooters to toot?"

RECEPTIVITY.

OPEN THE DOOR.

Open the door, let in the air;
The winds are sweet and the flowers are fair.
Joy is abroad in the world to-day;
If our door is wide, it may come this way.

Open the door, let in the sun;
He hath a smile for every one.
He hath made of the raindrops gold and gems;
He may change our tears to diadems.

Open the door of the soul, let in
Strong, pure thoughts which shall banish sin.
They will grow and bloom with grace divine,
And their fruit shall be sweeter than that of the vine.

Open the door of the heart; let in
Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin.
It will make the halls of the heart so fair
That angels may enter unaware.

—*British Weekly.*

THE SONG OF LIFE.

In every heart there is a chord
  In tune with all that's good and true,
And if you touch the golden string,
  'Twill sing its song of life to you.

Perhaps 'tis hid by toil and pain,
  Or sin's dark shadows, thick and black,
But once you touch it with your love,
  The music will come singing back.

—*Frances Morton, in Girls' Companion.*

THE OTHER FELLOW'S SIDE.

O'er and often I've discovered
That the other fellow knew
Lots of things about some subjects
Which I didn't think were true.

Keep the path your mind would travel,
Broad and open all the way;
Walk with Wisdom's comrade—Caution—
Heeding all he has to say.

And no matter what arises,
Ere against it you have cried,
Try to look upon the subject
From the other fellow's side.

IT'S MOSTLY UP TO YOU.

When you start out of a morning
With your luck a-running wrong,
The birds along your pathway
Have a harshness in their song,
And the grass, though soft and velvet,
You will sort o' stumble through;
Such times, if you want things better,
Friend, it's mostly up to you.

'Tain't hard smiling with the sunshine,
But it's during stormy spells,
When our weary feet are slipping,
That the stuff what's in us tells.
No, you don't have flowers always
In the paths you travel through;
Still, if you would have things better,
Friend, it's mostly up to you.

RECREATION.

GIVE THEM A PLACE TO PLAY.

Plenty of room for shops and stores—
Mammon must have the best—
Plenty of room for dives and dens
That rot on the city's breast.
Plenty of room for the lures that lead
The hearts of our youth astray,
But never a cent on a playground spent;
No, never a place to play.

Plenty of room for schools and halls,
Plenty of room for art;
Plenty of room for teas and balls,
Platform, stage and mart.
Proud is the city—she finds a place
For many a fad to-day,
But she's more than blind if she fails to find
A place for the boys to play.

Give them a chance for innocent sport,
Give them a chance for fun;
Better a playground plot than a court
And a jail when the harm is done!
Give them a chance—if you stint them now,
To-morrow you'll have to pay
A larger bill for darker ill,
So give them a place to play.

—*Denis A. McCarthy, in "A Round of Rimes." (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)*

ONE OF LEIGH HUNT'S COUPLETS.

"Oh for a seat in some poetic nook,
Just hid with trees and sparkling with a brook!"

THE JOYS OF CAMPING.

Jest a settin' in the shadders
An' a-smilin' at the sky,
An' a-dreamin' God is movin'
In each livin' thing 'at's nigh;
Jest a-soakin' in the sunshine
An' the fragrance-loaded breeze,
Jest a-thawin' out yer heart an' soul
Beneath the loaded trees—
That's campin'.

Jest a-dippin' in the water
An' a-dryin' in the sun,
Jest a-sweepin' out yer troubles
An' a-crammin' full o' fun;
Jest a-fillin' up yer storehouse
Bustin' full o' peace an' health,
Jest a-learnin' men can't measure
This here nature's gift of wealth—
That's campin'.

—Mrs. F. T. Porter, in Christian Journal.

IN THE SPRINGTIME.

Say, did you give the thrilling transport way,
Did your eyes brighten when young lambs at play
Leaped o'er your path with animated pride,
Or gazed in merry clusters by your side?
Ye who can smile—to wisdom no disgrace—
At the arch meaning of a kitten's face;
If spotless innocence and infant mirth
Excite no praise, or give reflection birth;
In shades like these pursue your favorite joy,
Midst nature's revels, sports that never cloy.

—Robert Bloomfield.

REFLECTION.

THE BETTER MAN.

A convict in Joliet, in a letter in rhyme to a friend, after reviewing some of his past, continued:

"The old, old story, Billy,
Of pleasures that end in tears;
The froth that foams for an hour,
The dregs that are tasted for years.

"Last night I sat here and pondered
On the end of my evil ways;
There arose, like a phantom before me,
The vision of boyhood days.
I thought of my old home, Billy,
Of the schoolhouse that stood on the hill,
Of the brook that flowed through the meadow;
I can e'en hear its music still.

'Again, I thought of my mother,
Of the mother who taught me to pray,
Whose love was a precious treasure
That I heedlessly cast away.
I saw again in my visions
The fresh-lipped, careless boy,
To whom the future was boundless,
And the world but a mighty toy.

"I thought of all this as I sat there,
Of my ruined and wasted life,
And the pangs of remorse were bitter—
They pierced my heart like a knife.
It takes some courage, Billy,
To laugh in the face of fate,
When the yearning ambitions of manhood
Are blasted at twenty-eight."

OUR OWN.

How many go forth in the morning,
  Who never come home at night;
And hearts have broken for harsh words spoken
  That sorrow can never set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger,
  And smiles for the sometime guest,
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
  Though we love our own the best.

Ah, lips with the curve impatient,
  Ah, brow with that look of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate were the night too late
  To undo the work of the morn.

AS SEEN IN CHURCH.

Just in front of my pew sits a maiden,
  A little brown wing on her hat,
With its touches of tropical azure,
  And sheen of the sun upon that.
Through the bloom-colored pane shines a glory
  By which the vast shadows are stirred,
But I pine for the spirit and splendor
  That painted the wing of the bird.

The organ rolls down its great anthem;
  With the soul of a song it is blent;
But for me, I am sick for the singing
  Of one little song that is spent.
The voice of the curate is gentle:
  "No sparrow shall fall to the ground;"
But the poor broken wing on the bonnet
  Is mocking the merciful sound.

—Our Sunday Afternoon.

RESPONSIBILITY.

'TIS YOU, MY FRIEND.

The world is waiting for somebody,
  Waiting and watching to-day;
Somebody to lift up and strengthen,
  Somebody to shield and stay.
Do you thoughtfully question, "Who?"
'Tis you, my friend, 'tis you.

The world is waiting for somebody,
  The sad world, bleak and cold,
When wan-faced children are watching
  For hope in the eyes of the old.
Do you wond'ring question, "Who?"
'Tis you, my friend, 'tis you.

The world is waiting for somebody,
  And has been years on years;
Somebody to soften its sorrows,
  Somebody to heed its tears.
Then doubting question no longer, "Who?"
For, oh, my friend, 'tis you!

WAS IT YOU?

Some one started the whole day wrong—was it you?
Some one robbed the day of its song—was it you?
Early this morning some one frowned;
  Some one sulked until others scowled,
And soon harsh words were passed around—was it you?

Some one started the day aright—was it you?
Some one made it happy and bright—was it you?
Early this morning, we are told,
  Some one smiled, and all through the day
This smile encouraged young and old—was it you?

—*Stewart I. Long, in New York Sun.*

IT ISN'T YOUR TOWN, IT'S YOU.

The following verses have been used in boosting all sorts of organizations, simply by changing the word "town" to "church," "school," "club," "lodge," or whatever it may be:

"If you want to live in the kind of a town
Like the kind of a town you like,
You needn't slip your clothes in a grip
And start on a long, long hike.
You'll only find what you left behind,
For there's nothing that's really new;
It's a knock at yourself when you knock the town—
It isn't your town, it's *you.*

"Real towns are not made by men afraid,
Lest some one else gets ahead;
When every one works and nobody shirks,
You can raise a town from the dead.
And if, when you make your personal stake,
Your neighbor can make one, too,
Your town will be what you want to see—
It isn't your town, it's *you!*"

THE RECORD.

A writer supposes that if all we say in a single day were printed each night in clear black and white, and that if before closing our eyes in sleep we were compelled to read the entire record through, it would make us more thoughtful before we speak, adding:

"And I more than half think that many a kink
Would be smothered in life's tangled thread,
If one-half what we say in a single day
Were left forever unsaid."

THE ELDER BROTHER.

Sometimes at night they leave the lad with me,
When I must "bone" with civics, trig, or Greek.
Then, though he's safe asleep and I am free,
There's something yet unnamed that makes me sneak
Into his bedroom and switch on the light
And turn the pillow's cool side to his face,
And tuck the covers 'round his neck just right,
Then sigh and tiptoe gently from the place.

When they come home, I do not tell them this;
But feign a vast and bored indifference.
For worlds I would not own the poignant bliss
I find in some new, fine protective sense.
It is too sweet for me to babble of,
Or to indulge in where it might be seen.
But something whispers this is parent-love
In its first stirrings—and it keeps me clean.

—Strickland Gillilan, Ladies' World.

CAREFUL WITH WORDS.

Boys, flying kites, haul in their white-winged birds;
You can't do that when you're flying words.
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead,
But God himself can't kill them when they're said.

—Will Carleton, in "First Settler's Story."

YOUR INFLUENCE.

You are writing each day a letter to men.
Take care that the writing is true.
'Tis the only gospel that some men will read—
That gospel according to you.

—Evangelical Messenger.

RESTLESSNESS.

THE "KULTURED" EVOLUTIONIST.

Backward, turn backward, oh Time, in your flight,
Make me a monkey again, just for to-night!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between;
Yet, with a strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night to be a monkey again.
Come from the jungles so spooky and deep;
Rock, me, oh monkey mother, rock me to sleep.

Mother, dear monkey, the years have been long
Since I last listened to your chattering song.
Chatter, and unto my soul it shall seem
Evolution's years have been only a dream.
Clasped on your back with a long, gangling tail,
Hide me again in the jungle's dark vale,
Never hereafter to evolve or to weep—
Back in the jungles, oh rock me to sleep!

—Harry Benton, in Christian Journal.

THE OTHER FELLOW'S JOB.

There's a craze among us mortals
  That is cruel hard to name,
Wheresoe'er you find a human
  You will find the case the same.
Each believes his real calling
  Is along some other line
Than the one at which he's working—
  Take, for instance, yours and mine.
From the meanest "me-too" creature
  To the leader of the mob,
There's a universal craving
  For the other fellow's job.

There are millions of positions
In the busy world to-day,
Each a drudge to him that holds it,
But to him that doesn't, play.
Any task you care to mention
Seems a vastly better lot
Than the one especial something
Which you happen to have got.
There's but one sure way to smother
Envy's heartache and her sob:
Keep too busy at your own to want
The other fellow's job.

—*Strickland W. Gillilan.*

THE MAN WHO QUITS.

The man who quits has a brain and hand
As good as the next, but he lacks the sand
That would make him stick with a courage stout
To whatever he tackles and fight it out.

He starts with a rush and a solemn vow
That he'll soon be showing the others how;
Then something new strikes his roving eye,
And his task is left for the bye and bye.

No man is beaten till he gives in;
Hard luck can't stand for a cheerful grin;
The man who fails needs a better excuse
Than the quitter's whining "What's the use?"

For the man who quits lets his chances slip,
Just because he's too lazy to keep his grip.
The man who sticks goes ahead with a shout,
While the man who quits joins the "down and out."

—*Metropolitan.*

SELF-CONTROL.

THINGS WE CAN NOT AFFORD.

We can't afford to win the gain
That means another's loss;
We can't afford to miss the crown
By stumbling at the cross.
We can't afford the heedless jest
That robs us of a friend;
We can't afford the laugh that finds
In bitter tears an end.

We can't afford the feast to-day
That brings to-morrow's fast;
We can't afford the farce that comes
To tragedy at last.
We can't afford to play with fire,
Or tempt a serpent's bite;
We can't afford to think that sin
Brings any true delight.

We can't afford to lose the soul
For this world's fleeting breath;
We can't afford to barter life
In mad exchange for death.
But blind to good are we apart
From Thee, all-seeing Lord;
Oh, grant us light that we may know
The things we can't afford.

STEPPING-STONES.

I hold it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

—*Tennyson.*

THE DEVIL NEVER RESTS NOR FASTS.

If self-control in food, why not in drink? During the time when Americans were observiing wheatless, meatless and "eatless" days, as an aid in winning the great war, a writer signing himself "A. C. J.," in the San Francisco *Examiner,* made a plea for a "boozeless" day, closing with the following verse:

"If days that are wheatless and meatless
And eatless will help us to win,
We might have a day that is "heatless,"
And pass up the "red-eye" and gin,
The high ball, the old Tom-and-Jerry,
The cocktail, the rickey and nogg;
We might be as merry by giving a very
Large kick to old Demon R. Grog!"

IF I COULD CHOOSE.

I would not dare, though it were offered me,
To plan my lot for but a single day;
So sure am I that all my life would be
Marked with a blot in token of my sway.
But were it granted me this day to choose
One shining bead from the world's jeweled string,
Favor and fortune I would quick refuse
To grasp a richer and more costly thing—
To own this gem is to command the rest.
It is the Kohinoor called Self-control.

IF WE TAKE THEM RIGHT.

The little worries which we meet each day
May lie as stumbling-blocks across our way,
Or we may make them stepping-stones to be
Of grace, O Christ, to Thee.

—*Mrs. A. E. Hamilton.*

SELFISHNESS.

IT IS EASY, SO EASY.

So easy to say what another should do,
  So easy to settle his cares;
So easy to tell what road to pursue,
  And dispose of the burden he bears.
It is easy to bid him be brave and be strong,
  And to make all his shortcomings known;
But, oh, it's so hard when the care and the wrong
  And the dangers we face are our own.

The need of another it's easy to see
  When our own wants are all satisfied,
And bold and courageous it's easy to be
  When it isn't our souls that are tried.
But, oh, it's so hard when we're stumbling along
  To keep ourselves steadfast and true;
It is easy to tell some one else to be strong;
  It's easier to talk than to do.

THE DANGER.

Pins and needles had a party,
  But they quarreled so,
That they all went home a-crying
  'Fore 'twas time to go.
"What a creature!" groaned the needle,
  "Hasn't any eye!"
"What's a dozen eyes worth, stupid?
  Heads come twice as high!"
When they met, pins tossed their heads up,
  Needles shut their eyes.
'Tis in little bits of quarrels
  That the danger lies.

—Deborah E. Olds, in St. Nicholas.

SERVICE.

FATHERS AND SONS.

The Young Men's Christian Association deserves the thanks of fathers and sons everywhere for inaugurating the plan of "Father and Son" meetings, observed once a year in local associations and churches. The following beautiful poem, by Rev. Oscar E. Maurer, may be sung to the tune, "Ancient of Days," or recited:

"Fathers and sons, in faith together standing,
Pledge new allegiance to the Lord of lords.
Loyal to Christ, rejoice in His commanding;
Show that your living faith is more than words.

"Fathers and sons, in prayer together kneeling,
Open your hearts; make your petitions known;
Voice to voice, your inmost needs revealing;
Doubt not new strength is granted from the Throne.

"Fathers and sons, put on the Christian armor;
Gird on the Spirit's sword and face the foe.
Never faint-hearted scorn each weak alarmer;
Shoulder to shoulder into battle go.

"Fathers and sons, the Church of Christ is waiting,
Waiting for valiant, fearless men, and true;
Lovers of right, all foul injustice hating,
Clear comes the ringing call of Christ to you.

"Father of men, make keen our ears to hear Thee;
Make swift our feet to answer to Thy call.
Win thou our hearts till we no longer fear Thee,
But follow gladly, sons and fathers all."

THE BURDEN-BEARER.

Lazarus lies unfed and fainting,
Peter sinks beneath the wave;
Loving Mary lingers sadly
Near the Saviour's guarded grave;
Blind Bartimeus by the wayside
Begs his bread disconsolate;
For the "moving of the waters"
At the pool the suffering wait.
Mary Magdalene is weeping,
Friendless in her sin and shame—
But their burdens all were lifted
When the Burden Bearer came.

Every phase of human sorrow
Fills the path we tread to-day.
"Harps are hanging on the willow,"
Souls are fainting by the way,
But there still is "balm in Gilead,"
And though here on earth we weep,
God within His many mansions,
Giveth His beloved sleep.

On the cloud His rainbow glitters;
Shines the star of faith above;
God will not forsake nor leave us,
If we trust His grace and love.
Then beyond the shining river
We shall praise His holy name,
That to bear *our* sins and sorrows
Christ, the Burden Bearer, came.

—*J. Spoonamore.*

"LIVING, LOVING, LIFTING"

The title of this poem, by Will H. Dixon, of Fremont, Nebraska, is the motto of the Loyal Daughters branch of the Loyal Movement plan of class organization:

"*Living* in the path his pierced feet have trod,
Neither for fame nor for glory,
Yet climbing the heights that lead unto God,
As told in song and in story;
Knowing full well day followeth night,
As sands through the hour-glass are shifting,
We climb the ladder that leads into light,
By Living, Loving and Lifting.

"*Loving* the light and sweet grace of His word,
Loving the truth He hath given,
Practicing ever the truth we have heard,
Climbing the heights unto Heaven;
Loving the least of His little ones here,
True to our path, never drifting.
We toil through the night, and pass to the light
By Living, Loving and Lifting.

"*Lifting* the load of the brother who falls
With the grace the Master hath given,
Lifting him up where stern duty calls,
Pointing his feet unto Heaven;
Thus we pass on in the pathway of light,
Though clouds around us be drifting;
We pass through the night, and climb to the height
By Living, Loving and Lifting."

THE MAN WHO DOES HIS BEST.

We can not all be geniuses,
  Or conquer wealth and fame;
We can not all do wondrous things
  To make ourselves a name.
We can not all feel confident
  Of meeting every test,
But when we have our work to do
  We all can do our best.

Our best may not be wonderful,
  Judged by a standard high,
But we can all do something well
  If we will only try.
And if we try our level best,
  Performing every task
With all our might, why, that is all
  That any one can ask.

We can not all be famous—
  If we were, 'twould cheapen fame;
We can not all be rich enough
  To give ourselves a name.
We can not all expect to be
  Distinguished from the rest,
But some reward is certain
  For the man who does his best.

—*Somerville Journal.*

WHAT CHRIST SAID.

I said, "Let me walk in the fields."
  He said, "No, walk in the town."
I said, "There are no flowers there."
  He said, "No flowers, but a crown."

I said, "But the skies are black;
There is nothing but noise and din."
And He wept as He sent me back;
"There is more," He said, "there is sin."

I said, "But the air is thick,
And fogs are veiling the sun."
He answered, "Yet souls are sick,
And souls in the dark undone."

I said, "I shall miss the light,
And friends will miss me, they say."
He answered, "Choose to-night
If I am to miss you, or they."

I pleaded for time to be given.
He said, "Is it hard to decide?
It will not seem hard in heaven
To have followed the steps of your Guide."

—*George Macdonald.*

"IT IS MY BROTHER."

I met a slender little maid,
A rosy burden bearing;
"Is it not heavy, dear?" I said,
As past me she was hurrying.
She looked at me with grave, sweet eyes,
This fragile little mother,
And answered as in swift surprise:
"Oh, no, sir; it's my brother."
Did all of us the secret seek
Of this dear little mother,
Unwearyingly we'd bear the weak,
Because he is our brother.

THE RED TRIANGLE.

Daniel M. Henderson, winner of the $250 National Arts prize for the best war poem, "The Road to France," is the author of the following poem, published in *Association Men,* setting forth the work of the Y. M. C. A. in the war camps and at the battle-fronts, the Red Triangle being the symbol of the threefold work done, along physical, mental and spiritual lines:

"Lift up the Red Triangle beside the thundering guns—
A friend, a shield, a solace to our ten million sons!
Go build a hut or dugout by billet or by trench—
A shelter from the horror, the cold, the filth, the stench;
Where boys we love, returning from out the gory loam,
Can sight the Red Triangle and find a bit of home.

"Lift up the Red Triangle 'gainst things that mar and maim;
It conquers Booze the wrecker, it kills the House of Shame.
Go make a friendly corner, so lads can take the pen
And get in touch with mother and God's clean things again.
Where Hell's destroying forces are leagued with Potsdam's crew,
Lift up the Red Triangle—and help our boys 'come through'!"

THE SECRET OF LIVING.

I looked upon a sea, and lo! 'twas dead,
Although by Hermon's snows and Jordan fed.
How came a fate so dire? The tale's soon told:
All that it got it kept and fast did hold.

Oh, sea that's dead! Teach me to know and feel
That selfish grasp and greed my doom will seal.
And help me, Lord, my best myself to give
That I may others bless and like Thee live.

—*W. E. Doughty.*

TWO WAYS LEAD DOWN.

The tenth chapter of Luke contains the parable of the good Samaritan, who, after a priest and a Levite had left a wounded man to his fate, dressed his wounds and cared for him:

"Two ways lead down to Jericho;
And one is the way men go
Who close their ears, and care no jot
If others win the way or not;
Who fix their goal, and brush aside
The little ones for whom One died,
Because they would be first below—
Two ways lead down to Jericho.

"Two ways lead down to Jericho;
And one is the way men go
With hearts to hear when others call
Who faint and stumble, fear and fall.
They know that God gives skill and speed
To those who give to brother need,
Since Love is swift as Greed is slow—
Two ways lead down to Jericho.

"Two ways there be, the high and low—
Are there two ways to Jericho?"

—Roy Temple House, in Christian Advocate.

THE PLAN OF LIFE.

The seed ye sow, another reaps;
The wealth ye find, another keeps;
The robes ye weave, another wears;
The arms ye forge, another bears.

—Shelley.

NOT HIS JOB.

"I'm not supposed to do that," said he,
When an extra task he chanced to see;
"That's not my job, and it's not my care,
So I'll pass it by and leave it there."

And time went on and he kept his place,
But he never altered his easy pace,
And folks remarked on how well he knew
The line of the tasks he was hired to do.

But there in his foolish rut he stayed,
And for all he did was fairly paid.
But he never was worth a dollar more
Than he got for his toil when the week was o'er.

If you find a task, though it's not your bit,
And it should be done, take care of it.
For you'll never conquer or rise if you
Do only the things you're supposed to do.

—*Edgar A. Guest.*

WHAT OF TO-DAY?

We shall reap such joys in the by and by;
But what have we sown to-day?
We shall build us mansions in the sky;
But what have we built to-day?

'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask,
But here and now do we do our task?
Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask:
What have we done to-day?

—*Nixon Waterman.*

THE MAN WHO WORKS IN THE SHOP.

The *Baltimore & Ohio Employees' Magazine* pays a tribute, in rhyme, to the man who works in the shop, recounting how the praises of the brave engineer and firemen are always sung, "but never a word have you ever heard of the man who works in the shop." He it is who makes it possible the sixty miles an hour, for if he'd make a single mistake, the engine would furnish no power:

"Then here's to the skilled mechanic,
The expert who works just so,
That the engineer has no cause for fear
With his engine, fast or slow;
And when the last whistle is sounded,
And the last signal given to stop,
On the Heaven-bound line, in a day-coach fine,
Rides the man who worked in the shop."

THE PLODDER'S PETITION.

Lord, let me not be too content
With life in trifling service spent—
Make me aspire!
When days with petty cares are filled,
Let me with fleeting thoughts be thrilled
Of something higher.

Help me to long for mental grace,
To struggle with the commonplace
I daily find;
May little deeds not bring to fruit
A crop of little thoughts to suit
A shriveled mind.

—*Helen Gilbert.*

THE CALL OF THE NEW YEAR.

Quit you like men, be strong;
There's a burden to bear, there's a grief to share,
There's a heart that breaks 'neath a load of care—
But fare ye forth with a song.

Quit you like men, be strong;
There's a battle to fight, there's a wrong to right,
There's a God blesses the good with might—
So fare ye forth with a song.

Quit you like men, be strong;
There's a year of grace, there's a God to face,
There's another heat in the great world race—
Speed! Speed it with a song!

—*William Herbert Hudnut.*

A PRAYER FOR STRENGTH.

Make thou me strong, O Lord!
Not for the victor's wreathed crown,
Not for the glory and renown,
But in the hour of grim defeat
That comes upon the battle's heat—
Bless Thou my blunted sword!

Make thou me strong, O Lord!
Not for the council's highest seat,
But mingling in the crowded street
To speak with yonder lowly man
As with a brother, of Thy plan—
Bless thou my humble word!

—*Elizabeth Fahnestock, Scribner's Magazine.*

"I'LL DO WHAT I CAN."

Who takes for his motto, "I'll do what I can,"
Shall better the world as he goes down life's hill;
The willing young heart makes the capable man,
And who does what he can, oft can do what he will.
There's strength in the pulse to help things along;
And forces undreamed of will come to the aid
Of one who, though weak, yet believes he is strong,
And offers himself to the task unafraid.

"I'll do what I can" is a challenge to fate,
And fate must succumb when it's put to the test;
A heart that is willing to labor and wait,
In its tussle with life ever comes out the best.
It puts the blue imps of depression to rout,
And makes many difficult problems seem plain;
It mounts over obstacles, dissipates doubt,
And unravels knots in life's curious chain.

"I'll do what I can" keeps the progress machine
In good working order as centuries roll;
And civilization would perish, I ween,
Were not those words written on many a soul.
They fell the great forests, they furrow the soil,
They seek new inventions to benefit man;
They fear no exertion, make pastime of toil—
Oh, great is earth's debt to *"I'll do what I can!"*

FROM HOLMES' "PLOUGHMAN."

"First in the field before the reddening sun,
Last in the shadows when the day is done.
These are the hands whose sturdy labor brings
The peasant's food, the golden pomp of kings."

SUCCESS.

HOW DO YOU TACKLE YOUR WORK?

How do you tackle your work each day?
Are you scared of the job you find?
Do you grapple the task that comes your way
With a confident, easy mind?
Do you stand right up to the work ahead,
Or fearfully pause to view it?
Do you start to toil with a sense of dread,
Or feel that you're going to do it?

You can do as much as you think you can,
But you'll never accomplish more;
If you're afraid of yourself, young man,
There's little for you in store.
For failure comes from the inside first;
It's there if we only knew it;
And you can win, though you face the wor.
If you feel that you're going to do it.

Success! It's found in the soul of you,
And not in the realm of luck.
The world will furnish the work to do,
But you must provide the pluck.
You can do whatever you think you can,
It's all in the way you view it;
It's all in the start that you make, young man,
You must feel that you're going to do it.

—Edgar A. Guest. Copyrighted, 1916, by the Reilly & Britton Co.

HANDICAPS AS SPURS TO SUCCESS.

Small skill is gained by those who cling to ease;
The able sailor hails from stormy seas.

—Youth's Companion.

WHAT SHALL I WISH?

Major Bourne, of the Salvation Army, wrote a beautiful poem while stationed at Lytton Springs, in which several verses ask what his best wish for his boy shall be—whether wealth, power, fame, or worldly pleasure—then answers the question thus:

"I'll wish for my boy the only gifts
That can help in the hour of need,
When everything around us fails and shifts,
And the fight is fierce indeed.
I'll wish for my boy the truest wealth:
A lifelong staff and rod,
That is better than name, or gold, or health;
But these are the gifts of God.

"And I pray he may grow an upright man,
To stand for the right and true,
Forever do the best he can,
Though he stand with the faithful few.
God grant for my boy, I pray to-night,
A conscience clean and pure;
Then his life will, I know, on earth be right,
And his future bright and sure."

THE MAN WHO NEVER SHIRKS.

He has not failed—the man who never shirks,
Howe'er so cramped the field wherein he works;
The man who toils for years without a break,
And treads the path of pain for others' sake.
There are a myriad of such men to-day,
Who, all unnoted, walk the dolorous way;
Upon their shoulders still the cross they press,
But who will say they have not won success?

THINKING.

If you think you are beaten, you are;
If you think you dare not, you don't.
If you'd like to win, but you think you can't,
It's almost a cinch you won't.

If you think you'll lose, you're lost,
For out of the world we find
Success begins with a fellow's will—
It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you're outclassed, you are;
You've got to think high to rise;
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You can ever win a prize.

Life's battle don't always go
To the stronger or faster man;
But soon or late the man who wins,
Is the one who *thinks he can.*

—*Walter D. Wintle.*

SUCCESS IN FAILURE.

There is no failure. God's immortal plan
Accounts no loss a lesson learned for man.
Defeat is oft the discipline we need
To save us from the wrong, or teaching heed
To errors which would else more dearly cost—
A lesson learned is ne'er a battle lost.
Whene'er the cause is right be not afraid;
Defeat is then but victory delayed—
And e'en the greatest vict'ries of the world
Are often when the battle-flags are furled.

—*Success Magazine.*

WHO WORKS, KNOWS, STAYS.

The man who wins is the man who *works*—
The man who toils while the next man shirks;
The man who stands in his deep distress
With his head held high in the deadly press—
Yes, he is the man who wins.

The man who wins is the man who *knows*
The value of pain and the worth of woes—
Who a lesson learns from the man who fails,
And a moral finds in his mournful wails;
Yes, he is the man who wins.

The man who wins is the man who *stays*
In the unsought paths and the rocky ways,
And, perhaps, who lingers, now and then,
To help some failure to rise again.
Ah! *He* is the man who wins.

—*Baltimore News.*

PLAY THE GAME.

Play the game out to the end,
Stick until the fight is through.
Don't give up until you spend
All the strength and best of you.

There is always time to win
Till the final line is crossed.
Keep your head and buckle in—
While there's hope you haven't lost.

Stick and see the struggle through
In the ways of sturdy men;
There is many a hero who
Felt like quitting now and then.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

TEMPERANCE.

TWO GLASSES.

There were two glasses filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim.
One was ruddy and red as blood,
And one as clear as the crystal flood.
Said the glass of wine to the paler brother:
"Let us tell the tales of the past to each other
I can tell of banquet and revel and mirth;
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth
Fell under my touch as though struck by blight,
Where I was king, for I ruled by might.
From the heads of kings I have torn the crown;
From heights of fame I have hurled men down.
I have tempted youth with a sip, a taste,
That has made the future a barren waste."

Said the water glass: "I can not boast
Of a king dethroned or a murdered host.
But I can tell of a heart once sad,
By my crystal drops made light and glad.
I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain,
I have made the parched meadow grow fertile with grain.
I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill,
That grinds out flour and turns at my will.
I can tell of manhood debased by you,
That I lifted up and crowned anew.
I set the wine-chained captive free,
And all are better for knowing me."
These are the tales they told each other—
The glass of wine and its paler brother,
As they sat together, filled to the brim,
On the rich man's table, rim to rim.

THE BREWER AND THE DRINKER.

There's a diamond stud on the brewer's shirt,
While yours is buttons shy;
Your shabby old shoes are covered with dirt,
His oxfords dazzle the eye.
The brewer's hand shows a diamond ring,
And never a stain or soil;
While your hand shows not a single thing
But the blistered signs of toil.

The brewer is clad in a broadcloth suit,
Your clothes are all threadbare;
He rides in an auto that's sure a beaut,
You walk most everywhere.
The brewer dines at a swell cage,
It's a cold-lunch pail for you;
He jingles the golden coin all day,
Your nickels are scarce and few.

A WANT AD.

Johnson, the drunkard, is dying to-day,
With marks of sin on his face;
He'll be missed at the club, at the bar, at the play;
Wanted—A boy for his place.
Boys from the fireside, boys from the farm,
Boys from the home and the school,
Come, leave your misgivings, there can be no harm
Where "drink and be merry's" the rule.
Wanted—For every lost servant to men,
Some one to live without grace;
Some one to die without pardon divine—
Have *you* a boy for the place?

—*Kosciusko* (Miss.) *Herald.*

THOUGHTFULNESS.

TO THINK ABOUT.

There's a word of letters four,
Every day and every hour
When 'tis used it opes the door
Into comfort, into power.

Debt and want, with all their might,
May endeavor to enslave,
But their strength is put to flight
By the word of magic—"save."

There's a word of letters five,
Pleasant, tempting, day by day;
Those who use it do not strive,
But go lightly on their way.

Then with empty hands they meet
Poverty before the end,
Led to beggary and defeat
By the word of danger—"spend."

—Priscilla Leonard.

VICTORY OR DEFEAT.

Have you come to the Red Sea place in your life,
Where, in spite of all you can do,
There is no way out, there is no way back,
There is no other way but—*through?*

Then wait on the Lord with a trust serene
Till the night of your fear is gone;
He will send the wind, he will heap the floods,
When He says to your soul, "Go on!"

—Annie Johnson Flint.

THE DYING RANGER.

The song, "The Dying Ranger," popular with the cowboys of the Southwest, expresses the great heart of the average rider of the plains, whose respect for and protection of true womanhood is well known. The incident, as related by Dane Coolidge and published in the *Sunset Magazine,* is of a ranger fatally wounded in a fight with Indians or Mexicans. He calls his comrades to his side to receive his message. He tells them his mother is resting beneath the lawn of the churchyard, and that his father is sleeping beneath the waves of the deep blue sea. Only his sister Nell is living. It is of her he is thinking, and for her he makes his last request:

"Draw near to me, comrades,
And list to my dying prayer;
Who'll be to her a brother
And protect her with his care?"
Up spoke those noble rangers,
They answered, one and all:
'We will be to her a brother
Till the last of us does fall.'

"One happy smile of pleasure
O'er the ranger's face was spread.
One dark, convulsive shudder,
And the ranger boy was dead.
Far from his darling sister
They laid him down to rest,
With his saddle for a pillow
And his rifle across his breast."

GOLDSMITH IN "THE TRAVELER."

"For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those that think must govern those that toil."

THREE QUESTIONS.

Would you spare the tired world
  Many a sigh and bitter tear?
Would you sharp remorse escape,
  To this message then give ear:
Ere your lips begin to tell
  Of some hateful word or deed,
  Ask this question of yourself, *"Is there need?"*

Careless words have often harmed
  Those who ne'er from virtue swerved,
And the idle speech has brought
  Pain and anguish undeserved.
Then beware, before you lift
  Some unlovely tale to view;
  Ask this question earnestly, *"Is it true?"*

Kindness never seeks to spread
  Baneful rumors far and wide,
But, beneath its ample cloak,
  Faults and failures seeks to hide.
Foolish gossip may inflict
  Wounds no human hands can bind;
  Ask this question ere you speak, *"Is it kind?"*

Oh, how changed the world would be,
  Oh, what lasting joys abide,
If our speech from day to day
  By this threefold rule were tried—
If we asked in earnest love,
  With our neighbor's good in view,
  "Is it needful? Is it kind? Is it true?"

—*Mattie M. Boteler.*

THE BRIDGE BUILDERS.

An old man going a lone highway
Came to a chasm, deep and gray.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim,
The sullen stream had no fear for him;
But he turned when safe on the other side
And built a bridge to span the tide.

"Old man," said a fellow-pilgrim near,
"You are wasting your strength with building here;
Your journey will end with the close of the day,
You never again will pass this way;
You've crossed the chasm deep and wide,
Why build you this bridge at evening-tide?"

The builder lifted his old gray head—
"Good friend, in the path I have come," he said,
"There followeth after me to-day,
A youth whose feet must pass this way.
This chasm that has been as naught to me,
To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be;
He too must cross in the twilight dim;
Good friend, I am building this bridge for him!"

THE BOOMERANG.

When a bit of kindness hits ye,
  After passing of a cloud,
When a fit of laughter gits ye
  An' yer spine is feeling proud,
Don't forgit to up and fling it
  At a soul that's feeling blue,
For the moment that you sling it,
  It's a boomerang to you.

—*Captain Jack Crawford.*

A CREED.

Let me be a little kinder;
Let me be a little blinder
To the faults of those about me.
Let me praise a little more.
Let me be, when I am weary,
Just a little bit more cheery;
Let me serve a little better
Those that I am striving for.

Let me be a little braver
When temptations bid me waver;
Let me strive a little harder
To be all that I should be;
Let me be a little meeker
With the brother that is weaker;
Let me think more of my neighbor
And a little less of me.

Let me be a little sweeter;
Make my life a bit completer,
By doing what I should do
Every minute of the day.
Let me toil, without complaining,
Not a humble task disdaining;
Let me face the summons calmly
When death beckons me away.

—*United Presbyterian.*

LINES FROM DR. I. WATTS.

"Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul—
The mind's the measure of the man."

THE GOLDEN RULE.

A happy young couple were talking low,
And nobody heard what they said;
And the lady's sister, with stately step,
Was walking along ahead.
And I watched as the little procession moved by,
And she walked with a lofty grace,
And anon she drew a pensive sigh,
With a martyr's look on her face.

I afterward asked her what made her walk
So solemnly on ahead;
Why didn't she join the other two,
And hear what the fellow said?
That girl looked up with a queerish glance,
All self-possessed and cool,
And faintly smiled as she merely said:
"I go by the Golden Rule."

—*Samwell Wilkins.*

HAVE YOU THOUGHT?

Have you thought, when feeling weary
With the trials of the day,
Of the thousand wasted chances
Which the hours have borne away?

Have you thought about the blessings
That surround you all the time,
And that grumbling in their presence
Is a weakness, nay, a crime?

Have you thought of all you're missing
While you waste time and complain,
And what fortune may await you,
If you only try again?

DON'T CROWD.

Wide is the world from east to west;
Wide is the land we love the best;
Then, as we toil with mirth and zest, *don't crowd.*
Life's path is wide enough for all;
For high and low, for great and small;
The eager ones make haste to fall—*don't crowd.*

Give every one a chance to seek
The prize on proud ambition's peak;
If you are strong, don't crush the weak—*don't crowd.*
The humblest mortal of to-day,
The ragged urchin at his play,
May ask of you the right of way—*don't crowd.*

—T. C. Harbaugh, in Boys' World.

IF WE KNEW.

If I knew you and you knew me,
And each of us could plainly see,
And with an inner sight divine,
The meaning of your heart and mine,
I'm sure that we would differ less;
We'd clasp our hands in friendliness;
Our hearts would pleasantly agree,
If I knew you and you knew me.

LIVE AND LET LIVE.

Strive? To be sure we should strive, till we thrill
Our being with struggles of muscle and mind.
But, ah! is the world but a cannon-like rill,
With room for but one and no room to be kind?
Full wide is the river to work and forgive,
Nor tangle our oars as we live and let live.

—W. D. Crabb.

THRIFT.

FOR THRIFT DAY, FEBRUARY 3.

The Collins Publicity Service of Philadelphia issued, in 1917, the National Thrift Day Sketch Book, with a score or more of lessons on "Thrift." Lesson No. 18 includes a poem, contrasting two families—Brown and Gay. Brown made lots of money, but neither he nor his family practiced economy:

"At last misfortune came to their home
And forced them to drink of her cup;
It went hard with the folks of Brown,
For they hadn't a cent laid up."

Mr. Gay believed in preparing for the future—

"So the children were taught to make and save,
And to spend—for he wasn't tight.
He only insisted to show some sense,
And learn to handle it right.
At last misfortune came to their door,
As she did to the home of Brown,
And though it grieved the good folks Gay,
They were not wholly cast down;
For they had something the Browns did lack
To lessen the bitter cup.
Perhaps already you've guessed what it was—
The Gays had money laid up.

"This piece, though only a 'get-up,'
Nevertheless is true,
And whether you take it or not, dear friend,
The lesson applies to you.
So hurrah for February third each year!
Hurrah for *Thrift* in our land!
Get busy and *Save,* ye sons of the brave
And have a few dollars on hand!"

TRUTH.

TELL THE TRUTH.

It is interesting to note that the following poem from the *Youth's Companion* loses neither in force nor clearness because the author, William H. Davenport, uses only words that begin with the letter "T":

"Travelers through time's treacherous thicket,
Tell the truth.
This thy transport, this thy ticket:
Tell the truth.
Though thou'rt tired through toilsome tilling,
Till thy tones, they're trembling, trilling,
Tell the truth, triumphant, thrilling;
Tell the truth.

"Thought that's twisted twists the thinker;
Tell the truth.
Truth that's tinkered taints the tinker,
Tell the truth.
Toil's true task, truth's thorough tending;
Time's true trail, the truth's true trending;
Thought's true throne, 'tis truth transcending;
Tell the truth.

"To thyself thou'rt translator;
Tell the truth.
Though the thousands term thee traitor,
Tell the truth.
'Tis triumphant truth they're trying;
'Tis the tempter's toils thou'rt tying;
'Tis through time thou'rt testifying;
Tell the truth."

TRIUMPHANT TRUTH.

Truth never dies. The ages come and go;
The mountains wear away; the seas retire;
Destruction lays earth's mighty cities low,
And empires, states and dynasties expire;
But, caught and handed onward by the wise,
Truth never dies.

Though unreceived and scoffed at through the years;
Though made the butt of ridicule and jest;
Though held aloft for mockery and jeers;
Denied by those of transient power possessed;
Insulted by the insolence of lies—
Truth never dies.

As rests the Sphinx amid Egyptian sands;
As loom on high the snowy peak and crest;
As firm and patient as Gibraltar stands—
So truth, unwearied, waits the era blest
When men shall turn to it with glad surprise.
Truth never dies.

THE BEST POSSESSION.

There are any amount of things which count,
As we travel along through youth;
There are beauty and skill and power of will,
But better than all is truth.
There are lots of things which our manhood brings,
When we've put our youth behind;
There are riches and wealth, and strength and health,
But truth is the best we find.

—*Chatterbox.*

UNSELFISHNESS.

HOW SHALL WE GIVE?

Give—as the morning that flows out of heaven;
Give—as the waves when their channel is riven;
Give—as the free air and sunshine are given;
Lavishly, joyfully, utterly give.

Not the waste drops from thy cup overflowing;
Not a faint spark from thy heart ever glowing;
Not a pale bud from thy June roses blowing;
Give as God gave thee, who gave thee to live.

Give as the heart gives, whose fetters are breaking,
Life, love and hope, all thy dreams and thy waking.
Soon at life's river thy soul-fever slaking,
Thou shalt know God and the gifts that He gave.

LIFE'S ARITHMETIC.

We have the wisest teacher,
And she has given us this rule
That helps us in our lessons—
You can use it in your school.
Always *add* a smile or two
When things are going wrong,
Subtract the frowns that try to come
When lessons seem too long,
Then *multiply* your efforts when the
Figures won't come right,
Divide your pleasures day by day
With every one in sight.
Now if you always use this rule
You'll have a happy day,
For lessons then are easy,
And the hours fly away.

—M. S. Van Der Veer, in Youth's Companion.

WASTE.

MOTORING TO THE POORHOUSE.

Over the hill to the poorhouse,
I'm setting a sizzling pace;
I've mortgaged the home for an auto,
And I'm playing her straight and for place.
There are others well up in the running,
But I'm holding my own, you bet—
I can see the roof of the county farm,
And I'm going to get there yet.

Of course, I couldn't afford it—
There are very few who can—
But the family whined about it
And insisted I wasn't a man
If I didn't get six cylinders,
A tonneau, some tires and plugs,
And go out and speed on the highway
With the automobile bugs.

—*Houston* (Tex.) *Chronicle.*

SLAVES OF THE DRUG.

Edwin Markham, author of "The Man with the Hoe," in this poem refers to the drug habit as a "stealthy demon that unmakes a man," and gives some of the results, as follows:

"Behold his bargainings: For life's bright bloom,
He gives the bitter ashes of the tomb;
For strength, he gives a crumbling rope of sand;
For honor, gives dishonor's scarlet brand.
He whispers peace, but gives eternal thirst;
He builds bright visions filled with fangs accursed.
He comes with feasting and a king's salute,
But leaves black tables of the Dead Sea's fruit.

He offers realms, but gives a prison cell;
He pledges Heaven, but brings the tooth of Hell.
For Beauty's gesture and her look of light,
For starry reason and for manly might,
He gives the skulking step, the furtive eye,
The curse, the groan, the death that can not die."

TIME WASTED.

Sam Walter Foss pictures in rhyme the man who had read that in ten million years the heat of the sun would give out, and he worried about it.

That some day the earth will fall into the sun, and he worried about it.

That in time the earth will become much too small for the human race, and he worried about it.

That in less than ten thousand years the supply of lumber and coal will give out, and he worried about it; but

"His wife took in washing—half a dollar a day—
He didn't worry about it;
His daughter sewed shirts the rude grocer to pay—
He didn't worry about it.
While his wife beat her tireless rub-a-dub-dub
On the washboard drum of her old wooden tub,
He sat by the stove, and he just let her rub—
He didn't worry about it."

MISDIRECTED EFFORT.

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals and forts.

—Longfellow.

WEALTH.

THE WORLD AND ITS GOLD.

One of the popular songs of 1917 was that of Bartley Costello and Harry Edelheit, "If You Had All the World and Its Gold," with music by Albert Piantadosi. The first two verses and chorus are as follows:

"I was wishing that I had the riches to buy
All my dreams, as I sat by the fire.
What a life I would live! What could riches not give?
What more could a heart desire?
When my fond little mother drew close to my side;
'There are some things, my child, you can't buy,' she replied.

"'You can't buy the sunshine at twilight,
You can't buy the moonlight at dawn;
You can't buy your youth when you're growing old
Nor life when the heartbeat is gone;
You can't buy your way into heaven,
Though wealth may hold power untold.
And when you lose your mother
You can't buy another
If you had all the world and its gold.'

"Mother's eyes beam on me; in their depths I can see
Light of love far more precious than gold;
Silver threads in her hair and her brow lined with care
Tell me that she is growing old.
Then I see that the teardrops are dimming her eyes;
As she smiles through her tears I can't help realize:

"'You can't buy the sunshine at twilight,'" etc.

COWPER'S "MODERATE MAN."

"Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door."

WILL-POWER.

THE CHALLENGE OF THE DIFFICULT

Yes, it is hard! 'Tis hard to be a man,
The man my heart cries out to be,
The man I in my hero see,
Of pulsing blood, yet all unmarred
By malehood's vices—*but I can.*

Master the low. The low that to a man
Urges the near, the easy goal,
Plays to the flesh, strangles the soul,
Speaks as myself, strikes as my foe;
This, too, is hard—*but I can.*

Christ fought the fight—fought it and stands God's man,
Challenging me in the heat of my youth,
To virtue and honor and courage and truth,
Boldly to speak or to strike for the right.
All this is hard—*but I can.*

Ay, it is hard! But I *must* be a man;
A man who bears a Christian's heart,
A man who fights a Christian's part,
And none in heaven or earth is starred,
Unless he cry: *"I can!"*

—*Robert Freeman.*

WHEN DUTY WHISPERS.

So close is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
The youth replies, "I can."

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

AS YOU MEAN IT.

You will be what you will to be;
Let failure find its false content
In that poor word, "Environment,"
But spirit scorns it and is free.

It masters time, it conquers space;
It cows that boastful trickster, Chance,
And bids the tyrant Circumstance
Uncrown, and fill a servant's place.

The human will, that force unseen,
The offspring of a deathless soul,
Can hew a way to any goal,
Though walls of granite intervene.

THE DIFFERENCE.

"I Can't" sits moping at his work,
His thoughts are just a crazy crew
Intent on shifty ways to shirk
The thing he needs to do.

"I Can't" hangs by a feeble grip,
"I Can" holds on with forceful hand;
"I Can't" lets all his chances slip,
"I Can" bends all to his command.

—*Annie L. Muzzey, Youth's Companion.*

YIELD NOT TO ENVIRONMENT.

It is the soul's prerogative, its fate,
To shape the outward to its own estate.
If right within, then all without is well,
If wrong, it makes of all without a hell.

WORRY.

DON'T TROUBLE.

Don't you trouble trouble till trouble troubles you.
Don't you look for trouble; let trouble look for you.
Who feareth hath forsaken the heavenly Father's side;
What He hath undertaken He surely will provide.

The very birds reprove thee with all their happy song;
The very flowers teach thee that fretting is a wrong.
'Cheer up," the sparrow chirpeth; "Thy Father feedeth me;
Think how much He careth, oh, lonely child, for thee."

Fear not," the flowers whisper; "since thus He hath arrayed
The buttercup and daisy, how canst thou be afraid?"
Then don't you trouble trouble till trouble troubles you;
You'll only double trouble, and trouble others too.

—Mark Guy Pearse, Christian Endeavor World.

WASTED ENERGY.

I quarreled a bit in my youth,
Proceeded to argue and shout,
But now, by the way, I look back and say,
"What was it I quarreled about?"

I've fretted a deal in my time,
A victim to worry and doubt,
But, queer to relate, I couldn't now state
Just what I have worried about.

The moral, good neighbor, is plain,
And I very promptly declare
That quarrels are foolish and vain,
And worry a useless affair.

—Courier-Journal.

A NATURAL COWARD.

Ol' Mistah Trouble, he comes aroun' one day
An' say, "I'se gwinter git you, so you better run away!
I likes to see you hustle; dat's the way I has my fun;
I knows I kin ketch up to you, no matter how you run!"

I says, "Mistah Trouble, you has been a-chasin' me
Ever since I kin remember, an' I'se tired as I kin be,
So I'se gwinter stop right yere an' turn 'roun' a-facin' you,
An' lick you if I kin an' fin'out jus' what you kin do."

Ol' Mistah Trouble, he looked mightily ashamed,
He acted like a buckin' hoss dot's suddenly been tamed.
An' den he turned an' traveled off, a-hollerin', "Good-day!
I ain't got time to fool aroun' wif folks dat acts dat way!"

—Washington Star.

TIME WASTED.

When things go contrary, as often they do,
  And fortune seems burdened with spite,
Don't give way to grieving all dismal and blue;
  That never set anything right.
But cheerfully face what the day may reveal,
  Make the best of whatever befall;
Since the more that you worry the worse you must feel,
  Why waste time in worry at all?

BORROWED TROUBLE.

The heart too often hath quailed with dread,
  And quite its courage lost,
By casting its glance too far ahead
  For the bridge that never was crossed.

—Dr. R. S. Dunn.

ZEAL.

"IT CAN'T BE DONE."

Somebody said that it couldn't be done,
But he, with a chuckle, replied,
That maybe it couldn't, but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he tried.
So he buckled right in with the trace of a grin
On his face. If he worried, he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done—*and he did it!*

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that;
At least, no one ever has done it."
But he took off his coat and he took off his hat,
And the first thing we knew he'd begun it;
With the lift of his chin, and a bit of a grin,
Without any doubting or quiddit,
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done—*and he did it!*

There are thousands to tell you it can not be done,
There are thousands to prophesy failure;
There are thousands to point out to you, one by one,
The dangers that wait to assail you;
But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,
Then take off your coat and go to it;
Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing
That "can not be done," *and you'll do it!*

—*Union Central Advocate.*

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